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High Times

THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

August 1976, No.12

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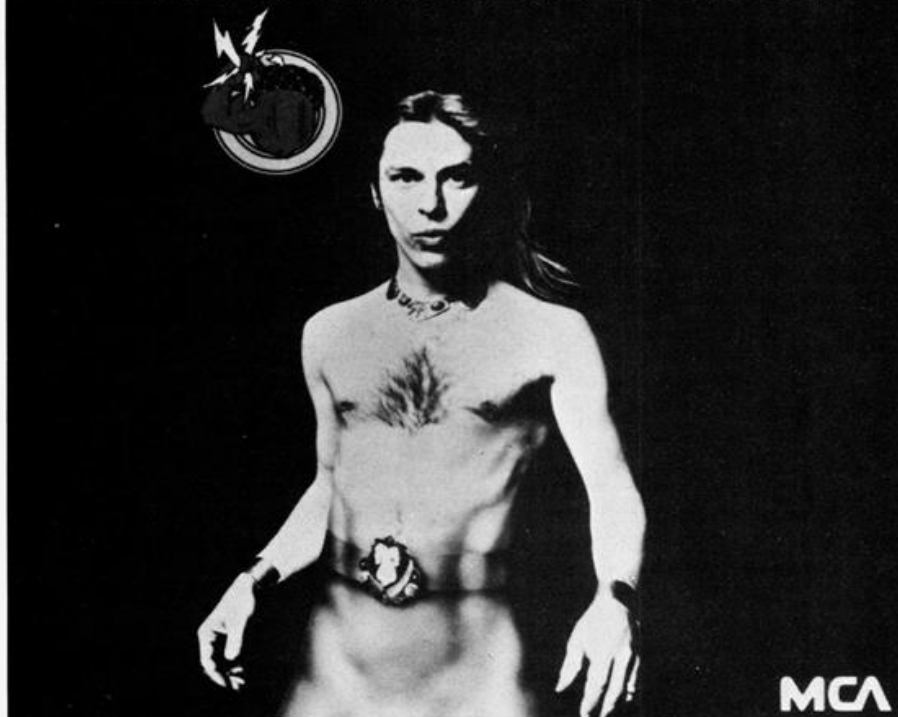


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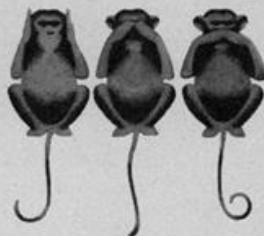
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Can America Afford to Devour Its Young?

In 1974, 445,600 people were busted in the United States for marijuana. An additional 220,000 people were busted for other types of dope—mostly cocaine, psychedelics, heroin and pills. In 1966, there were 21,071 people busted for marijuana; 30,305 for other types of dope. The government policy of mind control through molecular control is not working. Not only that, but it is costing taxpayers **billions** of dollars. The expenditure of these billions is a pure economic waste; nothing results that is useful to the country's sagging economy. If the money were being spent for factories, housing, food or clothing, it would have some value. Instead, it is used mostly to pay the salaries of an intelligent, able-bodied army, navy and air force of narcs and their complement of judges, prosecutors and all the rest—a burgeoning bureaucracy that has grown like Topsy. Instead of this energy being channeled in useful directions, these people are occupied with lurking about the countryside, an apple-pie gestapo in pursuit of verboten molecules. The nation has a dangerous vampire sucking on its economic lifeblood. Until this leakage is stopped, America's economy will not be well.

Meanwhile, the specter of ODEC (the dread Organization of Dope Exporting Countries) waits in the wings of this economic theater. While it is all very well for the Third World countries to organize to get the best price possible, common economic sense dictates that we should not be caught flatfooted as we were with the oil-company-and-OPEC-created fuel shortage. Instead of futilely trying to suppress this booming industry (in a landscape of economic stagnation), the government should be hailing it for what it is—the economic salvation of the nation.

Of course, the economic cost is only the beginning. The erosion of our Constitution is another great cost. In the name of that great scare word, narcotics, gross legal excesses have been made official policy. The psychic cost of devouring our young (for it is mostly the young who get busted) is incalculable. The atmosphere of paranoia that pervades every level of society has turned into a national sickness that leaches the spirit of the American Dream. For what the DEA has become is a National Thought Police, limiting the thoughts one can think by limiting the molecules one can consume. Mind control is the result. While the new watchdog congressional committee is empowered to oversee all the other espionage agencies (CIA, FBI, NSA, DIA, etc.), the DEA is excluded, although its sole purpose is to spy upon the American public. The DEA was one of the agencies that the original congressional investigations were supposed to cover. But the DEA was swept under the rug, although it is guilty of more illegal acts than all other intelligence agencies combined. They have tapped more phones, run amuck through more homes, killed more people, kidnapped more people, committed such a long string of outrages that we can only guess at the true extent. In short, they have wreaked havoc upon the nation, which is exactly what they were set up to prevent the dopers from doing.

Can the DEA be stopped before 1984 descends upon us? Since 1966, concerned individuals have been organizing "smoke-ins" in public parks, on campuses and on the steps of public buildings. This revered rite consists of a huge number of people assembling to openly smoke marijuana. Every year, on May 1 (Mayday is Jayday), statewide smoke-ins are held in many of our state capitals, with supporting demonstrations in many other cities. On July 4 every year, a national smoke-in takes place in Washington, D.C., in the shadow of the Capitol. Although generally ignored by the media (like the early antiwar demonstrations), there have been hundreds of these smoke-ins, with attendance ranging as high as 20,000 people. These have been joyous events, and they exert real pressure on the government, exposing the drug laws as a farce. As the number of busts continues to climb, we predict that these smoke-ins will become as common, as vociferous and (unfortunately) as violent as antiwar demonstrations. You're going to be hearing a lot more about smoke-ins, especially in High Times. The war has been brought home—to us. Anyone can organize a smoke-in. Everyone should attend them. If you want a complete smoke-in organizing kit, write Smoke-In, c/o High Times, Box 386 Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003 (include \$.50 for postage and handling).

As history has shown, the public will only tolerate so much abuse before they rise up. Let us hope that another national nightmare of civil warfare can be avoided. Yet if the DEA is going to run wild in the streets, decent citizens must venture there also to uphold freedom.

On the advice of our attorneys, we will have no further comment for the moment on the DEA's Ten Most Wanted Marijuana-Smuggling Ships list, which was leaked to us. ☐

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I

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II

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III

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Big Joints and Englishmen

I have just settled in the States from England, and it's my first impression that the way you Americans smoke dope is the most inefficient method imaginable short of sticking a pipe out of your ass and farting through it. English dopers almost invariably roll joints out of a mixture of tobacco and dope. As a result, the joints tend to be larger. There are a number of additional excellent reasons for this, including the following:

a) The principal smoke in England is hash, and it is obviously impractical to roll pure hash. All you would taste is the paper.

b) Grass burns very fast, and as a result, a lot is wasted. By adding tobacco, the speed with which a joint burns is decreased, making it a more sociable smoke.

c) You get a bulkier joint by adding tobacco, and hence there is less burning paper per unit of smokable substance.

d) If you don't smoke cigarettes, you get an immediate buzz from the tobacco smoke alone.

I am surprised the superhuman American perfectionist has not invented a more efficient method of smoking dope. Maybe the English are not such a decayed race after all.

—Big Ben,
Tallahassee, Fla.

There's Gold...



I would appreciate if you would publish this in your next issue. The dope in Colorado's been getting pretty decent lately.

—Rocky Mountain Highs,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Memory Drug Update

A few *High Times* ago, I read a small note concerning the drug Cylert's (Pemoline magnesium) possible use as a learning and memory enhancer. Cylert was not approved for use on humans at that time. It may interest a few of your readers to know that the FDA has approved Cylert's

use in the treatment of minimal brain dysfunction (MBD) in children.

Abbott Laboratories is producing the drug in three oral tablet sizes: 18.75 mg. (bright yellow, imprinted "TH"), 37.5 mg. (peach colored, imprinted "TI") and the big daddy of them all, 75 mg. (dull yellow in color and imprinted "TJ").

This drug is somewhat new to practicing physicians, but it is being stocked in most pharmacies now. It is listed as a Schedule IV drug, which requires a prescription but may be refilled up to five times in six months. —Tommy Torres,
Anchorage, Alaska

Reich On

It seems to me that "My Father Wilhelm Reich vs. the UFOs" [May 1976] was presented with no real attempt to establish whether or not Peter Reich's story had any basis in fact. There is already enough confusion surrounding Dr. Reich's work, and you do him a great disservice by printing the story in such a way that some people may take it for a work of science fiction!

Is Peter Reich capitalizing on the myths that surround his father? Most people don't know anything about Reich. If they do, it's probably as a quack. This kind of journalistic irresponsibility really makes me angry! —Geordie Numata,
Madison, N.J.

Editor's reply: Peter Reich's autobiographical *A Book of Dreams* (Harper & Row) is a touching account of life with an unusual father. Certainly, a child's-eye view of a modern legend is as valuable as an adult admirer's, if not more so.

Giza Who?

In your March "Closers," there is a picture of the Giza pyramids with a caption claiming that Ikhnaton I built one of them. This is a very great error, as the pyramids were built during the fourth dynasty, around 2,600 B.C. by three pharaohs: Kufu, Kefre and Menkure, or Keops, Kefren and Mikerinos, as they're called in Greek. The first two pyramids are in the picture. Ikhnaton I, or Amenophis IV, whatever you choose to call him, was a truly distinguished pharaoh of the eighteenth dynasty, around 1,300-1,200 B.C.

—M. deMello,
New York, N.Y.

Hot Topic

In your May "Symposium," "The Paraphernalia Game," Don Levin of Adams Apple Co. asked, "Would you buy a brass pipe?" To which a *High Times* editor replied, "No," and then clarified by saying, "it burns the hands." Levin replies,

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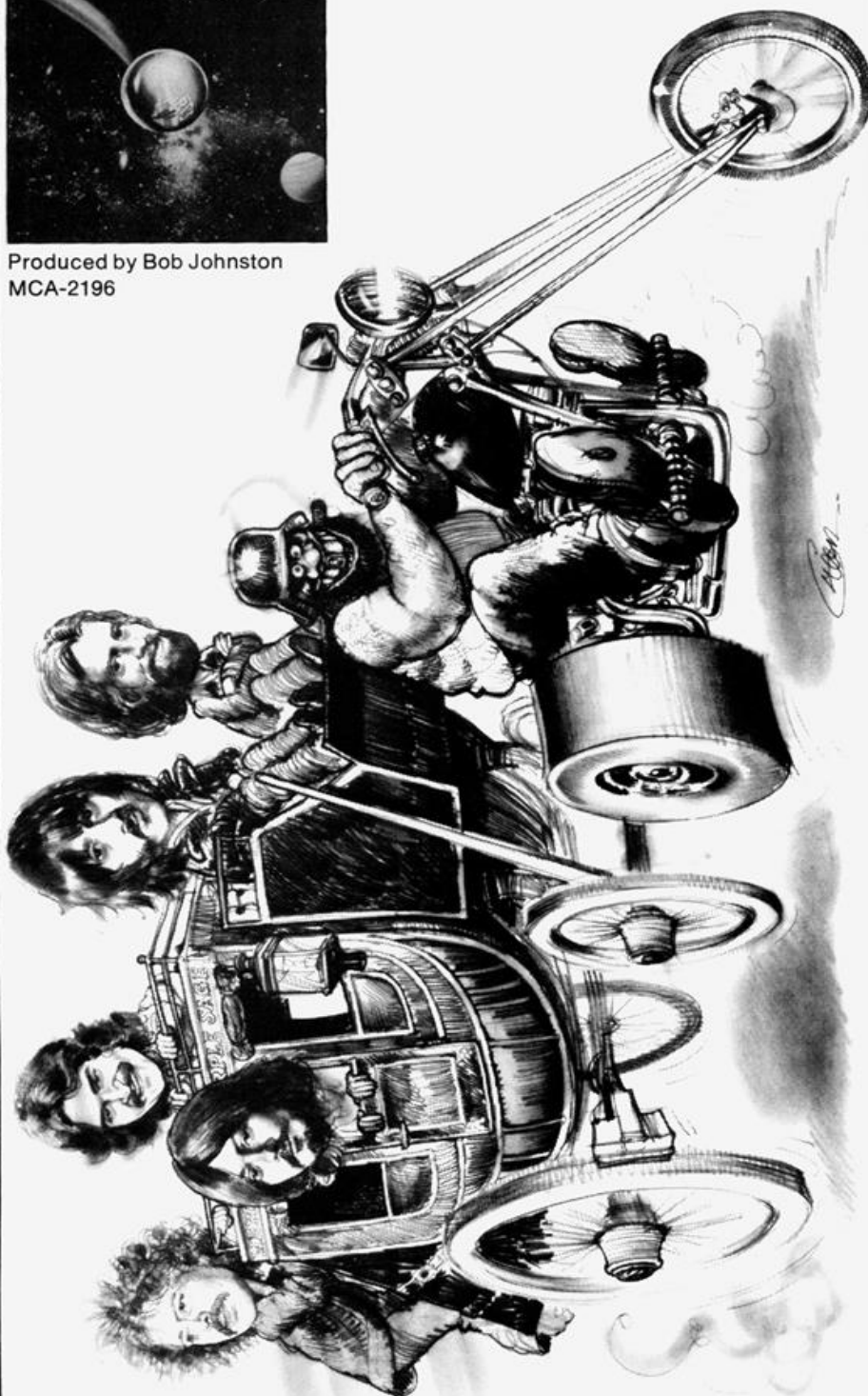
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"Right." If your experience is limited to the mass-produced garbage in most headshops, then you might condone Levin's blanket condemnation of brass pipes. But *High Times* should always strive to bring the complete picture to those who choose to alter their consciousness by oxidizing a substance in a pipe bowl. Off-handed analyses like "brass pipes get too hot" are beneath you.

Could any three people smoke enough good weed fast enough to get any quality-made brass pipe anything but lovingly warm? Those who smoke shit probably smoke it in shit pipes. —Harold Monk, Allentown, Pa.

Korean Score

These pretty plants cover most of the north and west of the Korea Peninsula, where they are grown in bunches. Three to five germinated seeds are put in a semicircle and only trimmed once.

After seeds appear, they are rubbed to produce hash and to lessen the amount of seeds in the tops. About one week later, near the beginning of October, the spikes or kott, meaning flowers, are cut about ten inches long, tied in the middle in



groups and hung in the shade to rope dry, being taken in at night. Some farmers cut the whole plant and dry it on their roofs to save the stocks, which they break down and use for making rope or low-quality fabric.

We dried ours in a sealed room using fluorescent lights. This we think helps the resins run to the tops. Later we stripped the stocks and let crisp dry in the sun. Fine boo!

—Terry Mann,
University City, Ca.

Corrections

In the "Paraphernalia" department of our June issue, we featured Pesola scales but neglected to list these other Pesola distributors: Boston-Swiss Company, 217 Friend Street, Boston, Mass. 02114; Precision Pocket Scale Co., Box 67, Berkeley, Cal. 94701; Libra International, 189 Rutland Rd., Beaconsfield, Quebec, Canada.

We also neglected to mention that the pot compactor featured in the June "Paraphernalia" can be made to your specifications. For details, write to: Bric-a-Brac, Suite 1500, 2 Penn Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10001. ☐



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Forum

Kif Confusion

Q: My friend and I are going to Morocco on vacation, and while we're there, we want to try some real, authentic kif. What confuses me is how to ask for it. I thought kif was the mixture of dope and tobacco the Moroccans all smoke. But your March issue shows a kif harvest on the cover. Which is kif? —I. B., Brooklyn, N.Y.

A: Actually, the Moroccans apply the word kif to three different things. You're right, the kif that is smoked is a mixture of harsh, black tobacco and cannabis, the proportions of which can be determined according to individual preference. Kif is also the pot plants themselves that are grown to be used in this smoking combination. Finally, it refers to the seed bracts and flowers that are the only parts of the plant used in the kif mixture. The Moroccans carefully strip the plants to obtain these choice tops for kif smoking. The rest is sold to tourists as hash.

Quaalude Quantity

Q: I know that the Quaalude 714 must be one of the world's most famous downers. I see versions of it on T-shirts, chains and posters. But I've heard talk at my med school that the people who put it out plan to take it off the market because it's become too hot to handle. I'd hate to see a good high go the way of the dodo bird. What gives?—Name withheld, Austin, Tex.

A: John Jones, Vice President of William H. Rorer, Inc., the pharmaceutical company in Fort Washington, Pennsylvania, that manufactures the notorious soporific, denies that Rorer plans to discontinue its methaqualone line.

Two years ago the 714 was placed under Schedule II of the Comprehensive Drug Act, making it as illegal as cocaine.

Quaalude or other brands of methaqualone (Sopor, Optimal, Parest and Somnifac) should never be taken by pregnant women or persons with any disease involving the liver, such as cirrhosis or hepatitis. In normal healthy individuals, two grams can produce coma. Eight grams may be fatal, although larger doses have been survived. Mixing any CNS depressant with other downers or alcohol is dangerous; these drugs potentiate each other, producing coma or death at much lower dosages than normal.

Ketamine Scenes

Q: A guest at our commune recently dazzled us with her descriptions of a hallucinogenic known as Ketalar or Ketalect or something like that. This lady's most amazing experience under the influence of the drug was to fall off a

stepladder onto her head and feel nothing but "bliss" and "divine visions." Sounded pretty interesting. —D. L., Keene, N.H.

A: Only if you like diving into empty swimming pools. Actually, your friend was probably tripping on Ketalar, which is marketed by Parke-Davis, or on Ketaject, marketed by Bristol Labs. Both are trade names for the drug ketamine hydrochloride, which was discovered by Dr. Cal Stevens of Wayne State University in 1961 and is classified as a dissociative anesthetic (as are nitrous oxide and PCP, or phencyclidine). When it is used as an anesthetic in surgery, the patient is usually administered anywhere from 400 to 700 mg. One can get high off of 50 mg. of ketamine and enter what physicians term the emergence syndrome, where the user enters a floating, dreamlike state.

Although ketamine is sold as a liquid and is administered via an intramuscular process, the drug has been known to appear on the street as a powder, in pills or infused in cigarettes, tobacco or marijuana. It is most often greenish in color and thus dubbed "green." Ketamine first gained the public's attention during the Vietnam War, where it was the most frequently used battlefield anesthetic. Dolphin researcher John Lilly also experimented with ketamine as a means to explore extraterrestrial space while working with isolation tanks. What ketamine offers, said Dr. Lilly, is "objectivity perceived very readily."

Smoke Gets in Your Pies

Q: I've gotten a fantastic buzz from eating food that's been cooked with a generous helping of weed. But even using the same amount from the same score, I find the high varies a lot. Why is this?

—B. Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn.

A: There are a number of reasons why you may find your highs from cannabis cuisine vary in intensity. The primary one is that THC, the active substance in grass, is soluble, and therefore more readily assimilated after having been prepared in fat, oil or alcohol. The most efficient way of using dope in cooking—assuming you're just going to toss in a handful—is to use it in dishes that call for some sautéing. Cook your dope in the butter or oil right along with the onions before you add the other ingredients.

All questions about getting high will be considered for "Forum," and those of most interest will be answered. Be as specific as possible for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

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- How To Choose A Dope Lawyer
- Amsterdam's Legal Grass Market
- Thai Stick Centerfold
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- Caribbean Smugglers
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- Book Bonus: The Great Charas
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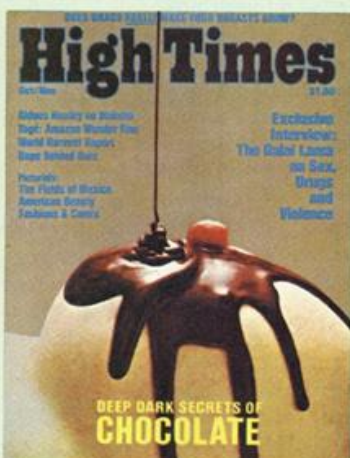


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- The Marijuana-Breast Growth Scare
- Rastafarians and Ganja



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- DEA Exposé
- Hawaiian Centerfold
- On the Gringo Trail in South America
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Health

Feds Slap Controls on Darvon

A Food and Drug Administration advisory panel has advocated strict controls on Darvon, a frequently prescribed painkiller, because of evidence implicating it in hundreds of overdose deaths. The committee voted seven to one to recommend that Darvon (propoxyphene hydrochloride) and mixtures containing it be regulated by the Controlled Substances Act.

In practice, the resolution advised FDA Commissioner Alexander Schmidt to require that druggists refill a Darvon prescription no more than five times in six months and that suppliers and pharmacists control inventories to deter possible abuses.

Legally, physicians would be free to prescribe Darvon and products containing it. But the new requirements would alert doctors to the possibility of abuses. Last year, physicians wrote 16.4 million prescriptions for Darvon and products containing it manufactured by Eli Lilly and Company of Indianapolis and an estimated 1.6 million more prescriptions for similar products made by other manufacturers. Darvon was first marketed in 1957; a recent study by the FDA found that deaths involving overdoses from propoxyphene hydrochloride increased from 152 in 1972 to 269 in 1974 in areas with a total population of 52.6 million.

Connecticut Rules Pot Safe

The Connecticut Superior Court has ruled that there are substantial differences between marijuana and psychoactive drugs such as amphetamines and barbiturates. The decision came after overwhelming evidence indicating that experimental, moderate and intermittent use of marijuana carried minimal public risk was presented to the court.

The Connecticut court concluded that the classification of pot along with amphetamines and barbiturates denies the marijuana smoker equal protection under the law. Said the court in relation to the state's statutory classification of marijuana with amphetamines and barbiturates, "neither rests upon grounds which have a fair and substantial relation

to the purposes of this legislation, nor are there any state of facts which can reasonably be conceived by this court to justify such a classification."

Chicago Research Yields New Contraceptive

After four years of clinical research, Dr. Antonio Scommegna at the Michael Reese Medical Center in Chicago received a patent for a hormonal contraceptive that promises year-long protection. Implanted in the uterus, the device releases progesterone slowly over 12 months, altering the womb lining so a fertilized egg cannot adhere to it.

"We have orders in the house for \$2.25 million worldwide," said Dr. Bruce Pharriss, principal scientist at the Alza Corporation of Palo Alto, California, which has been licensed by the FDA to market the contraceptive. Dr. Pharriss said that the device, called Progestasert, is made of ethylene acetate, a plastic polymeric material. It is obtainable only through a physician.

Aborigines Sniff Gasoline Down Under

Authorities in Australia are becoming increasingly concerned over the growing amount of gasoline sniffing among aboriginal children. Government social worker John Tomlinson said that at least 100 children, some as young as ten, were addicted to gasoline sniffing.

Gasoline has an uninhibiting effect; many aboriginal children have described the sensation as making them drunk and silly. "Children on Elcho Island," said Tomlinson, "use the effects of gasoline to confront the spirits of the dead." Children go into a cemetery, sniff themselves into a stupor, then open graves to talk to the spirits within, he explained.

Research at Elcho Island has shown that gasoline sniffers typically either have lost their fathers through death or have fathers who are described as "inadequate" by mission authorities. Sniffers on the island have indicated they would give up sniffing gasoline for drinking liquor. ☐

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Law

Grass Returned to Owner

In an unprecedented decision, a Kenai, Alaska, Superior Court judge has ordered that eight ounces of marijuana must be returned to its rightful owner. Judge James A. Hanson ruled that the Kenai Police Department has to return the grass to the home of Randy McGahan.

According to McGahan's attorney, Chuck Robinson, this is the first time a court has ever ordered that marijuana be returned to its owner after it has been seized from that person's home. Police had been searching McGahan's home for stolen items listed on a search warrant, but marijuana wasn't on the list. A recent Alaska Supreme Court ruling stated that any amount of marijuana held for personal use is constitutionally protected.

Despite the ruling, McGahan may not get to use his grass for quite some time. He pleaded guilty to two counts of larceny and faces a jail sentence.

Court Nixes DEA Search Techniques

Search techniques used at airports to halt hijackings are no longer transferable to the DEA's fight against cross-country drug trafficking. According to the U.S. District Court for eastern Michigan, "the nation's drug problem does not directly threaten the fabric of society in the same way that air piracy does, and the DEA's airport search program based on courier profiles must meet traditional Fourth Amendment standards."

The DEA's so-called drug courier profile is based on various characteristics developed by DEA personnel working with airline ticket agents trained by the DEA to spot suspicious individuals. Until the Michigan decision, suspects were detained, questioned in a relatively secluded area of the airport and arrested if the DEA felt their suspicions and information constituted probable cause.

Garbage Held Sacred

It has long been established that the Fourth Amendment protection of "person, houses, papers and effects" against unreasonable search and seizure extends beyond the home to automobiles, luggage, even the garbage placed in front of a house. A California court recently broadened that principle of law to the benefit of apartment tenants.

Late last year Jeffrey Lord, a police officer in Glendale, California, was approached by Derek Dolson, who advised the officer that he had just left a pot party and could show the officer where some

marijuana was located. Lord followed Dolson to a communal trash receptacle behind the apartment where the alleged party had taken place. At Dolson's direction, Lord retrieved a shopping bag from the garbage, which turned out to contain marijuana. Using Dolson's story about the party and the grass recovered from the bag as the requisite "probable cause," he obtained a search warrant and busted Gregory Smith. (The court never did question or explain why anyone was tossing dope into garbage receptacles.)

Smith then moved to suppress the evidence, claiming that the search of the communal trash receptacle by Officer Lord was an infringement on his Fourth Amendment protection against unreasonable searches. The court agreed.

"Pot Profits" Beat Embezzlement Rap

Dennis Eason, 29, of Shreveport, Louisiana, told a federal court in Shreveport that the \$70,000 he had been accused of embezzling came from trafficking in marijuana. Eason, on trial for allegedly stealing the money from a local bank, told the court that the extra money found in his possession came from "selling large quantities of marijuana." Judge Thomas Stagg found Eason innocent, saying that in his opinion the government "failed to disprove Eason's claim that he made large amounts of money by trafficking marijuana."

Dope Probationer's Rights Upheld

The search of a marijuana probationer's car by a Texas border patrolman has been declared illegal by the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals. In the case of *Tamex v. Texas*, the court decided that the search procedures used with probationers were too broad and too sweeping and infringed upon the probationers' rights under the Fourth and Fourteenth Amendments. Prior to the court's decision, law enforcement officials were permitted to search the probationer's person, vehicle or home at any time without probable cause.

The Texas appeal case stemmed from the discovery of a weapon by a border patrol officer in the car of a marijuana probationer. Texas Judges Douglas and Odom concurred in their opinions by stating that the search of the car, based solely on the grounds that the driver was a marijuana probationer, was unauthorized and that the weapon should not have been admitted as evidence in Mr. Tamez's probation revocation hearing. ■



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5. Is it really legal? Of course it's legal. In order for this product to become illegal, all salads in America containing lettuce would have to be banned (not to mention the fact that all those involved in lettuce production would be out of jobs). By smoking our product, you will be doing your small part to bolster the economic status of those involved in lettuce production.

6. What are the effects and how much should you smoke? We believe that any substance is habit forming in direct proportion to the amount of pleasure associated with its use. Be sensible and know your own limits.

Below are excerpts from an article by Bob Rosen, a writer for "The Villager" of New York City. Mr. Rosen was, in effect, conducting a consumer fraud investigation aimed at objectively testing the various claims made by manufacturers of legal highs. Mr. Rosen received no special treatment from the companies he contacted, as he did not disclose the fact that he was a writer. Please read what he has to say because it will have a considerable impact on you, the consumer. We regret that we cannot print Mr. Rosen's article in its entirety, however, should you want a copy of his most informative article, send us a self-addressed stamped envelope and we will gladly forward a copy to you.



In celebration of the Bicentennial, I swindled my editor out of \$15 under the pretense of doing a "consumer fraud" story and mailed away for "legal drugs."

For the past eight weeks I have been smoking, drinking, chewing, swallowing and gagging on my legal stash. I have injected one ounce of Kava Kava Root, three-quarters of an ounce of Yohimbe Bark, one tablespoon of Gotu Kola, one tablespoon of Chia Seeds, one-quarter teaspoon of Lila Nut Powder, three bols of "Special Smoking Blend," uncountable joints of American Indian Smoking Herbs, several joints of "Aphrodisia Smoking Blend," and one gram of Lettuce Opium. The Lettuce Opium is the only substance that had any noticeable effect on me.

On the morning of January 19, a plain white envelope appeared in my mailbox. It contained one gram of Lettuce Opium. Bill Olmsted of

Natural Enterprises in Gaithersburg, Maryland manufactures and sells the stuff for \$4 per gram.

To prepare for my first opium experience, I read Thomas DeQuincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*. I wanted to know what was in store for me.

I was ready.

January 20, 1 A.M.: I put a small chunk of the sticky black stuff into my pipe.

I want to push this to the limit.

It takes two matches just to dry out the opium. On the third, it catches and gives off a pleasantly sweet odor. I consume the chunk, then smoke two more.

Nothing.

The phone rings. It's a friend. "Opium?" she says.

"That's right."

"It should be just like heroin."

"I can dig it," I say and begin to laugh.

"You're laughing too much," she tells me. "I can't communicate with you."

She has a point. I hang up the phone and look at the clock. I expect it to be about 1:45 a.m. It is 1:10. Something is happening. I flip on the television and smoke more opium. I can't stop laughing and smoke opium straight through to two o'clock.

I have consumed one-half gram and cannot go on. My tongue feels as though it is vibrating.

I get the urge to walk my dog but can't get the beast on its leash. All my coordination has vanished. I whistle, and he follows. It's very cold out. I can feel the opium coming on strong. My mind drifts. I think of thermonuclear warfare, old age and death. It soon passes.

Have I unearthed something new? Am I in the vanguard of a drug craze that will soon sweep the country, corrupt youth and like LSD finally be outlawed by the government? Possibly. But looking at this objectively, the Lettuce Opium is not "real" opium. I'm sure it was not "like heroin." I did not have the hallucinations of DeQuincey.

Then things take a turn for the worst. I brace myself, and for the next four days quaff the vile potions and smoke myself blind with the Special Blend. Nothing happens. The Chia Seeds bring me closer to vomiting than anything else.

It is over. I have reached the light at the end of the tunnel.

Still, there is a positive side to my ordeal. The Lettuce Opium *did* work, and I am pleased to report the constant abuse of these "extremely dangerous drugs" has not rendered me dead, diseased or impotent.

by Bob Rosen

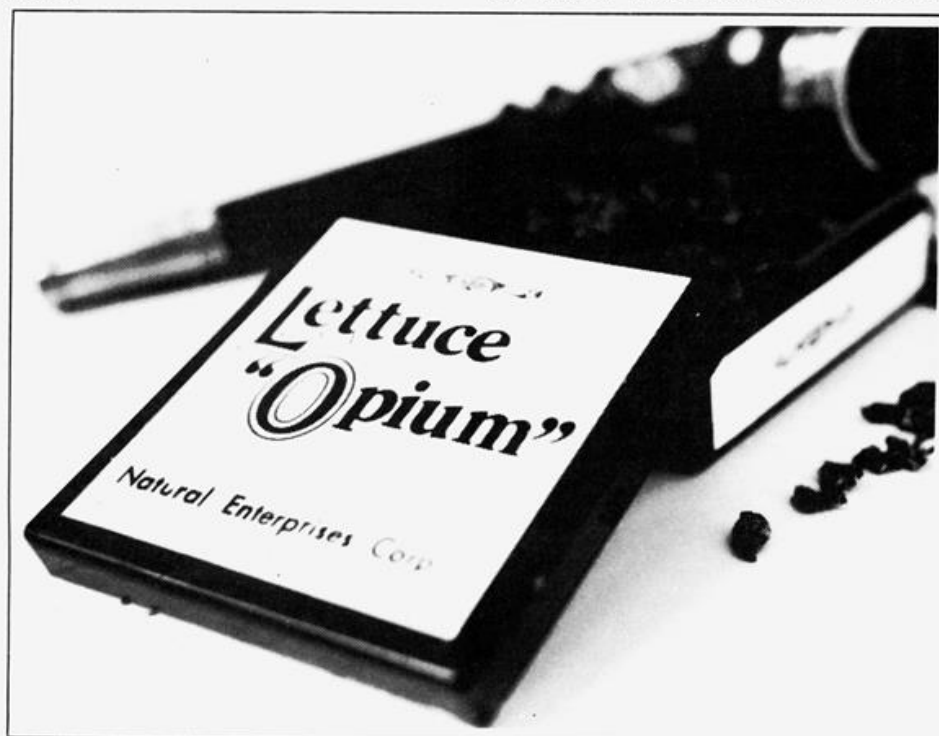
The Villager (March 11, 1976)



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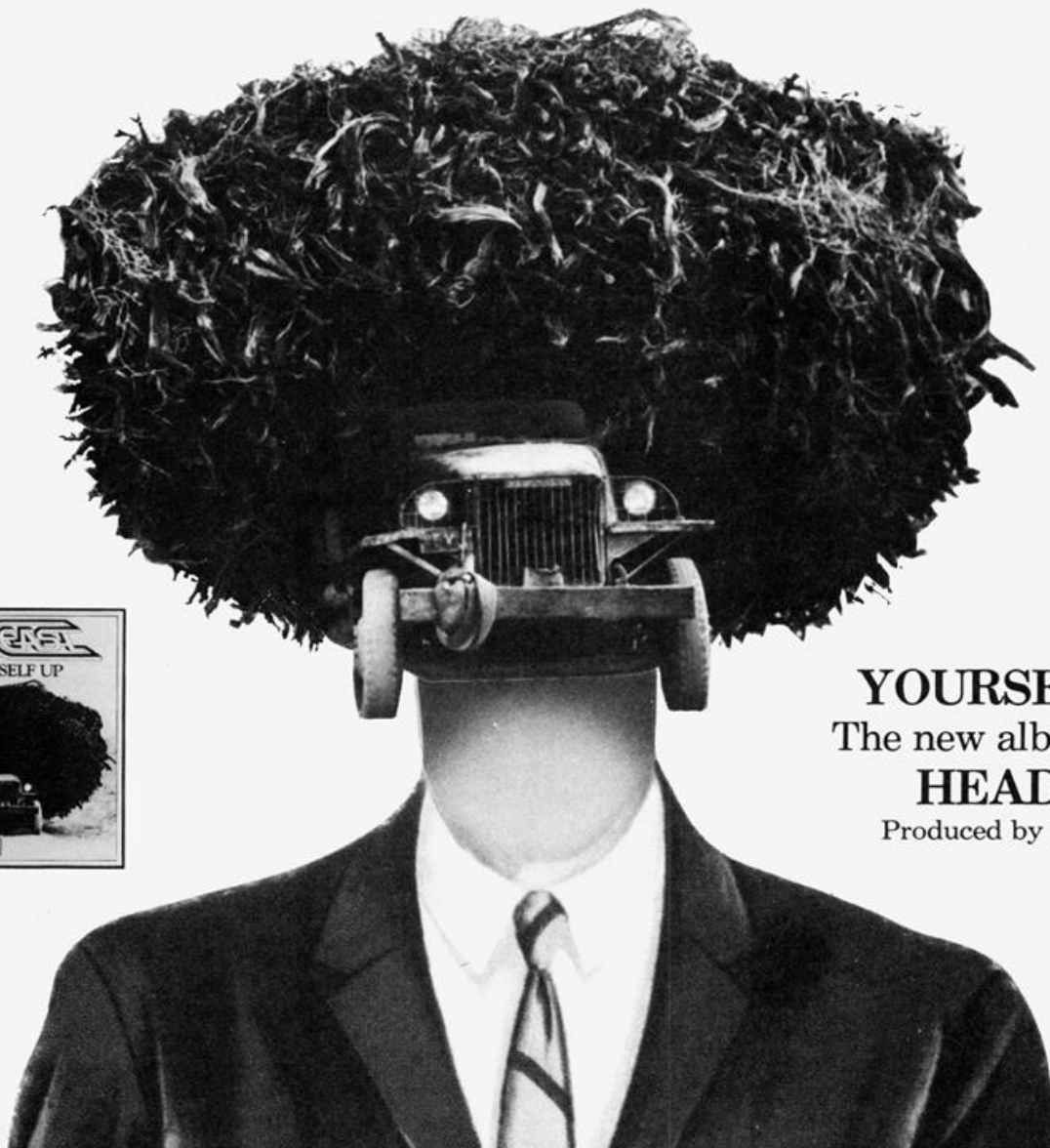


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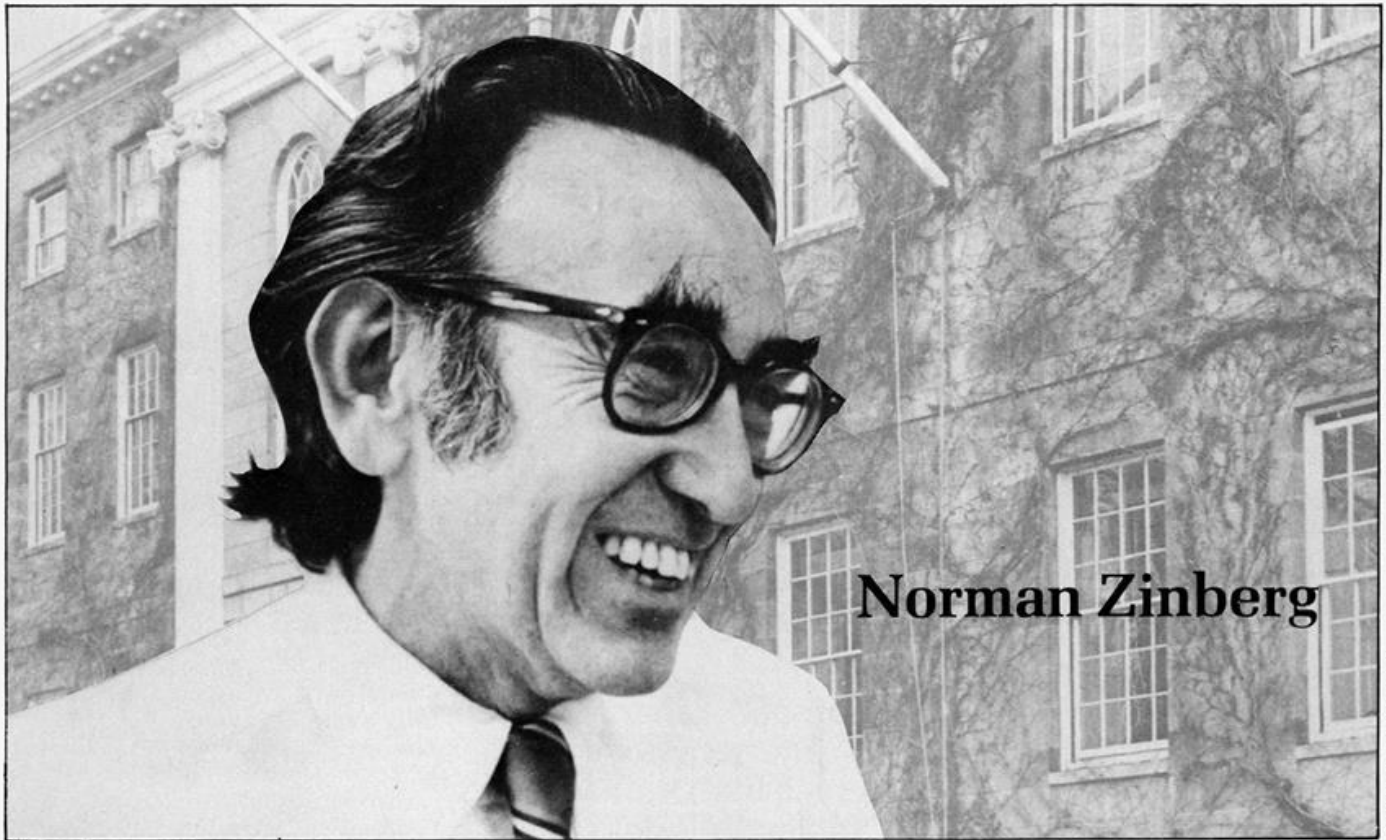
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Norman Zinberg

Photo by Ruth Silverman

Running a country is a problem that's usually bigger than the people who have that job. The search for solutions, therefore, is usually subcontracted out to consultants—from the Oracle at Delphi to the Brain Trusts of the Thirties to the Think Tanks of the Sixties that employed Herman Kahn as well as Daniel Ellsberg—whose fulminations shape the policies that millions will obey, tolerate or rebel against. Unfortunately, the hired brain is all too often subtly motivated to find solutions that solve nothing but keeping the employers in office. There are, however, a few institutional voices that speak out on behalf of the forbidden molecules.

Norman Zinberg, Associate Professor of Clinical Psychology at Harvard, is one of the most eminent of those voices. Dr. Zinberg has spent the last dozen years of

his professional life demythologizing conventional drug wisdom. Since 1964, he has studied heroin chippers, acid drop-pers and pot smokers: in 1968, with Andrew Weil and Jane Nelsen, he published a landmark paper on the "Clinical and Psychological Effects of Marijuana in Man," which effectively refuted the entire body of misconceptions about marijuana as an addictive, violently destructive poison; in 1969, Zinberg and Weil published the results of the first controlled experiment that showed pot smokers were no better or worse than anybody else. Since then, Dr. Zinberg has focused his attention largely on heroin abuse, which he believes is caused by treating heroin use as a crime instead of as a medical problem, a mild tranquilizer, an indoor sport or whatever it may represent to the individual user. His most

recent book (with H. and M. Boris), just published by John Hopkins University Press, is *Teaching Social Change*.

As consultant to the Drug Abuse Council of Washington, D.C., as a contributor to the underground press, as the author of over 80 scientific papers and as a member of the advisory board of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), Dr. Zinberg has worked zealously for years to bring about immediate change in the drug laws. His position is that "the study of controlled drug use is in no sense the study of successful drug use. Therefore, it is not intended to condone the use of those drugs or to minimize the risks run in using them. This research is intended to understand the nature of how we prevent abuse and not to encourage unprepared drug use."

High Times: How irrational is the legal control of drugs in America?

Zinberg: Irrationality isn't easy to measure. But our drug laws, which do make thousands of otherwise innocent people criminals, arbitrarily allow some to get away and are also an instrument of harassment. Restrictive drug statutes always create a bad social climate.

High Times: In what sense?

Zinberg: For example, we still suffer from the consequences of Prohibition.

There was a breakdown of law and order in the cities, and the relationship between the police and the public deteriorated. Now history repeats itself. That's why the theory behind legal control of drugs is equally crazy—the belief that you can keep drugs out of this country without establishing a police state.

High Times: What have you learned about different highs?

Zinberg: I've studied psychedelics and heroin fairly closely. In the psychedelic

highs I've studied, perception of the world changes and certain memories are evoked, but I don't have the impression that very much breaks through from the unconscious. In the heroin high, spatial relationships with the world, rather than perceptions, change. For example, if I stick you with a needle while you're high on heroin, you might say ouch, but you don't feel the pain. This distance is characteristic of human relationships, too.

High Times: Do you think the impulse

to get high is an innate human tendency?

Zinberg: Andrew Weil argues that the wish to get high is an instinct. I disagree. I don't want to sound too much like a behaviorist, but culture probably determines the different states of consciousness available to us. Some people like to get high, but the urge is hardly inborn, although I think we all do have the mechanical capacity to change consciousness, just as we have the capacity to change our perceptual thresholds.

High Times: How do you account for the popularity of drugs in the Sixties?

Zinberg: Television: it doesn't make any demands and, therefore, it increases interest in boundaries. I became fascinated by this one day when I watched my little girl trying to walk into a green field on the screen of a television set. A TV generation has risen that is more interested in boundaries than in cognitive content. A culture that stresses intellect as much as ours does scares people into thinking that they can't undo the inhibitions they've developed. No wonder this generation prefers marijuana's boundary diffusion to alcohol's effect of reducing inhibitions.

High Times: Do you think we should all experiment?

Zinberg: The world is enriched by esoteric tastes which often have a broadening effect on the rest of us.

High Times: What has been the psychic fallout from our legal policies?

Zinberg: The legal control of drugs disrupts the social fabric, ruins parent-child relationships and labels many people deviant—and deviance is hardly the end of the world.

High Times: Who besides the hard drug addict is forced to feel like a deviant?

Zinberg: Well, the 19-year-old kid who's been drunk a couple of times, his parents have scolded him, but no big fuss. He goes to a party and smokes a joint. Nothing happens. He's disappointed; it's no big deal. He tries it again, and eventually he gets high and likes it. He doesn't see himself as a felon, but all this time he's been smoking other people's grass. He decides to come up with some of his own. But the moment he seeks someone out and pays money for a bag of stuff, he may suddenly wonder: My God, I could go to jail for five years for this; the society that I trust and that I expect to trust me regards me as some kind of criminal. He's never done anything before that would put him in jail for a long time. Naturally, this causes a break with society.

High Times: Maybe a pot smoker isn't a deviant, but what about heroin addicts?

Zinberg: I suspect we're better off not playing with gradations. I would accept the deviance label for what we pretty well agree is something outside the bounds of this society. There is general agreement on what deviance is. Most thieves wouldn't be very happy if somebody ripped them off. But when the

deviant disagrees that his behavior is deviant and, in fact, feels quite strongly the opposite, then you have a potential face-off. In a special way, the alleged deviant and his accuser are at war with each other.

High Times: What motivates the name-calling we find here?

Zinberg: The labeler is expressing his own fears and releasing unconscious envy. These people enormously overestimate the power of drugs and spend a lot of time contemplating drugs and feeling jealous of drug users.

High Times: Hasn't the marijuana scene changed a lot since the Sixties?

Zinberg: Five years ago I fantasized that when the number of marijuana users in this country reached something like 28 million, there would be quite a legalization movement by the sheer power of numbers. After all, pot smokers vote. But it turns out that they have had much less impact than I imagined.

High Times: Has the "deviance" quotient fallen since the Sixties?

Comparing heroin and Librium is very much like comparing a splendidly delicious, perfectly cold martini before a gorgeous lunch with Clamato juice.

Zinberg: It's much less now. In terms of social control, there's more early learning, even though the scope is narrower than is the case with alcohol. In that case, from the time a kid begins to watch television, go to movies and socialize, he learns patterns of drinking. And there are a variety of drinkers to choose from. Most people have their first encounters with different drinks with different crowds: the first crowd they drink beer with is not usually the first crowd they try wine with. Much conscious and unconscious learning takes place in the interim that permits adolescents to have a clear idea what the limits of alcohol use are—from the worst to the best.

The fact that they have so many social groups to choose from gives them a chance to individualize the pattern. They gain a sense of security even if they decide to get drunk at 15 or 16. None of this was true with illicit drugs until recently. But with marijuana, we're beginning to develop a little bit. People in the movies and on TV now smoke grass,

and older kids talk about it constantly, if not smoke it.

High Times: You speak of social control. How has this been used historically?

Zinberg: Look at alcohol consumption. In previous centuries you either drank or you were abstinent. Eighty percent of the drinkers in England in the early 1800s were alcoholics, and according to the myth of the time, the more alcohol you consumed, the stronger and wiser you became. After it was realized that liquor was not an elixir, a variety of social rituals were gradually constructed to limit the drinking.

No one in the United States today is not an alcoholic because of the laws against public drunkenness. Rather, it's because you don't like to drink or because it's unseemly to get drunk or because there are too many calories in whiskey. People have learned to be very careful with this drug. For example, solitary drinking is generally frowned upon, so the cocktail hour was invented. The social message is "know your limit." Drinking is condoned, but only within the carefully socially defined limits.

High Times: Couldn't you be dealing with apples and pears? Illicit drugs and alcohol are not the same, physically or psychoactively.

Zinberg: I contend that the same situation applies to illicit drugs—for example, psychedelics. Not so many years ago, psychedelic users were out of control. Twenty to twenty-five percent of the admissions to the Massachusetts Mental Health Center in Boston in 1967 and 1968 were bad trips, but there hasn't been a bad trip admission to the mental health center in a very long while. Today's bad trips are handled differently: psychedelics are socially controlled, through general knowledge of the need for a good set and setting. Instead of tripping every day, people do it maybe two or three times a year. In this case, psychedelics can be recreational drugs. If you constantly trip out on them, they're dangerous.

High Times: Can social control be extended to heroin?

Zinberg: Conventional wisdom says no. With heroin, you're supposed to be either an addict or an abstainer. The concept of chipping—the occasional nonaddictive use of heroin—has existed in literature for a long time, but it was always considered a halfway station to compulsive abuse. It was thought that because of the power of the drug, you could get off heroin completely, but you couldn't maintain it as a social pattern. In fact, the only physiological effect of continued heroin intake is mild chronic constipation. Since 1965, I've been watching chipping to see how it works in practice.

High Times: If some sort of immunity is developed by "chippers," is heroin an addictive drug or is it not?

Zinberg: No, I don't think it is. I have studied many patients who have taken

opiates for prolonged periods, and I've never met a medical addict. Addiction has little to do with a drug's strength, but rather with the mental set of the drug user and the physical setting in which he uses it.

High Times: Heroin does not addict?

Zinberg: I think heroin addicts, just as I think alcohol addicts. The issue is relative—I'm sure you could eventually addict anybody, but it wouldn't be easy.

High Times: So why do some people become addicts?

Zinberg: The pre-drug explosion hinged in essence upon the idea of strong drugs and weak people. Addicts were either disturbed personalities or lived in ghetto conditions they sought to escape with drugs. In the last decade, however, people have turned to drugs for enlightenment and pleasure. When I was in Vietnam in 1971, I saw clean-cut, young American addicts, not personality defectives from deprived backgrounds. The Indochina war was an incredible social alembic.

High Times: Was heroin the most popular drug among our soldiers in Vietnam?

Zinberg: Well, marijuana started out to be the most popular drug. Then, after the Army started its big drive against marijuana, in 1969-70, the soldiers shifted to heroin. It became enormously popular.

High Times: What made them change over to heroin so rapidly?

Zinberg: To a certain extent, I consider it an indication of good old Yankee ingenuity. Heroin has the remarkable property of making time go away, to seem to pass very, very quickly. And in Vietnam, what people wanted more than anything else was for their year to disappear. Heroin did it for them.

Peter Bourne, the Deputy Director of SAODAP [See June *High Times*, "High-witness News," page 30] concluded that marijuana use in Vietnam was really not a bad thing. The soldiers used it for relaxation between patrols. In such a tense situation, a tranquilizer was essential. By the time I was in Vietnam, the Army's top brass would have given anything to have the men go back to marijuana. They spoke of marijuana in the most glowing terms you could imagine.

High Times: What happened to our Vietnam addicts?

Zinberg: Better than 90 percent got off it when they came back. Quite a conflict with our previous experience at U.S. Public Health Hospitals, which showed that 90 percent of those detoxified eventually became readdicted.

High Times: What do you conclude from this finding?

Zinberg: As I said before, I believe that it's a combination of drugs, set and setting that determines addiction. Unless you account for all three factors, which is very hard to do, then you can't grasp the problem. Simplifying the matter doesn't help. As strong as heroin is, I think I can

demonstrate that people can maintain stable control use patterns.

High Times: Don't the risks chippers take seem pathological?

Zinberg: I don't think they're crazy. They have quirks, but I know many people who do foolish things where the danger outweighs the pleasure.

High Times: But heroin chippers are risking jail.

Zinberg: But chippers aren't like junkies. They're not exhibitionists; they adopt elaborate precautions. Incidentally, none of the 100 chippers we've interviewed has a drug-related arrest record, according to my Drug Abuse Council study on controlled drug use.

High Times: What makes the difference between the chipper and the addict?

Zinberg: Chippers, particularly those from lower class backgrounds, have usually had their wild days. In high school, much the same as addicts—already into drugs and trouble. However, the chipper never completely parted company with the social institution.

TV accounts for the popularity of drugs; it doesn't make any demands and, therefore, increases interest in boundaries.

High Times: Are they free from feelings of deviance?

Zinberg: No. They think they shouldn't, and they feel angry, but they still feel deviant. The threat of detection scares them to death, but they regard abstinence as irrational.

High Times: What percentage of heroin users do you suppose are chippers?

Zinberg: Because they treasure their use of the drug, chippers are a very frightened group. My own increasing conviction is that there are many more chippers than there are compulsive users. Probably at a ratio of something like two or three to one. But I couldn't prove that.

High Times: Is chipping motivated by disturbance and deprivation?

Zinberg: I don't think so. In the last ten years, a lot of people started out scared to death, having been told that marijuana was going to turn their brains to jelly. Then they tried it, didn't feel bad and got curious and wanted to try other things. I personally wonder what opium is like.

High Times: Can a chipper go off his regular schedule?

Zinberg: He doesn't have to chip in the physiological realm. In the psychological realm, it varies a great deal. But most chippers have some flexibility.

High Times: Does chipping present the same demographics as cocaine?

Zinberg: I think chipping exists across the board. I think chipping of heroin goes on at every level.

High Times: Do any of your acquaintances chip?

Zinberg: Well, for an article I wrote in 1964, I stumbled on a group of doctors who were chippers. None of them came to see me because of a problem with morphine. They came initially for various reasons. One doctor had been chipping for a number of years; in fact, he is still doing it ten years later. He uses morphine four times a day—but never on weekends and never on vacations. He never has withdrawal syndromes. And he says that he takes one shot (a quarter-grain of morphine) for his practice, one shot for his mistress, one shot for his family and one shot to go to sleep at night.

High Times: And because he has no withdrawal symptoms and can go off at will, this man is not an addict?

Zinberg: That's right, he is not an addict.

High Times: If we take him as an example of a chipper, what does morphine do for him?

Zinberg: Well, he's at the furthest limit of chipping, but I think he is a chipper. He feels better. It doesn't interfere with his functioning—far from it. He feels that it enhances his functioning: his work as a physician, his sexual capacities, etc.

What I think heroin does for most people is to make them feel very, very far away from the external world. It's like a large part of you has gone down a long tunnel and you can look out and see the other people moving around very fast. Sometimes you're interested in what they're doing, and sometimes you're not, but they seem very far away from you. In Vietnam I would explain to heroin users that I had trouble understanding what they were into, and they answered, "You don't hurt enough." I do have a feeling that heroin is a drug more *against pain* than it is *for pleasure*. However, I also think that no matter how long they use it, there is a consciousness-changing effect from the drug that users value.

High Times: So chippers chip to avoid pain?

Zinberg: With compulsive users it's easy to say that that is a large part of their motive for use. With chippers it's a little harder to understand, because they aren't in a great deal of pain; they can regulate their use and they seem to manage. In fact, one of the aspects separating the chipper from the addict is that after a while junkies say that they don't get much out of the drug. It's hard for them to get really high, but they can't not use it.

Chippers usually tell you that they really enjoy the drug.

High Times: As a psychiatrist, can you see any mental health uses for chipping?

Zinberg: I can't be specific, but now that I've interviewed a great many chippers, it's hard for me to feel that it's bad for them. Now, if you reverse it and ask if it's good for them, that's an even harder question to answer.

High Times: Well, can you think of any kind of situation where you might prescribe chipping as therapy, if you legally could?

Zinberg: Let me reverse it. I have never in my professional career told someone that I thought he should take a couple of drinks after work. On the other hand, I feel rather strongly that a lot of people I've seen, and a lot of my friends, are better off for taking a drink or two when they get through work. It's relaxing, they feel better and it doesn't do them a lot of harm. But it's very hard to prescribe pleasure.

High Times: Well, there are a whole range of drugs we describe as tranquilizers that doctors and psychiatrists do prescribe.

Zinberg: But you see, that's the issue. They usually aren't drugs that people get off on. One of the tricks of medical druggery, it seems to me, is that doctors and drug companies try to select and make legitimate drugs that aren't much fun. Some people think they sort of slipped with the amphetamines, and even to a certain extent with the barbiturates, although I find it very hard to imagine barbs really being fun. But the game seems to be to do the job without letting people enjoy it. That seems to be a moralistic overlay. How many doctors would prescribe a couple of drinks?

High Times: What does chipping heroin do for a person that a tranquilizer doesn't do?

Zinberg: I think comparing heroin and Librium, let's say, is very much like comparing a splendidly delicious, perfectly cold martini before a gorgeous lunch, with Clamato juice.

High Times: In an ideal state, could doctors actually prescribe a little chip of heroin for the same kind of condition for which they now prescribe tranquilizers?

Zinberg: Doctors today simply don't prescribe pleasure.

High Times: But heroin does tranquilize, doesn't it, as Librium tranquilizes?

Zinberg: Not as Librium does, but heroin is essentially a tranquilizer.

High Times: Are doctors using heroin on the sly for their patients for some of these purposes?

Zinberg: Not heroin. I can't imagine it. Don't forget heroin is completely illegal in the United States. You can only buy heroin from an illicit dealer.

High Times: What about morphine? Is there illegal use of morphine?

Zinberg: Yes. Doctors take a fair amount

of morphine, and I've seen any number of doctors' wives who use morphine. A few years ago, one of the most common areas of theft in hospitals involved nurses and other people who had access to morphine, Demerol and other opiates.

High Times: Have you noticed that your chippers are living to ripe old ages?

Zinberg: I haven't followed them that long. Some of the patients I reported on in the New England Journal of Medicine in 1964 were reported on again in my article in the January 1976 American Journal of Psychiatry. I know chippers who have been chipping for a long, long time, over 25 years. And so far they seem to be in good health. After all, I've been following this doctor for 12 years, and he was chipping for a number of years before that. He's a grandfather now.

High Times: Have any of your chippers ever come to see you to get off heroin?

**A lot of people
who were told that
marijuana would turn
their brains to jelly
tried it, found it
wasn't so bad
and got curious
about other things.
I personally
wonder what opium
is like.**

Zinberg: No. I've seen compulsive users, but no chippers, ever.

High Times: What does that mean to you as a psychiatrist?

Zinberg: Well, I don't think many chippers come to psychiatrists. I think the reason the doctor chippers come is that doctors are accustomed to using doctors.

High Times: But essentially, you feel chippers are not disturbed about their drug use?

Zinberg: They are not concerned about their drug use per se. They are concerned about getting caught and are worried they may have to give the drug up, but they were not worried about becoming compulsive users, which was a great surprise to me.

High Times: Opium, morphine and other narcotics are permitted currently for medical purposes in the United States. Why is heroin still illegal?

Zinberg: When heroin became the drug of choice for junkies, because of their contention that they got a better rush with it, many people began to think that it was a devil drug, that it was more potent, more powerful, more everything, and that people became instantly addicted to heroin.

High Times: What kind of governmental approach do you advise?

Zinberg: I'm sharply ambivalent. What I recommend very strongly is experimentation. If the only workable controls over strong drugs are the development of social sanctions around their use, such as with alcohol, then we must begin slowly. I would begin by demythologizing heroin. That is, try heroin maintenance or heroin induction clinics on a small, experimental basis. The addicts could get "their" drug rather than "our" drug, methadone, at least at first. It would give addicts a chance to not have to exist exclusively in a despised subculture.

Also, I would give doctors the opportunity to prescribe heroin as a superior analgesic in terminal illness and as an antitussive drug in small quantities. In England, it's the most popular drug in cough syrup. They claim it's more efficacious than our syrup.

High Times: What do you propose as the first step?

Zinberg: We ought to remove heroin from a total either/or status, regularize it and watch what happens. If social control of heroin is possible, then we must reassess our drug policies. Drug abuse—not drug use—is to be avoided; so far, Americans have confused the two.

High Times: Are you or are you not in favor of legalizing heroin in the United States?

Zinberg: At this moment, I'm not even interested in legalization. The problems in this country are so enormous that I think we have to start slowly. I'd like to see a very careful, small research project that attempted heroin maintenance here. But I wouldn't suddenly pass an act, and say, "Okay, now we're going to have heroin maintenance in this country." Frankly, we're not ready for it yet.

High Times: What stands in the way?

Zinberg: A lot of people believe that if these drugs were legal, everyone would want them. I don't believe that, but I contend that the fear of the drugs is excessive, and perhaps one of the factors in their popularity.

High Times: Why do authorities fear drugs so?

Zinberg: Despite the fact that every culture known, with the possible exception of some of the Eskimos, has employed some substance to get high, there has been almost universal condemnation of intoxication. I guess that we are afraid of anything that provides a certain kind of consistent pleasure and threatens our control system. Even though we love it, we also hate it. ■

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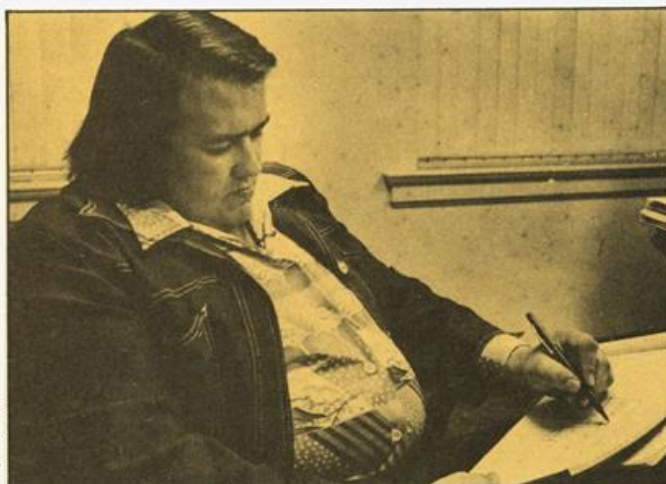
Breakout Ringleader Stands Trial —STATE DEPT. DOUBTS MERCENARIES' INVOLVEMENT

The ex-Marine sergeant and truckdriver turned soldier of fortune who freed 14 Americans from Mexico's Piedras Negras prison last March is standing trial in Dallas, Texas, on charges of illegal exportation of arms without a license. He has not been charged directly with freeing the American prisoners.

Donald Fielden, 31, told the Dallas Times Herald that he was hired for \$5,000 by Dallas psychologist Dr. Sterling Blake Davis to free Davis's son, Sterling "Cooter" Davis, Jr., who had been jailed in 1974 on drug charges and who claimed he was beaten and harassed in jail by the guards.

For his part, Davis said he had "exhausted all other options of the Mexican extortion system." Dr. Davis had reportedly spent \$80,000 locating someone who could organize the breakout.

Customs is currently investigating the raiders' actions for possible violations of the Neutrality Act, armed intrusion into a foreign country, possession of illegal weapons and conspiracy. Meanwhile, "Cooter" Davis is back in



Jay Dickman

Dallas truckdriver Don Fielden and the map of Piedras Negras: "I went down there three times. I studied it from every angle. Finally I knew what had to be done."

the U.S., where he is on parole for a 1974 fraud conviction and may be investigated for his activities while on parole.

On May 14, Fielden was freed on \$5,000 bond after his arraignment. The following day his backup man, identified as William

McCoy Hill, 32, a Dallas used-car salesman, also voluntarily surrendered and was charged with illegally exporting firearms. He was released under \$1,000 bond.

The third member of the breakout team—a Dallas youth who functioned as lookout during the escape—was identified as William "Billy" Blackwell. He was questioned by Customs but was not charged or arrested.

Freelance writer Sally Thompson has announced the formation of a "U.S. Citizens for Donald Fielden" to pay his legal expenses and focus attention on the conditions in Mexican prisons. "He doesn't think for one minute he'll get off," she said. She has enlisted the support of 18 "influential" or "pushy" people, in her words, to

work to free Fielden and publicize the plight of Americans in Mexican prisons.

At the same time, Mexican investigator Salvador del Toro came to Dallas to express his country's irritation that the jailbreakers were being treated like heroes. He announced that Mexico was filing "John Doe" warrants seeking the extradition of the 3 raiders and the 14 American escapees. Del Toro said, "They are not heroes; they are criminals, nothing else."

Soon after the Piedras Negras raid, the media were inundated with reports that a commando group had been formed from Vietnam vets, student radicals and dope smugglers to liberate U.S. nationals from Mexican prisons. The North American Newspaper Alliance quoted Los Angeles KTTV-TV reporter Charles Ashman, who said that the band was offering armaments in order to enlist the support of leftist Mexican guerrillas.

Ashman, who interviewed the hooded men on his show, claimed

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Report Condemns Billion-\$ Police Subsidies

The federal government has been notified by a private researcher that its program of subsidizing communities' efforts to end crime should be terminated. The federal program, entitled the Crime Control and Safe Street Act of 1968, has spent \$4.4 billion over the last eight years. It was described, in the critical report by Washington attorney Sarah C. Carey, as a near failure.

"The nation is in no better a position today than it was when the omnibus Crime Control and Safe Street Act of 1968 was enacted," said Ms. Carey's independent report. "Crime has increased and no solutions to the crime problem are on the horizon."

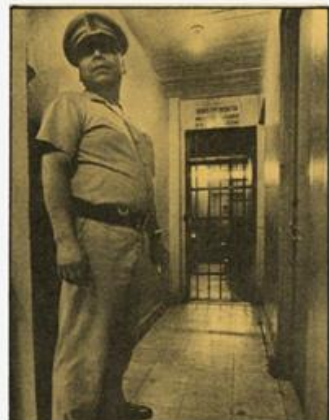
Breakout

(continued from page 27)

the 27-man group was armed with automatic weapons, taser stun guns, hundreds of pounds of plastic explosives and two aircraft. He said that they were being financed by the frustrated parents of the prisoners and by American "extremists," left and right, who object both to imprisonment on the basis of flimsy evidence and to the State Department's reluctance to get involved.

To show they mean business, the leader of the group, identified only as "Bill M.," said that a building under construction in Mexico (hinted to be an Acapulco hotel) would be blown up by June.

According to Bill M., the first Americans to be released will be those whose parents have paid as much as \$10,000. He said that they were dedicated to breaking out all Americans "immediately." "The smaller jails are cakewalks, and we can knock them over with just a



A Mexican federal guard stands guard at the Piedras Negras jail a few days after the daring escape that freed 14 Americans.

few men while our Mexican friends make sure we get away," Bill boasted.

One mother of an imprisoned college student told reporters, "I wasted \$9,000 in legal fees to Mexican lawyers and got nowhere. I know four other families that have spent more. All our sons are still rotting in those jails. I'm gladly helping these escape people to get my son out. I'd rather pay them than bribe a Mexican official who might not do me any good."

Future targets for the American Escape Committee are reportedly jails in Acapulco, Mazatlán and Hermosillo, where an estimated 70 Americans are being held.

Skepticism, however, is rising within and outside the State Department over the actual existence of such a band. After several Piedras Negras escapees asserted that no organized escape committee broke them out, the State Department warned the American Escape Committee might, in

COLOMBIA'S DECRIM DECREE DRAWS FIRE

by Thomas D'Arcy Quinn

BOGOTÁ—In the wake of the Colombian government's "March Decree," which decriminalized possession of up to 28 grams of marijuana or ten grams of hashish, the Colombian Ministry of Justice is assuring the public that the move will not initiate a wave of permissiveness but, rather, will "separate the addicts from the drug traffickers."

Amid speculation inside the ministry that possession of up to two grams of cocaine will be decriminalized by April of next year, Justice Minister Dr. Samuel Hoyes has publicly stated that marijuana decriminalization will not exonerate those caught with small amounts. The law states that those caught with an ounce or less of dope are still subject to imprisonment for a period of one month to two years, and to fines ranging from 200 to 1,000 pesos (\$6 to \$30). Those discovered with amounts exceeding ten grams of hashish or 28 grams of marijuana can get anywhere from three to 12

actualities, be a fraud, ripping off money from naive parents.

Nonetheless, the State Department has reported that Mexican officials were beefing up security at their prisons following the escape committee's threats. Guard teams have reportedly been doubled, conjugal visits for Americans have been canceled and mail is being heavily scrutinized. Some inmates have been transferred to higher-security prisons. In the aftermath of the committee's media attention, the State Department acknowledged that it had received reports of renewed tortures by Mexican guards.

The State Department announced it was studying Mexico's extradition requests "in light of our legal requirements." Officials said that the U.S.-Mexican extradition treaty permits, but does not require, the U.S. to extradite one of its citizens.

The department also cabled its consular officials around the world, saying, "We are not charged with the task of helping offenders escape punishment."



Colombian National Tourist Board

Colombian President Alfonso Lopez Michelsen shows signs of realizing the value of marijuana as a means to bolster his nation's economy.

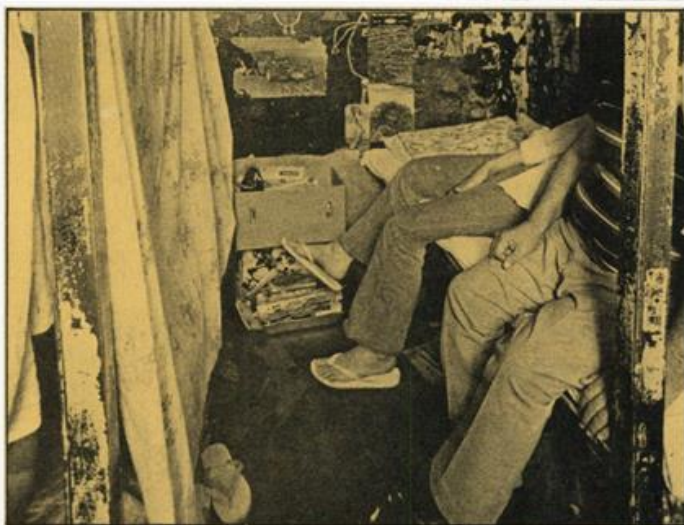
years in prison and be fined from 5,000 to 500,000 pesos (\$150 to \$15,000).

The government also avers that the March Decree does not reflect the opinion of the Colombian people, who ostensibly oppose the consumption of marijuana. Protests against the new decriminalization law have come from the Colombian Association of Toxicology and Pharmacodependency, and the Procurator of Colombia, Jamie Serrano Rueda.

The president of the Colombian Medical Association Union, Dr. Eduardo Arevalo Burgos, expressed the government's point of view in stating that decriminalization "will allow Colombian authorities to concentrate on the real drug problem of international trafficking and leave the false problem of internal consumption in its proper perspective."

Many Colombians still believe marijuana smoking causes insanity, and a number of informed observers feel that the clamor over the morality of the March Decree is nothing more than a cover for the government's intention to promote the open commercialization of marijuana as a cash crop alongside coffee.

In recent months, the Colombian press, known for its outraged articles against marijuana, has been inserting statements about the renowned quality of Colombian marijuana throughout the world. Newspaper editors have been expressing pride in the fact that "Colombia produces the best marijuana in the hemisphere," and that "Colombia has become the center for the traffic of marijuana in the hemisphere."



Jay Dickman

Inside a cell at the Piedras Negras jail. "In Mexico they don't have due process," said Dr. Sterling Blake Davis, who financed the breakout. "Guilty or innocent, they can keep you in jail for years. They don't even charge you."

However, the cable continued, consular officials have the responsibility of helping the prisoner "survive his prison experience [both] mentally and physically unharmed."

The State Department regularly lists the countries where American citizens are being held prisoner. Mexico heads the list with 514 U.S. citizens; Canada follows with 135.

California Lawmakers Blast DEA

by Gene Lapple

The California Senate Subcommittee on Narcotics Trafficking, chaired by George Deukmejian, recently issued an emphatic condemnation of the DEA's system of rewarding zealous narcs with cash payoffs and promotions in accordance with the number and size of busts made.

This was one of the subcommittee's more than 60 recommendations and 14 legislative proposals. Among the latter, coauthored by Senators Robert Presley and Deukmejian, were bills introduced to authorize the Attorney General to add, delete, or schedule controlled substances (meaning he could at will deem any substance illegal, and the possession of the same punishable by from 5 years to life) and rescinding a judge's prerogative to decide between prison and probation for those found guilty of possession of a half-ounce or more of cocaine, making coke statutes identical to those dealing with heroin.

The subcommittee's information came exclusively from law enforcement officials, which included John Van Diver, Western



California State Senator George Deukmejian condemned the buy-bust tactics of the DEA while asking the state to beef up drug enforcement laws.

Regional Director of the DEA; Bert Jensen, Chairman of the California Narcotics Information Network (CNIN); John Warner, Chief, International Intelligence Division of DEA; Chief Ed Davis, of the L.A. Police Department, and Enrique Garcia-Garay, Federal Prosecutor of Mexico.

Other bills introduced before the legislature included: a bill to

make all vehicles, boats, or airplanes used in unlawfully transporting, keeping, depositing, concealing, or otherwise possessing a controlled substance, subject to forfeiture (marijuana is a controlled substance, so any vehicle could be confiscated, under the proposed California law, even for simple misdemeanor possession); a trio of bills forcing doctors and pharmacists to allow government inspection of their files at any time by any cop, without a court order; a couple of fine hikes, and a bill including state narcs, operatives and informants in the definition of a peace officer.

On the question of American dope offenders in foreign jails, the subcommittee favored no U.S. government intervention on their behalf. Revealing that a majority of narcotics trafficking takes place in less populous countries, the report confirmed that somewhere between 1200 and 1500 people smuggle illicit drugs across the border daily, in spite of pathfinders and extensive border patrol. The subcommittee also noted that despite increased efforts on the part

of the Coast Guard, smuggling via watercraft is on the rise, and recommended that private boats be required to file a cruise plan similar to those now required of planes by the F.A.A.

Other recommendations included: more extensive research to develop drug detection devices, a slowdown in the flow of chemicals, a closer scrutiny in the accounting of money for the purchase of drugs by narcs, that the Governor and Attorney General stay on top of a statewide drug strategy, and that the U.S. military crack down on smuggling by their personnel.

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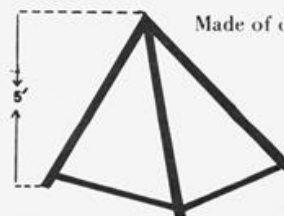
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DEALERS IN EUPHORIC DEVICES SINCE 1967

High Crimes

DEA Operative Smuggled Pot to Make Bust

• Three men—Robert J. Dodds, 25, and Richard M. Hoefs, 25, both of Austin, Texas, and Fred R. Worsham of Crossville, Tennessee—were arrested after a pilot who flew four and a half tons of marijuana from Mexico to a ranch near Balmorhea, Texas, turned out to be working undercover for the DEA. Pilot Clay Simmons offered his services to federal authorities about a month before the flight took place, according to testimony of Dallas DEA agent Michael M. Haberer before a federal magistrate.

Haberer said that Simmons purchased a twin-engine Cessna in Dallas for \$20,000, which he received from Fred Worsham. Simmons took the money to the DEA office, where it was photographed and kept in a safe overnight before being returned to him.

According to DEA testimony, Simmons flew to the Mexican re-

Haberer claims that Simmons never received any payment from the government, but acted only as a concerned citizen. Although Simmons was not offered immunity, no charges were filed against him.

• An attempted rip-off led police to a high-quality marijuana farming operation in Pupukeya, Hawaii, a highland farming community



Frederick A. Rody, Jr., a special agent of the DEA in Seattle, Washington, displays nine ounces of cocaine, \$21,000 in cash, some guns, two pot plants and a huge hookah reportedly seized in a raid on a house in Redmond, a small town on the east side of Lake Washington.

sort city of Mazatlán in early April and returned to the Balmorhea ranch landing strip the same night. Two DEA airborne planes monitored Simmons's movements and maintained radio contact with him. A score of DEA agents were waiting on the ground. After the plane was unloaded and took off again, the narcs moved in, made the arrests and recovered the marijuana.

between Waimea Bay and Sunset Beach on Oahu's rural North Shore. Busting what they described as "a real professional setup," police seized more than 2,000 of "the best-quality growing marijuana plants we've seen in Hawaii" from three hothouses. The authorities, already familiar with Hawaii's famous "Elephant Sticks" and "Kona Gold," did not disclose the exact method used to



Lynn Webb

Federal agents load part of almost 9,000 pounds of marijuana seized in a raid near Pecos, Texas (above). Twenty federal, state and county narcotics agents had staged the raid, arresting three men in the process. When the maneuver was completed, the rented truck (below) was filled to capacity with 132 bales of dope and took the weed to El Paso for disposal.



Lynn Webb

determine the quality of the crop.

Police were alerted to the operation when two local youths were driven off the Pupukeya lot by mysterious gunfire after poaching 15 pounds of pot. Officers responding to a "shots fired" alert arrested the two dopenappers for promotion of drugs and firearms violations. Both were later freed pending further investigation.

While making their arrests, the officers noted marijuana plants growing through the roofs of the three hothouses. They cited vicious guard dogs, booby traps

and approaching dusk as their reasons for waiting until the following morning to enter the property.

After the all-night stakeout, the farmers did not appear, and police seized the plants plus 10 one-ounce bottles of hash oil and a small amount of cocaine. The plants, ranging in height from 5 inches to 14 feet, were valued at \$253,000 and weighed a total of 1,266 pounds.

According to astonished detective Jeremy Postmus, "They were babying it, and not 40 feet from the roadway. . . . The hothouses

were not sheds; they had plastic roofs and sides. And the only way we could see anything was because the tall plants—flower heads and all—were showing between the roof and sides, in an opening for air flow." Also included in the hothouses were electric fans and a sprinkling system.

- Truckdriver José Pérez Espero, 23, of Sinaloa, Mexico, was arrested for allegedly transporting 1,015 kilos of grass when he attempted to cross into the U.S. from the Mexican border at Calxico. U.S. Customs officials at the border station reportedly discovered the dope in a hidden compartment located behind an interior wall of the vehicle. DEA agents said that the pot, wrapped in bales, was placed inside a 10' x 10' compartment about three feet behind the cab of the truck. The roof was evidently lowered into place after the stash was stowed.

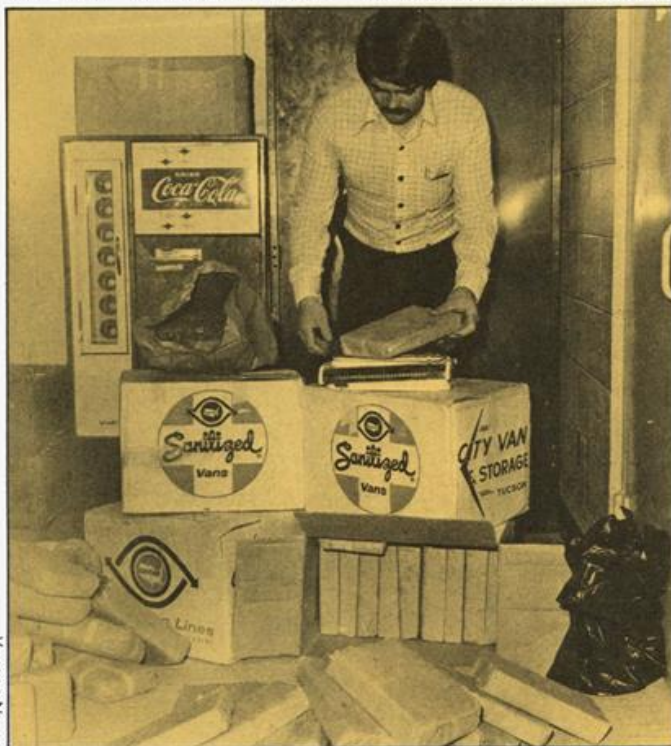
- Six persons were arrested on charges of conspiracy to traffic

- Charleston, S.C., police were baffled by the arrival of about 60 suspicious-looking bags on the shores of Kiawah Island. Two of the bales had printing on the sides that read "Purin Colombiana, S.A." and "Micromez-Clados." The confusion and unanswered questions only multiplied when they discovered the contents of the parcels—three tons of pot.

The shores were immediately patrolled, and a search was started for the owners of the weed. Local law officers, Coast Guard planes and surface craft are still on duty to scout for additional pot and possible transport boats.

Kiawah is a residential island off the South Carolina coast. It is half-owned by the Kuwait Investment Company, along with private investors, who bought it despite local protests in 1970.

- Fifty-one bags stuffed with Colombian pot were discovered at night at the end of the taxi strip of the small, two-hangar West Point



Canadian narc Gary Hart sorts through 185 pounds of marijuana taken during a raid in Vernon, British Columbia.

phencyclidine, commonly known as PCP following raids by Mounties in Sault Ste. Marie and Toronto, Canada. The arrests were reportedly connected with a previous seizure of 235 pounds of the illegal substance and equipment used in its manufacture.

Busted were Lionel A. Simonini, 27; Marie B. Bois, 39; David Ross Templain, 24; David L. Paterson, 24, and a 38-year-old man identified only as Shunock. It was also reported that police seized a formula for the manufacture of PCP during the Toronto arrests.

Airport in King William County, Virginia. Each bag measured 24" x 15" x 12" and weighed nearly 80 pounds.

Officials deduced that a small plane had made the drop earlier that night. Deputies staked the area out for 24 hours. No one showed up, however, and the whole deal went up in smoke. The next day the sheriff's department burned all but one ounce (for evidence) of the dope, dug a hole and buried the ashes.

- One man was arrested and three others escaped when Customs inspectors seized 1,800 pounds of

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marijuana at Teterboro Airport in New Jersey. Errol J. Mirelli, 31, from Miami, was arrested after agents were tipped off about a flight from Miami supposedly transporting the dope. The shipment was said to be part of a reported ring smuggling pot from Mexico and Cuba into the U.S.

DEA agents foresaw no difficulty in capturing the escapees, although no indication of their

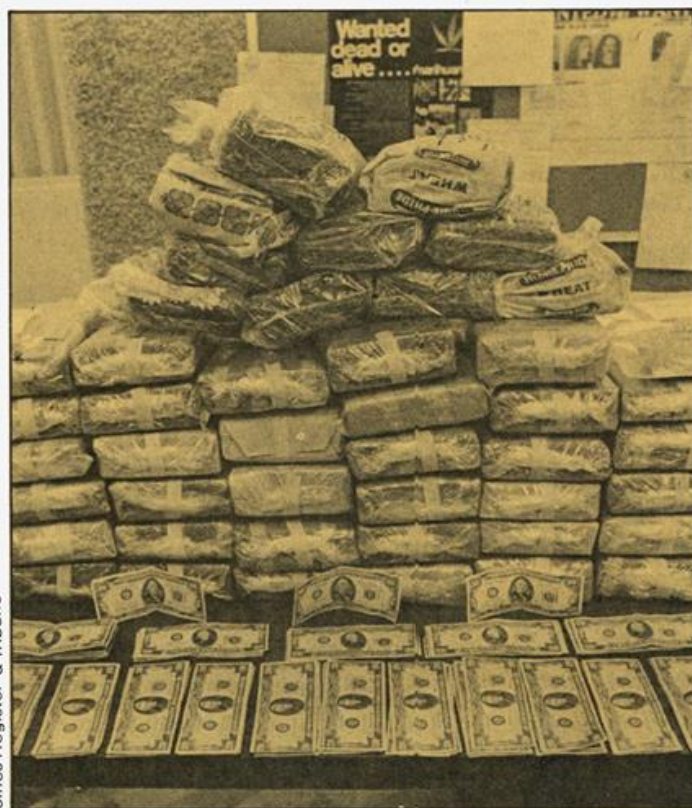
whereabouts was apparent at the time of the arrest.

• Police in Rotterdam, Holland, netted 1,000 kilos of ganja in what they dubbed the "Cyprus Connection." Four Turks were nabbed in the bust, which originated when the cops were tipped off to a van delivery of 600 kilos of pot. The remaining 400 kilos of the contraband were found on board a Turkish ship docked in Rotterdam's



William Tighe, commander of the Des Moines Metropolitan Area Narcotics Squad (MANS), inspects 150 pounds of Mexican marijuana seized during a raid in the city's south side.

Des Moines Register & Tribune



Idaho Statesman

Agents seized 102 pounds of pot and \$2,300 in cash in the largest marijuana bust in the history of Idaho.

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harbor. One of the men arrested was a member of the ship's crew, and another reportedly said that the dope passed through Cyprus.

• Fifty carefully wrapped packages containing over 1,000 pounds of pot were seized when DEA agents arrested three men and a woman who were allegedly unloading the dope from a small plane at a Highland County, Florida, airstrip.

Joseph Taglione, 38, of Pembroke Pines; Davis Hansen, 32, of Hollywood; Robert Sullivan, 30, of Pompano Beach; and Bobbie Buist, 23, of Sebastopol, California, were charged with conspiracy and with possession of pot with intent to distribute.

• Memphis police claim to have broken a major speed ring with the seizure of nearly six pounds of crystal methamphetamines in two busts, which netted nine arrests.

Notification of a ring operating in the Bristol, Tennessee, area led local law officers to a raid in which four persons were arrested: Charles A. Rapper, 29; James D. Latham, 31, and Mrs. Rosemary Latham, 19, both of Bluff City; and Patty L. Justice, 20, of Hoaton, N.C. The four suspects were seized when police stormed the motel room where they were staying; also confiscated were an automobile and \$8,650 in cash.

• A burlap bag floating near a fishing boat 40 miles off the Cuban shoreline led a Florida Coast Guard ship to the seizure of a ton of weed and the arrest of

three crewmen of a Key West-based trawler.

Coast Guardsmen in international waters off the Cay Sal Bank Islands boarded the *Señora Hortensia*, where they reportedly discovered 12 bags full of pot in the water alongside the boat. The crew members had allegedly thrown the cache overboard after spotting a helicopter leave the deck of the Coast Guard vessel.

• The drivers of two trucks carrying 16 tons of onions into Arizona from Mexico were arrested after Fang, a marijuana-sniffing U.S. Customs dog, detected 5.5 tons of marijuana buried beneath the onions. Albert Eugene Market, the driver of one truck, Clinton Earls, its owner, and Salvador Juvenal, the other driver were arrested on suspicion of smuggling.

• Two Mexicans, Felipe Gaxiola-Aros, 20, of Tubutama, and Jesus Galarza-Romo, 31, of Santa Ana, were arrested near Sasabe, Arizona, after two DEA agents followed their tracks north from the Mexican border for ten hours.

According to the narcs, the Mexicans were mounted on horseback, and the DEA agents followed relentlessly on foot, continuing their pursuit even after the smuggling suspects stampeded their six packhorses in the narcs' direction, nearly trampling them. The badged pursuers finally closed in on the suspected smugglers near Sasabe, where they also busted 546 pounds of marijuana.

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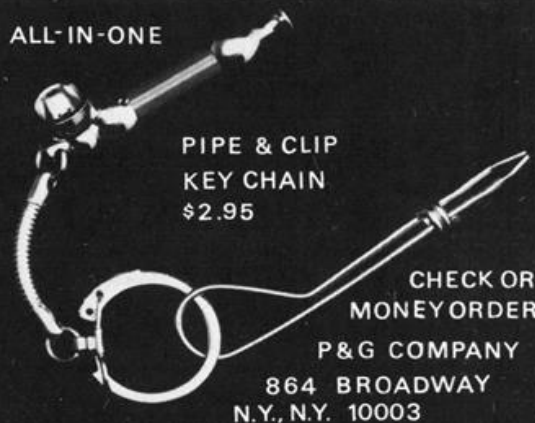
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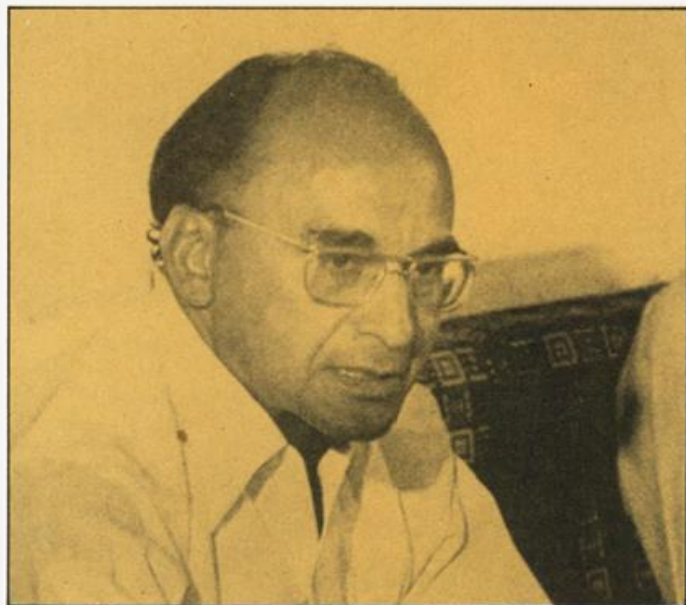
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New Evidence Discovered in Guns-for-Grass Deals



Mexican President Luis Echeverria

Representative F. Edward Herbert of Louisiana has found that some 1,000 weapons were lost or stolen from American military installations in 1975. Herbert said that hundreds of machine guns and rifles are finding their way into the hands of dope runners in Mexico, who pay far more than the weapons are worth in the States. In most cases, Herbert said, the weapons are traded for heroin, with an M-16 being exchanged for an ounce of heroin worth \$1,200 in Mexico.

In his report, he says that the weapons have been used in battles with the police and to protect shipments of heroin and marijuana in rural Mexico. Herbert also found that "organized crime elements" were involved, and that the weapons were also turning up in U.S. terrorist groups.

Syndicated columnist Carl Rowan reported that Mexican President Echeverria had told him

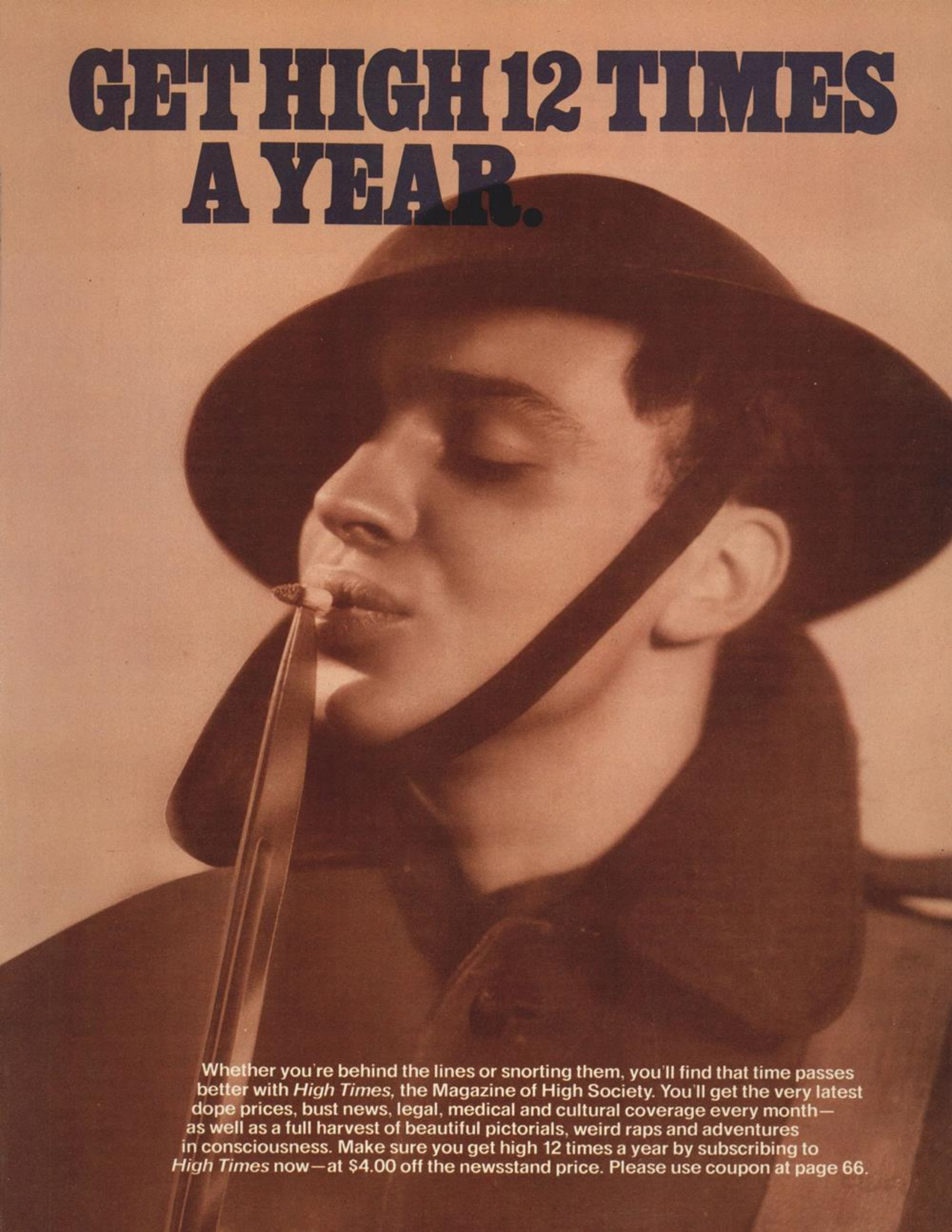
that big-time traffickers now sneak into Mexico in small planes and pay for their shipments with machine guns and other weapons. The president claimed that these weapons were responsible for the death of at least 40 soldiers engaged in wiping out poppy and marijuana plantations in remote areas of the country. Echeverria also told Rowan that the weapons were reaching guerrillas.

D.C. Cuts Illinois Sex-Dope Funds

The U. S. House of Representatives has voted to cut off funds for a controversial sex and marijuana study at Southern Illinois University. The provision to withdraw support for the project funded through the Department of Health, Education and Welfare was contained in the fiscal year 1976 Supplemental Appropriations Bill, which passed the House by a vote of 352 to 35.

Southern Illinois University had been granted \$121,000 to study male sexual response to erotic movies while under the influence of marijuana to determine whether marijuana increased or decreased sexual response. More than \$65,000 of the \$121,000 has already been awarded to project director Dr. Harris Rubin, and what has not been spent will have to be returned to the government.

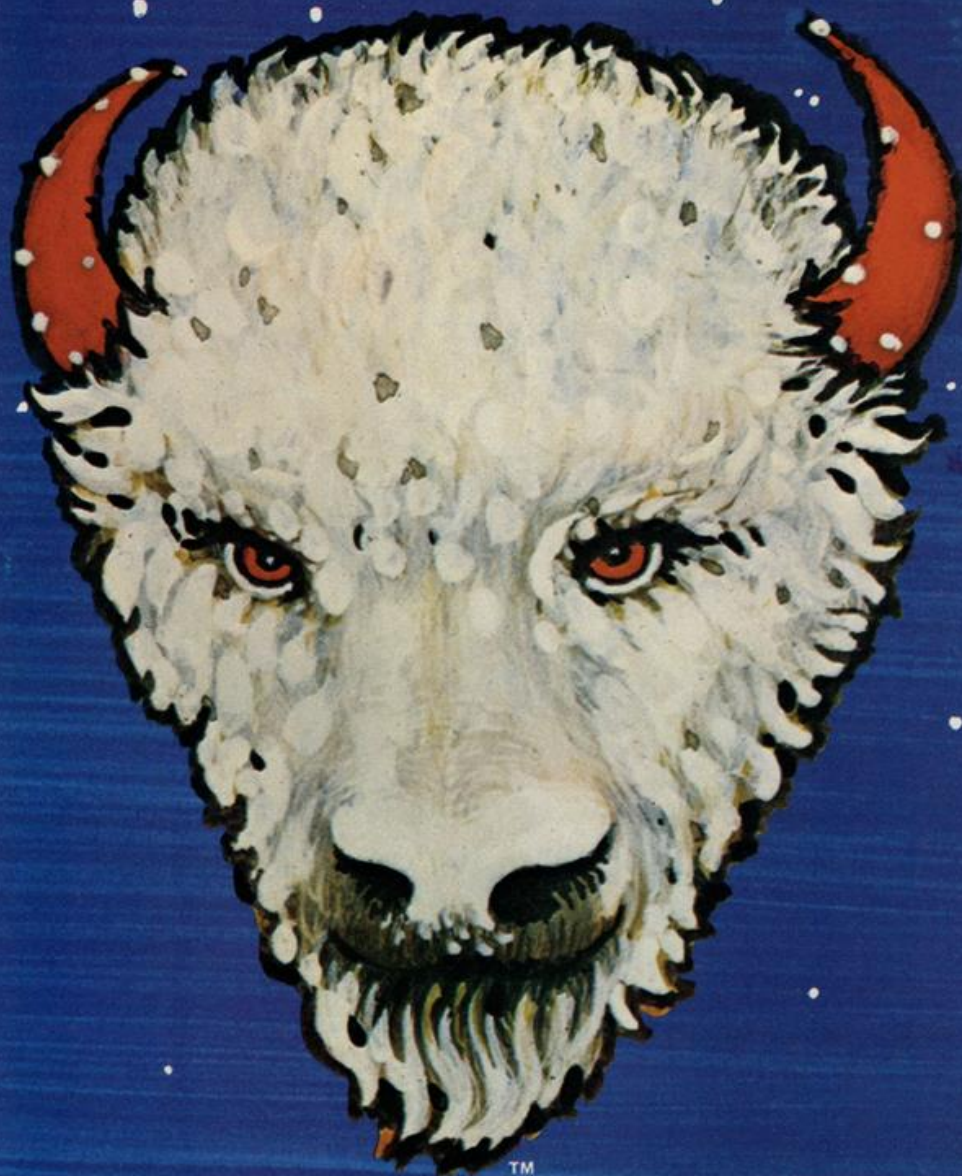
GET HIGH 12 TIMES A YEAR.

A sepia-toned photograph of a man wearing a dark, wide-brimmed hat. He is shown in profile, looking down and to the left, with his eyes closed. He is holding a lit cigarette in his mouth. The lighting is soft, creating a moody atmosphere.

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The Rise and Fall of

Florida's Marijuana Luftwaffe

Daredevil
Doperunner

Ken Burnstine had everything—fast cars, fast boats, fast planes, a \$50-million stash and the top spot in competition flying in his pocket—but he gave it all up... when they took it away from him!

By James Horwitz

Fort Lauderdale News

This story takes place in exotic locations: south Florida; Guadalajara; Vera Cruz; Corpus Christi, Texas; deserted landing strips on Caribbean islands under a smuggler's moon, crowded Denny's Restaurants on freeway off ramps under neon eyes. It is about planes falling out of the sky loaded with dope. About dead and missing pilots. About creepy-crawly federal narcs and confidential informants. About grass and cocaine and \$50 million. About extortion and bribery and grand larceny fraud. About conspiracy. About a convicted United States congressman. And an indicted Florida state legislator. About soldiers of fortune and arms dealers. About satin-smooth professional wheeler-dealers. And bungling amateurs. About the Mob. And the CIA. And Richard Nixon. Mostly it is about Kenneth Gordon Burnstine, 43, crack pilot and champion air

racer, gun merchant, real estate developer, charmer, raconteur, ex-Fort Lauderdale man-about-town and convicted grass smuggler turned government star witness. In his own view and the government's, Kenny Burnstine is a buccaneer, freebooter and scene-stealing superstar of Florida's marijuana Watergate.

"You would just shit your pants if you met Kenny," said a Fort Lauderdale fellow who has known Burnstine throughout most of his swashbuckling Florida years. "The man's an amazing operator, a real hustler. And slick. He always seems to land on his feet."

The description is echoed by more than a few people who have crossed Burnstine's path over the years. People who worked for him in his puddle-jumper airline companies. Or partied with him at his lavish waterside mansion and in the clubs and piano bars of Fort

Lauderdale. By journalists who covered his exploits up and down the Florida coast and checked out the dope-dealing rumors. By the local cops and the feds who shadowed him constantly for the past several years and finally netted him.

Cocky, arrogant, slippery, slick, charming, flashy, flamboyant, egomaniac are words that describe Kenny Burnstine well. Since March 5, 1975, the words convicted drug smuggler apply as well. And also, with increasing frequency, the words confidential informant, government agent and other obscenities.

Kenny Burnstine was once reputed (he denied it then and boasts about it now) to be the mastermind of a \$50-million-a-year smuggling operation in south Florida, with his Lodestar/Learstar rent-a-planes flying in tons of marijuana under coastal radar scanners in the dead of night. But his smuggling conspiracy con-

If Ken Burnstine lives to testify against CIA-merchant Mitchell WerBell, III (right), there CIA coverups, and mention will be made of Vesco and Richard Nixon . . .

viction has closed down that show, and he is currently looking at a sentence of seven years in prison.

Kenny Burnstine has been many things, but above all he is no dummy or slouch. And he does not want to be a number on a prison work shirt. He is now doing more testifying against his former associates before federal and Florida judges and grand juries than a born-again Christian at a down-home Southern Baptist camp meeting. It has become a question of: Do you know anything about other Florida dope smugglers and crooked legislators? To which he replies: Hum a few bars and I'll sing it for you.

Burnstine has turned star witness against eight defendants in a drug smuggling conspiracy down in Corpus Christi. He is the "confidential informant" and future witness in a Miami drug conspiracy case against eight more alleged smugglers. Among them is Mitchell WerBell, III, international troublemaker (he

once tried to overthrow the Haitian government and to separate the island of Abaco from the Bahamas), arms dealer, soldier of fortune and reputed ex-CIA operator, and a certain John Nardi, a shiny-suited, cigar-smoking Teamsters' union official from Cleveland.

Back in his old hometown of Fort Lauderdale, Burnstine's testimony has resulted in the indictment for grand larceny of Randy Avon, a member of the Florida House of Representatives. And those who claim to know say this is only the beginning. "I'll just bet you Kenny never spends a day in jail," said a former crony against whom Burnstine is currently giving evidence.

Kenneth Gordon Burnstine has never been shy. He is a man who makes things happen. Born in Chicago in 1933, he moved to Fort Lauderdale in 1959, when it was still a small, easygoing south Florida vacation and retirement town. But he was right on time. During the Sixties, a fast-money decade, Fort Lauderdale boomed, its con-

dominiums and high-rises filling with the idle old rich, its bars, boat docks and beaches crowding out with all the con men, scam artists, swindlers, phoney securities peddlers and hucksters with their eyes on the money.

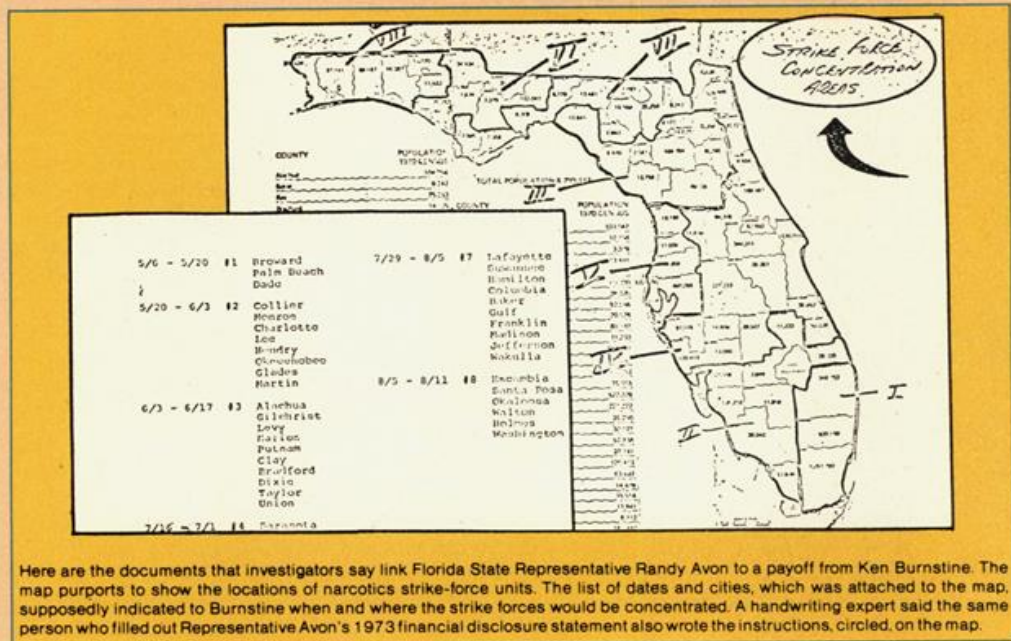
The Fort Lauderdale-Miami area became a good place to do business. It didn't really matter much what you had in mind. Up and down the Florida Gold Coast, you could find guys who knew guys who knew guys who could get certain things done. Kenny Burnstine, with his silver tongue, his gold rings and neck medallion, became one of the guys those guys knew.

At first he was merely flamboyant. Then he became suspicious. And in the end he would be notorious. At all times he has been more than a little mysterious. And certainly lucky.

Burnstine first came to local attention as the real estate developer who built a cylinder-shaped high-rise and called it—after himself and his wife—the Kenann Building. He would subsequently be evicted from the building he built for



The Brooklyn Connection: Congressman and heroin-legalization advocate Bertram Podell served one term in Washington before collecting a longer one in a federal penitentiary. Chief witness against him: Ken Burnstine.



connected arms will be talk of DEA and Egil Krogh, Robert



Photo by Andrew St. George courtesy of SWANK magazine

failure to pay the rent on his office. Around the middle Sixties, his business ventures, both murky and legit, began to pick up speed and a certain notoriety.

Along the way there was an indictment for grand larceny, with its accompanying arrest warrant, because of a check for \$155,968 that he was accused of finessing from a Puerto Rican hotel syndicate. Another indictment charged him with interstate transportation of stolen IBM stocks. After some huffing and puffing, the indictments came to nothing and the charges were dropped.

Closer to home, Burnstine was charged with shooting into a vehicle that was in front of his Fort Lauderdale home. He claimed the two men getting into it had tried to assault him. Being a fairly rough and ready chap (sources who should know claim that he has twice worked for the CIA—once flying arms into China and another time delivering guns to the Bay of Pigs “freedom fighters”), Burnstine drew down on his would-be assailants and emptied a pistol at them, hitting one of them.

And then there was the business of Florida Atlantic Airlines, and Congressman Bertram Podell of Brooklyn ...

Of all the things Kenny Burnstine claims to have done in his life and been good at, flying airplanes is what he does best of all. He was a Marine pilot, and he is considered by those who know about such things to be an absolutely cracker-jack pilot. Airplanes have been Kenny Burnstine's life. Flying them, owning them, selling them, souping them up, racing them and, apparently, hauling

dope in them. Like a Hell's Angel and his hog, Kenny Burnstine and his airplanes were one and the same.

Florida Atlantic Airlines was an island-hopping line Burnstine owned. In 1968 he sold out to an outfit called Leasing Consultants. The shares in Leasing Consultants skyrocketed, and Burnstine and his associates became millionaires on paper almost overnight. One of the vice presidents of Leasing Consultants was a certain Michael Zorovich, already a millionaire in the concrete business. He would be in and out of deals with Burnstine over the next few years and would ultimately, with his mysterious disappearance after the crash of a Burnstine-owned plane loaded with marijuana, add a great deal to the swirls of suspicion that blew around Ken Burnstine. But in 1968 that particular mystery was still far in the future. And the events of the present were enough to keep everybody busy.

The new owners of Florida Atlantic wanted to obtain permission to open a mail route to the Bahamas. They enlisted in their cause Bertram Podell, the Democratic congressman from Brooklyn, whose hunger for headlines had prompted him to release a position paper advocating legalized heroin at the height of then New York State Governor Nelson Rockefeller's campaign to push what became the nation's harshest narcotics law through Albany. To sweeten Podell's desire to use his influence with the State Department and the Civil Aeronautics Board on their behalf (he was a member

of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee), they slipped him \$41,350 under the table. It seemed like a good idea at the time.

In 1973, Congressman Podell and Martin Miller, president of Florida Atlantic, were indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of bribery and conspiracy. Burnstine may have successfully bailed out of the Florida Atlantic nose dive in the nick of time back in 1968, but he was named as an unindicted co-conspirator and testified against Podell and Miller at their trial. Podell went to jail. Another key witness was supposed to have been Mike Zorovich.

Changing planes and flight plans with an eye to flying through clouds with
(continued on page 59)

Watergate South: Convicted “plumber” Frank Sturgis (right) introduced federal narcs to Jerry Buchanan, chief informant against Burnstine.



Trips



The Story of O

Life among the Meo,
people of the poppy

A visitor entering a Meo village in Laos for the first time would be wise to bring along a quart of Johnny Walker Red or Jack Daniels green label, especially if arriving in January, when the cool season has set in and the chill is upon the highlands. The Meos, whose crop is both loathed and loved the world round are a hard-drinking, hard-working people whose name is not even their own.

They hate the name that has been given to them. Indignant elders who were among the thousands of Meos who fled from Yunnan province in China some 50 years ago will curse the Chinese word that means "barbarian." They call themselves *Hmong*, which means "Free Men." "We call the Chinese 'the sons of dogs,'" a slightly tipsy Meo once roared in my ear. He then spat a thin line of whiskey into the home fire.


Anthropologists take a middle ground and describe the Meos as "primitive horticulturalists," a cold-blooded handle for societies that have just passed the so-called lithic frontier. The Meos practice simple cultivation; they don't pick berries to live. The economy, however, relies heavily on manual labor: there is no such animal as a beast of burden, or even a plow. They grow two crops—rice and poppies.

Although the staple of the Meo diet, rice is only their secondary crop. Their principal crop begins on prepared fields above 3,000 feet, with a Meo farmer punching holes in the soil with a "dibble" stick; his women and children follow, sowing the seeds of the pretty poppy flower. In this highland area, poppies are the main crop. From the pods of the flower comes opium, a good painkiller and medicine for diarrhea, and the precursor of heroin.

Unsurprisingly, the Meos are not concerned with the West's heroin troubles, but rather with the mere cultivation of their one cash crop. And poppy farming is a difficult life. To beat the hazards of nature, the poppy crop is sown at different times, increasing the work load. The crops need constant attention and long, hot hours of weeding and thinning. Then some luck and the backing of the spirits are necessary for it to rain during the normally dry cool season—just enough and at the right times for the young plants to thrive. If all goes well (and it hasn't since 1971), whole Laotian mountainsides burst into color with shimmering purple and white flowers in January and February. It is difficult to think of such innocent, magnificent beauty in pristine mountains

Photos and Text by Robert Ostrowski





untouched by traffic as potentially lethal. The more colorful the scenery, the better the crop.

But unlike most flower lovers, the Meos are actually waiting for the poppies to die, for the petals to fall, exposing the all-important pod. The first step, scoring the pod, is the most difficult agricultural task. Only the Meo and two other hill tribes are acknowledged masters of it. Early each morning, the skilled laborers of each family will move in to harvest.

They incise scars on every pod that is ready with a three-pronged blade, allow the resin to congeal in the hot sun and then collect it on a scraper the next day.

For two months, thousands of capsules are scored at precisely the right moment of maturity, as many as six times a year, with exact precision.

It takes several harvests to learn when a pod looks ready, and just as long to get the knack of scoring it properly. Meo children are in the fields during harvest at a young age, just looking and learning. The

poppy is an unforgiving plant. If mistakes in timing occur or if the pod is poorly cut, the resin—the raw opium—is poor. If cut too early, the resin is thin and runs to the ground; if too late, the raw opium is very weak. If

cut too shallow, the resin congeals in the pod, making it useless; if too deep, it again runs to the earth, making it similarly useless. But the Meos rarely blunder. They finish their field labor by collecting the thoroughly milked capsules, saving a few for babies' rattles, breaking open others in order to extract the seeds that are good for snacks and essential for the following year's crop.

Part of the raw opium harvest is boiled to get *ya fin*, or smoking opium, for home

consumption. But this accounts for a small percentage of the total take, for the Meo uses opium primarily as medicine, in ritual for the spirits or at funerals and other special occasions. Addiction is not tolerated, and an addict is a family disgrace. At the Meo's level of adaption, every available laborer is needed; there is no time for the glorious stupefaction of opium. Similarly, opium reduces the sex drive to nil, and in a society like the Meos', where women can make their sexual needs known, regular use of opium poses some major family problems. The Meo tribes lost 10,000 men in the Indochina struggles, and polygyny is again in vogue; so a man must be in good shape just to satisfy the sexual demands of his own household.

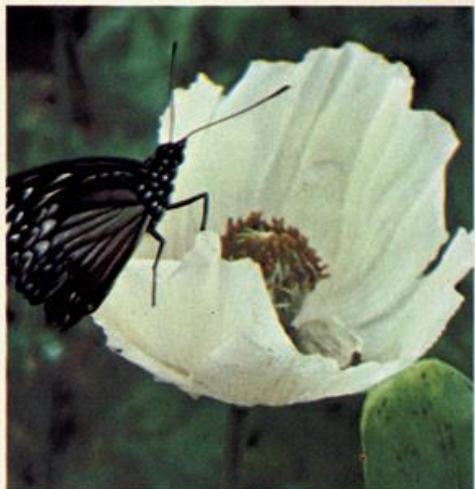
There is a single, intriguing exception to the proscription against addiction. In Meo society, old people who become sick and whose bodies begin to ache can take to the pipe regularly. Thereafter, opium negates nearly all pain and denies all problems; it induces a sense of well-being, harmony and sheer bliss. With this tradition, the Meos guarantee a piece of paradise as a reward for being good and industrious

during earlier, productive years.

That small portion aside, the annual harvest is sold as the Meos' cash crop. Generally speaking, it is at this point—getting the raw opium to the market—that the Meos make a graceful exit from the international theater of dope dealing. In both Laos and Thailand, the Meos form a small minority, just a step above the level of savage. Dealing in opium is now illegal in both countries, and the Meos are unwilling to cultivate lowland contacts; hence, they sell the great bulk of their crop to Chinese middlemen, who move the product to markets and local laboratories equipped with skilled technicians and supplies of the acetic anhydride necessary for refining opium into morphine and, later, 97 percent pure heroin.

The game now gets dirty and dangerous but, of course, considerably more profitable. It resembles a scenario out of "Terry and the Pirates." In 1976, 26 years after their defeat at the hands of Mao's Communist troops, some remnants of Chiang Kai-shek's army, the Kuomintang (KMT), are entrenched in northern Thailand, very close to the Laotian and Burmese borders where they control

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PISS. LEATHER AND



WESTERN CIVILIZATION

What do leather lovers in gay bars have to do with soma, the sado-maso-magic mushroom of ancient India and Siberia? America, you're going to love this theory!

This is a story about perverts and how they got that way. As it happens, some of my best friends are. The Anvil Bar is down on the corner of 14th and West Streets in the heart of Manhattan's meat district. During the day butchers and truckers drink beer there and watch the go-go girls dance. The girls pull down their G-strings and snatch up dollar bills from big, bloody fists. At night the trucks still roll in filled with carcasses, and the Anvil is still hopping. Macho men in denim, flannel shirts and leather jackets swagger into the bar, big keyrings swinging from their belts. But they're there for a different kind of show. These men aren't truckers, though they could almost be taken for truckers. Almost, but not quite, sweetheart.

In fact, these are the infamous leather boys, denizens of the gay S & M subculture. By day they may be stockbrokers, window dressers, artists, you name it—but by night they are leather. You've caught rumors of them in Vogue magazine (which didn't write up the Anvil for its go-go girls), you might have noticed a certain style in the pages of After Dark or you might have wondered about that new store in your neighborhood that sells handcuffs and Crisco T-shirts. These fags are no drag queens. These are male impersonators: no swishes need apply. They take it tough and dirty. The show they come to see at the Anvil features boys hanging from chains by the balls, from hooks by the asshole, men humping men and fist fucking — which, in case you're not aware of the latest craze, is one man performing a

By Glenn O'Brien



high colonic on another, an arm up the ass to the elbow. That's entertainment!

The Anvil was busted a few weeks before this writing. A couple of New York's Finest swore they actually saw this fist feat performed. No doubt they were undercover (if they were in uniform, going undercover would involve removing their badges and putting their handcuffs on their belts). Can you imagine what they told the boys down at the station house? Anyway, the Anvil is still open for business, so you can see for yourself if you can pass muster at the door. But sorry, it's been closed to ladies ever since Lee Radziwill was reported drinking ringside there in *Women's Wear Daily*. Even Fran Lebowitz, who "covers the Waterfront" for Andy Warhol's *Interview*, couldn't get into the place on the arm of John Waters, director of *Pink Flamingos*, and she was wearing denim!

But who can blame the cops and the beautiful people for wanting to crash a party like the Anvil. There's so little excitement in show business and the arts these days, a fist-fucking show is bound to be a deeply felt performance. And it's not just the Anvil that's on the forefront of decadent culture. The many other leather, western attire and specialty bars in this S & M neighborhood create a unique culture center of the world. Look out, Cleveland!

It's all there under the West Side Highway, an elevated road up the Hudson that's been closed down since it started to fall apart dangerously a few years ago. The iron skeleton roadway is itself a symbol of decadence. But the only action on it is the occasional visit of brass thieves looking for remnants of the fixtures of a happier age. Down below, the trucks roar by the rotting, gutted docks that once constituted the busiest port in the world. Today no ships call, but the idea of sailors lingers. One of the gutted piers is called The Pier. To enter, you have to bend down low, crawl through debris, watch out for holes offering direct access to the Hudson and avoid the rats who call the place home. Inside is the promise of perfectly anonymous sex—no witty repartee, no names, no faces, no hang-ups. The trucks—a row of empty semi's—used to be the meeting place for these strangers. The trucks were dark, but less dangerous. There's something more perfect about the pier.

Then there are the other bars: the Spike, Keller's, Ty's, the Ramrod and the everpopular Eagle's Nest. They define a sensibility, a neighborhood—on a dark night, a religion. Let's face it, New York is the leading exporter of decadent imagery to the world; illusion flows from here to Timbuktu, and West Street is the most advanced decadence in New York. It's not just fluff; it's serious play at the end of a spectrum.

Take the Eagle's Nest, perhaps the most famous leather bar in the world. Not

much from the outside, it is nevertheless notable for the bedsheet-sized American flag hanging in the window, and the window itself is emblazoned with small eagles of the kind that signify "colonel" in other circles. The awning says "Eagle Open Kitchen." There's often a row of bikes parked out front, but the bikes aren't wild and unkempt like those of outlaw gangs. In fact, these bikers are more than neat. They are obsessively turned out in gear that ranges from traditional (studied Wild One) to futuristically modified SS Death's Head look. At the door there's a sign requesting proper attire, leather or western, and there's a doorman to hold inspection. Regulars might get away with less than leather, but fairy dress and women are not welcome. Not that a few women have not penetrated the portal, but only as an extraordinary courtesy to the escort.

The Eagle's Nest is named after Hitler's mountaintop retreat at Berchtesgaden. So are the little Eagle pins worn on leather jacket collars and the Eagle T-shirts on the guys. And the decor: signs advertising meetings of the Eulenspiegel society, the F.F.A. (Fist Fuckers of

The floor show at the Anvil features boys hanging on chains, boys hanging on hooks, men humping men and taking fists up their asses—that's entertainment!

America) and Sunday Brunch. The walls are hung with cycling trophies, aquilas of motorcycle clubs who have paid visits, dayglo posters of larger-than-life rough trade, used blue jeans for sale. The help is interesting too. John Dowd, bartender on duty, is a famous artist of the New York Correspondence School, an art movement with strong roots in these environs. Stripped to the waist for action, he rapidly pops the tops off Buds and Cokes (leather men favor cans, since they are less dangerous). A muscular man, Dowd looks ready to quell any disturbance. There never is any. The bar is pure order, but he's ready anyway.

When John Dowd wears a shirt, it's usually a T-shirt that says "FETISH." Over the barstools hang meat hooks, used here as hatracks for helmets. A sign announces the date of the next slave auction. The customers are interesting too. They are dressed like lumberjacks, construction workers, cowboys, motorcycle racers. Funny times we live in. You see a cop off duty, and he's got on a hot pink jumpsuit, platform go-go boots and a ruff; you see an off-duty hairdresser, and he's got on an L. L. Bean flannel shirt and

Can't Bust'em overalls with tool pockets. Anyway, most women would be scandalized by just how butch these faggots are. No kidding, if Elliott Gould and James Caan walked in, they'd look swish next to some of these guys. Not all of them, though—the male hustler esthetic isn't foolproof, and the cowboy with his ass actually sticking all the way out of the holes ripped in the back of his jeans would definitely not make it on the range.

It's not hard to understand the psychology behind the scene we have described. It stands to reason that a man who is sexually attracted to men might prefer fucking manly rather than womanly men. Thus we have a convention of masculinity, with femininity (or the passive role) lurking close to yet definitely under the surface. Still, there are definite role choices. S & M is the name of the game, so we have S's and we have M's, and that's where the code comes in. It's a sort of dress code; what you wear conveys what you're looking for. If you're an S, your keys are worn on the left side of your belt. Right is vice versa. A red hankie in the left back pocket means you're into the receiving end of a fist; right pocket means you are the fist. (Fashion note: trade journals report that Puerto Rican youths are busy ripping the sewn-in red kerchiefs out of the back pockets of a popular brand of jeans.) Blue hankies are for scatologists. Those are the basics.

But then again, as we said, sometimes the mind just isn't made up. Sometimes we lie. You can't wear your keys in the middle. According to René Ricard, novelist and retired Warhol leading man, the keys don't mean anything. According to the popularizer of fist fucking, film director Fred Halsted (*L.A. Plays Itself, Sex-tool*), 95 percent of gay leather males are M's. "It's usually a competition to see who can be the M fastest." Thus there hangs over the Eagle's Nest and similar establishments an air of hard-edged ambiguity. The keys can lie, or fib at least. But the signals are still all-important. As one regular says, "It's a heavy visual trip. The posing is really much more important than the sex which may or may not follow." Stares penetrate. Love looks threateningly. There's an unspoken tension—a light mist of murder hangs in the air.

But do these guys really want to get hurt? Do they dream of sexy death? Steven Varble, New York's premier costume performance artist, avant-garde playwright, author of a history of the Parke-Bernet galleries and former protégé of Liberace, made the following statement to me while standing beneath the totally chromed motorcycle that hangs suspended from the ceiling of the Eagle's Nest.

"If I weren't an artist, I'd be a murderer. I would!" He laughs as if imagining this

statement in print in Art Forum. "We're all monsters, you know." Steven lists a considerable and impressive catalog of artists who are of the leather persuasion, as if S & M were a kind of initiation required by the state of modern art. He comments that this particular bar gives him the peace he requires to be able to do his work.

"It's kind of like a church in here," he says. "S & M is a religion. It's a way to conquer pain by playing with it. It doesn't work, of course, in the end, but it's a way. I think it's the religion of the white race. The reason we've taken over the world is because we can take pain. The blacks hate pain. They can't stand it. They'll do anything to get away from it. They don't belong to the city. That's why they start taking heroin when they're babies."

Got that? Cut to: Movie theater of film school, where 12 members of the all-white, French New Wave seminar are watching a film. On screen is the beautiful actress Anna Karina and Eddie Constantine, who is known in Frogland as "Lemmy Caution" and who functions as their Philip Marlowe. The movie they are watching is *Alphaville*, in which Jean-Luc Godard is making some revolutionary discoveries about the workings of control mechanisms in Western culture in the form of a sci-fi detective story. Karina, a sex surrogate, and secret agent Caution are sitting in a darkened theater watching themselves watch a film we can't see. We hear the voice of Alpha 60, the computer ruler of Alphaville:

The Central Memory is given its name because of the fundamental role it plays in the logical organization of Alpha 60. But no one has lived in the past, and no one will live in the future. The present is the form of all life, and there are no means by which this can be avoided. Time is a circle which is endlessly revolving. The descending arc is the past, and the rising arc is the future. Everything has been said. At least as long as words don't change their meanings and meanings their words. It is quite obvious that someone who usually lives at the limits of suffering requires a different form of religion from a person who lives securely.

What the college students do not realize is that this last sentence has already been said by William James, famed philosopher brother of Henry, and the man who once saw God while on nitrous oxide. This is because the college students have never heard of William James and are, in fact, asleep.

Cut back to: The only bar in New York named after a home of Adolf Hitler. Steven is still talking while he eyes the eyes in the place, noting costume and

demeanor: "The only place that compares to this is jail. I could live in jail. I've been to jail, and everything was the same—how you get along. It's all about being a whore, you know. And that's what America is, the biggest whore of them all."

Okay, let's go back for a second. Steven Varble's theory is that S & M is an organized attempt at conquering pain by playing with it. It is, perhaps, the different form of religion required by those who "live at the limit of suffering." The pain is controlled by the M because he wills it himself. The pain is controlled by the S because he learns to exercise it and he learns its limits. Steven says it works up to a point, and then it doesn't work. Why?

John Calendo, a New York film critic, offers another explanation of S & M's appeal: "Usually when you touch someone, when you embrace them, they're warm. But when they're wearing leather and you embrace them, they feel cold. S & M is about playing with death. The leathers come from riding motorcycles, riding on the edge of death and flirting with it. Maybe the reason that it hap-

The mushroom represented the body of an angry god, quite suited to the Aryan's kick-ass, plunder and rape sense of life.

pened has something to do with the bomb. Resentment at the prospect of an untimely death."

One can't help but admire such analysis. Some of these perverts are no dummies; they're consciously obsessed. Take Fred Halsted. Fred is really good copy because what he says assaults the frontiers of the outrageous. Fred Halsted tells interviewers that he is an asshole, but he's not a stupid asshole. I mean, this guy may be sick, but you can't deny that he's an artist who believes in what he says. Fred Halsted is a real S, according to him a rare commodity in his scene. He has an M, Joseph Yale, his slave to whom he was married by an astrologer.

Fred ordinarily allows Joseph to participate in his interviews in a controlled way. There is usually a very spirited argument over who will kill whom. Fred insists that at the right time, Joey will kill him. Joey vehemently denies this, stating that he could never hurt Fred, but that Fred will kill him. As you can imagine, this argument could go on forever before anybody settles it, which seems to be the point. Fred feels that this final act will settle his karmic debts and that he will be

able to escape the wheel of incarnations, liberated by this magic murder. No shit!

"I'm Russian," Fred explains. "I'm paranoid. I'm nihilistic. I'm a gypsy band that's almost extinct. I have my own peculiar psychic things. I'm a black witch, and I come out with predictions, none of which I want to talk about. . . ."

Aw, come on, Fred. You'll talk about it. It's understandable. This really is your religion, and you believe it just like the pope is Catholic. You believe that you must be killed by Joseph, a kind of demon brother or antimatter self, in order to fall off the old karmic cycle. And fist fucking is a magical act, a way of spiritually preparing for the big wipe-out.

Fred is asked how he knows when to stop in the dangerous act of fist fucking. "I know when to stop. I can feel it after the entrance, which is almost bucolic. I mean, there can be massive violence leading up to the entrance. At that point something happens to my psyche in which my arm is not only in the person's body so far that I can feel all of their life functions through my hand . . . their entire life rests on my judgment of how to use my arm. I could kill that person in one second. However, I find it the most soothing, relaxing thing possible, because I know I am with somebody so much that we're beyond sex. We are dealing with two lives joined together by my arm. And used smoothly, it is the most erotic thing you can feel, because the person I am with knows that they have given themselves to the point of death should I be a maniac."

"Should I be a maniac"? Should I be a fucking maniac? Too much, Fred. You've done it again. What copy! You've given us the equation. "Should I be a maniac" is the X, the unknown part of the equation. Death is invoked, but it can still retreat, granting a new lease on life.

I think there's a tradition here that's not totally obvious. Fred Halsted, talking movie talk, says that he is a filmmaker in the Kenneth Anger school. I don't know if Halsted and Anger are acquainted, but I am sure that Kenneth Anger knows a thing or two about the metaphysics of S & M and why fist fucking is really an act of black magic.

Sex and magic are not unacquainted. The Golden Dawn Society, an early twentieth-century magic revival group known for such illustrious members as W. B. Yeats, Arthur Machen, A. E. Waite and Bram Stoker (of *Dracula* fame), taught a system of Tantric sex exercises intended to channel sexual energy up the spine into the brain. Some branches of the Golden Dawn were involved in heterosexual magic rites, principally an art called *karezza*, sexual intercourse in which the semen is withheld. However, after the defection of Aleister Crowley, such practices were either discontinued or kept

quiet, while Crowley, the self-proclaimed Beast of the Apocalypse, went on to preach sexual magic—heterosexual, homosexual and all the shades between—in his secret societies *Astreum Argenteum*, or Silver Star, and the O.T.O., or *Ordo Templi Orientalis*. Crowley wrote, "Sex is, directly or indirectly, the most powerful weapon in the armoury of the Magician."

In 1911 Crowley came to the attention of the public in a libel suit stemming from allegations of sodomy. Francis King's book *Sexuality, Magic and Perversion* details certain of Crowley's homosexual rites from 1913 to 1923, and anal sex was prominent in Crowley's grimoire. The uninitiated would have no way of knowing how many rites Crowley devised using the available organs, but it would be surprising to learn that Crowley had not worked rites similar to fist fucking. His interests in anality and cruelty are both well known. No doubt there is a somewhat more esoteric name for fist fucking somewhere in the rites of the *Astreum Argenteum*. The practice was certainly not invented last year. Fred Halsted may not be a member of the Crowley-inspired Church of Satan, as Kenneth Anger is, but he seems to be as familiar as his film guru with the magical tradition of sexual cruelty.

Through simple analysis, it would seem that fist fucking is a kind of black spiritual exercise that fuses the sensations of the energy centers of procreation and elimination, achieving a kind of metaphoric, if not metaphysical, balance. If the intolerable is the normal, what better exercise to ready us for extinction of the kind Fred Halsted is talking about. In Christianity the body dies, and the soul goes to heaven. At the Last Judgment, however, the body rises glorified for eternal life or is committed to eternal physical punishment.

Of course, the nuns never tell you what glorified means and whether in those Golden Days we'll still have to piss and shit. But this puzzling Christian dogma isn't the only game in town. There's still karma, where you come back again and again, groveling for every bad move until you kick the flesh habit. Fred Halsted is trying to get out of flesh as fervently as George Harrison and his peach-sheeted gaga Krishnas; it's just his methodology that differs.

Let's backtrack a second. We have this S & M craze going on. Mean men in leather and cowboy gear cloning alarmingly. The docks, the streets, the bars are jammed. Almost without exception, these men are white. They are perhaps better educated and more affluent than the partisans of your average peccadillo. They work in "creative" professions, whether they are doing your hair, curating your museums or making the art you hang on your wall.

And it would seem that a goodly number of these leather men ascribe their creative impulse to their sexual habits.

Of course, we aren't about to claim that the Eagle's Nest is the fountainhead of American culture. No, we're just looking, thank you. We're still trying to figure out this fascination with things violent and Aryan. We're still trying to suss out the sex appeal of SS hobnails and analyze the pleasure in the pain. There seems to be a riddle of the sphincter here. We'll follow any lead.

A few blocks downtown from the Eagle's Nest is The Spike. The Spike is a more laid-back scene than some of the other leather bars, but the menace is still there, glowering cool across the pool table. In the men's room, or rather, in one of the two men's rooms, you might notice this graffiti over the urinal:

**Piss Slave
Call Jack 691-1385**

In the Fetish Times classified ads, they call this kind of behavior Golden Showers. It means that you are interested in piss: pissing, being pissed on, yes, even drinking the stuff. I personally heard a famous pervo New York rock star make an offer of this nature to a girl at a party. Of course, this fellow has a reputation as a great kidder. Still, I don't think Jack, the Spike advertiser, is kidding around. It's apparently quite possible to develop a taste for the stuff. In his Screw interview, filmmaker Fred Halsted revealed that his slave Joseph has been known to take it warm from the tap, and those guys drink a lot of beer.

In *Scorpio Rising*, by Kenneth Anger, there is a famous scene in which piss is offered up to Satan in a Nazi helmet, parodying the transubstantiation of wine into the blood of Christ in the Mass. By analogy, we might imagine that the point is the transubstantiation (or presto chango) of ordinary piss into the blood of Satan. It's parody, of course, but then again, if these guys really like the stuff, there might be another angle lurking nearby.

Okay, you're gonna love this theory, America! Whatever the Western world is today has quite a bit to do with a people calling themselves Aryans, who swept down from Central Asia into India about 3,000 years before J.C., kicking the shit out of the local small-headed Sumerians living there with a high degree of civilization (flush toilets!) and turning the subcontinent into the headquarters of a sinister plot to conquer the world. The Aryans were bad characters. They were warriors, heavy on the chariots. They bred cattle and grew grain. They ate steak and drank beer. They had a rather

frightening tribal religion with a hereditary priesthood—very big on the gods of fire and thunder. The Aryans were no pansies. Not only did they take India, they more or less invented Europe.

Today the meaning of Aryan is much in dispute. Anthropological chic denies the existence of an Aryan race; that theory hasn't been in since Hitler. Instead, we have the opinion that the Aryans were a group of people that does not exist as a specific race today. The dominant thinking of today, in fact, is that brown little wogs of the Gunga Din variety have every bit as much if not more right to call themselves Aryans as your most strapping blond stormtrooper. This is because Aryan is the parent language of both Sanskrit and all European languages.

But whoever these Aryans were, their language, if nothing else, managed to conquer the world. It remains for the reader to determine whether the true Aryan is the blond hulk or the wily Oriental gentleman, which one is more likely to be a warlike, beer-drinking beefeater who swoops down on other peoples' turf. We will just go on the assumption that whoever the Aryan was, his tongue, if not his genes, had considerable effect on what we are in America today.

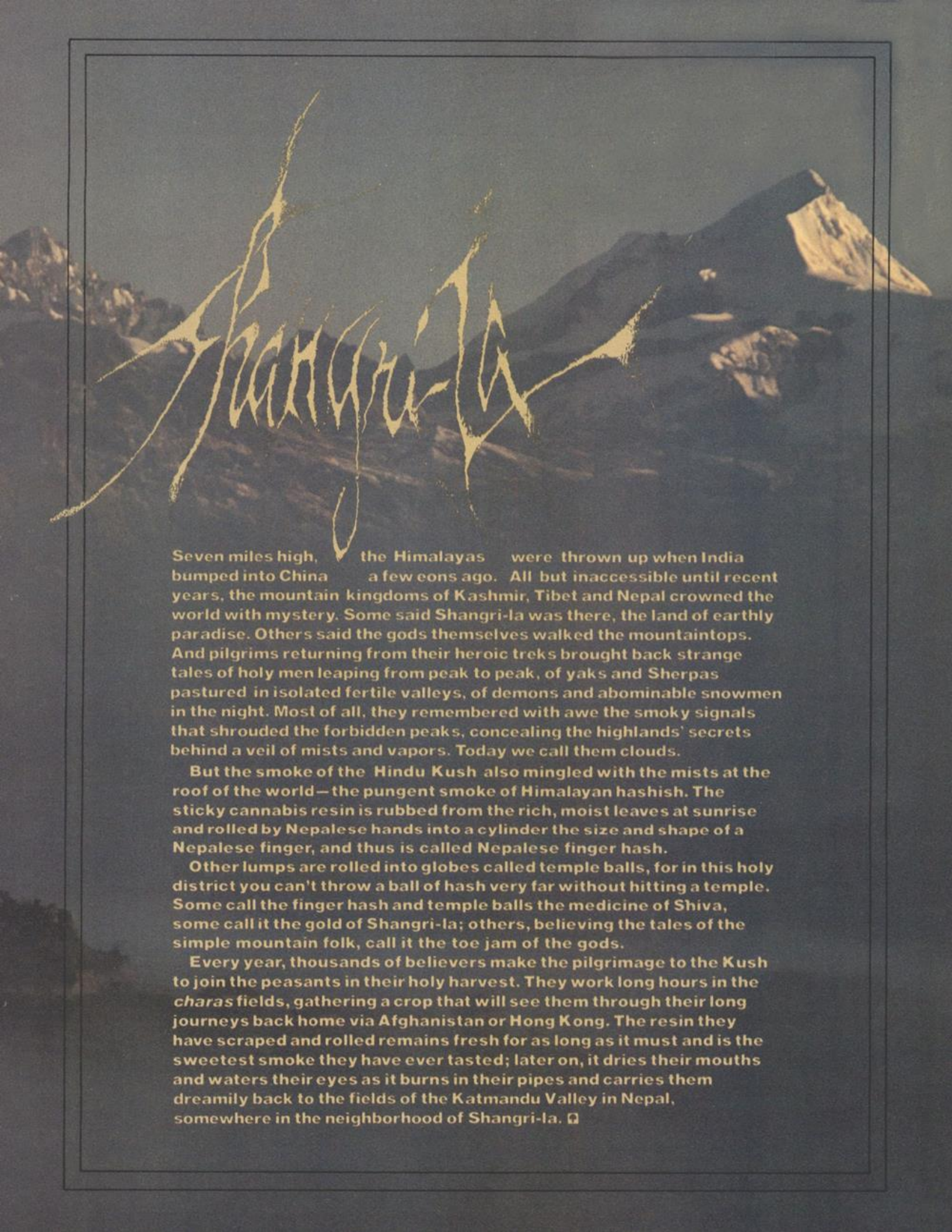
Now our favorite theory on what made the Aryans swoop down out of Central Asia has much to do with a most illuminating book by R. Gordon Wasson entitled *Soma: the Divine Mushrooms of Immortality* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.). Mr. Wasson's starting point is a passage from the Avesta, the sacred word of India, in which old Zoroaster Zarathustra himself is spaking:

When wilt thou do away with this urine of drunkenness with which the priests evilly delude as do the wicked rulers of the provinces in (full) consciousness (of what they do).

These words have long been a problem for scholars of Zoroastrianism reluctant to accept the use of urine as literal. As Mr. Wasson opines, "Surely Zoroaster meant what he said: He was excoriating the consumption of urine in the soma sacrifice. If my interpretation be accepted, there is opened a promising line of inquiry of Zoroastrian scholarship."

I hope Mr. Wasson will consider this to be Zoroastrian scholarship in spirit at least, because I think he must be right. It is his theory that the above passage refers to consumption of the divine drug soma, which he goes on to identify as the *Amanita muscaria*, or fly agaric. The fly agaric contains a powerful hallucinogenic drug, still in use today, though rather discreetly, among Eskimos. One of the properties of this mushroom is that the urine excreted by the user

(continued on page 89)



Shangri-la

Seven miles high, the Himalayas were thrown up when India bumped into China a few eons ago. All but inaccessible until recent years, the mountain kingdoms of Kashmir, Tibet and Nepal crowned the world with mystery. Some said Shangri-la was there, the land of earthly paradise. Others said the gods themselves walked the mountaintops. And pilgrims returning from their heroic treks brought back strange tales of holy men leaping from peak to peak, of yaks and Sherpas pastured in isolated fertile valleys, of demons and abominable snowmen in the night. Most of all, they remembered with awe the smoky signals that shrouded the forbidden peaks, concealing the highlands' secrets behind a veil of mists and vapors. Today we call them clouds.

But the smoke of the Hindu Kush also mingled with the mists at the roof of the world—the pungent smoke of Himalayan hashish. The sticky cannabis resin is rubbed from the rich, moist leaves at sunrise and rolled by Nepalese hands into a cylinder the size and shape of a Nepalese finger, and thus is called Nepalese finger hash.

Other lumps are rolled into globes called temple balls, for in this holy district you can't throw a ball of hash very far without hitting a temple. Some call the finger hash and temple balls the medicine of Shiva, some call it the gold of Shangri-la; others, believing the tales of the simple mountain folk, call it the toe jam of the gods.

Every year, thousands of believers make the pilgrimage to the Kush to join the peasants in their holy harvest. They work long hours in the *charas* fields, gathering a crop that will see them through their long journeys back home via Afghanistan or Hong Kong. The resin they have scraped and rolled remains fresh for as long as it must and is the sweetest smoke they have ever tasted; later on, it dries their mouths and waters their eyes as it burns in their pipes and carries them dreamily back to the fields of the Katmandu Valley in Nepal, somewhere in the neighborhood of Shangri-la. □





THE CASE FOR VALIUM



America's Number One recreational drug is more popular than pot. Can thousands of tiny time capsules be wrong?

By Larry Sloman

One way to get a sense of the times is to examine what substances people are using to enhance, escape or obliterate reality. In the late Sixties, mind-expanding drugs seemed to be the order of the day. With the advent of Nixon, droves turned to barbiturates and hypnotics in an effort to blot out their consciousnesses—714 Power!

But lately things seem changed. Nixon is in exile in San Clemente. The economy seems to be on the upswing, and among the more adventurous of us, LSD is making a big comeback. But for most of us, the drug of the day is a cute little pastel tranquilizer that acts like a pharmacological massage parlor, just a little rub to get you over the rough spots. Valium. The Big V. The ultimate psychic equalizer.

And it helps you to cope with the psychic tension that falls on a typical housewife with a husband so inept that he can't walk and chew gum at the same time. Said Betty Ford, in *Town and Country* magazine: "I was having a hard time getting Jerry out of politics and I found out there was no way of getting him out. I find I get nervous when I realize how much there is to do each day and I get tense when I'm running late, so rather than wait till I get to the point where my neck goes into a spasm, I take a Valium." Betty swallows along with about 30 million other good Americans who consume about three billion Valiums a year.

What's the lure of this simple little pill? Let's listen to a rising young executive with a major oil company: "The road of life is filled with cracks and crannies, bumps and ruts. Valium just paves the long road over. I consider it essential. Look, who wants to suffer headache pain, so what you do is you take aspirin, right? You suffer a little emotional pain now and then, too, so you scarf up a Valium and poof, it's gone. Same fucking thing. It's just a necessary, absolutely vital part of modern man's existence. We're living in the great age of technology, and Valium is on the very frontier of modern drug technology."

And it works by virtue of its almost unobtrusive nature. Drop some acid and you might find yourself battling ten-foot cockroaches. Take a Quaalude and you bounce off the walls like a cue ball. Drink too much and you wake up in the gutter. Ah, but the Big V is so subtle, so delicate.

"It makes me feel mellow, relaxed, the trouble-free existence that I see all those fuckers on TV commercials enjoying," our oil man bubbles. "It makes me feel like I got money in the bank, the biggest cock in town, or at least that I don't care that I haven't. Marijuana makes me confront myself, reexamine myself; that's

the kind of thing Valium says 'fuck off' to. Quaaludes are too coarse; like, 'Wow, I've got my head in a toilet and I'm taking a drink.' Valiums are like glasses of fine white wine."

But a relatively innocuous drug like Valium lends itself to easy abuse by overuse, to those 10 mg. blues being gobbled up like they were Dynamints. Take the plight of a leading record producer who turned to Valium for relief of migraine headaches. After brain scans for a tumor and other tests proved negative, he was prescribed 30 mg. a day by his internist. But within a month, his body had acclimated to the 30 mg. dose and he upped it to 50 mg. a day. In another two months' time he was doing 100 mg. "I remember a friend who would take one and fall asleep on it, and there I was doing ten," he recalled.

It isn't hard to score the extra scripts to maintain a self-imposed dosage level. "You just go to two doctors," he shrugs; "that's pretty simple. As a matter of fact, it's amazing to me how easy it was to visit another doctor and say, 'I'd like some Valium.' I didn't even have to sweet-talk them. It was shocking, actually. I can remember how hard it was as a kid to get street drugs. Now, as an adult, I can't believe how easy it is to go to a doctor and say, 'I can't sleep'—boom, he gives you a Seconal; 'I have anxiety'—boom, he gives you Valium; 'I wanna go on a diet'—boom, you get amphetamine.

And Valium is rapidly becoming the darling of the polydrug set. Methadone addicts pay a buck for 10 mg. on the street, then wash it down with some cheap, rotgut wine.

But you don't have to be an addict to abuse Valium. Margie is a 20-year-old model from a respectably divorced, middle-class family. She smokes dope and takes an occasional Quaalude, but her drug of choice is the Big V. In fact, she almost glows in recollecting the night Valiums landed her in the gutter. "One night a couple of years ago, I went to see the New York Dolls playing in New Jersey. I took about ten Valiums while driving there, because I was uptight and I was trying to trunk myself out. I was drinking, just a little, and I smoked some pot with it; that's it. But I kept on taking more Valiums because they're such a subtle high that you don't really know you're high on them until you're down on your face. Well, I got to the hotel with the Dolls after the show, and was I blown away! I gave two blowjobs in a matter of five minutes at the hotel and, oh, I got fucked too, on a toilet by one of the Dolls.

"After I left the first bathroom, another guy dragged me into another john and ordered 'Open your mouth,' so I did, and he put his cock in it and pissed. I felt everything, and it felt great. By then, I'd done about 200 mg., but we got in the car and we all drove to a bar in Atlantic City. I was the only girl there and the bar was

full and they went to talk to some friends, so I sat on a little seat near the bar, and apparently I passed out for a few minutes. When I woke up, none of them was there and my handbag was gone and I had a white feather boa which I hadn't come in with wrapped around me. I freaked out and got up and I could barely see 'cause it was like half-asleep, half-awake, half-dream, really subtle, and I walked out the front door and proceeded to try and find out where I was.

"I wasn't walking straight and I kept falling down and it was like four or five in the morning. I walked by this alley full of bums boozing it up; I knew I'd never make it through that maze of men. One of them sat up and was trying to say something to me, and the minute he touched me I fell down 'cause I couldn't stand up. I was at their disposal, but then this black guy saw me and came over and picked me up, one arm under my knees and the other behind my head, and he took me back to his house. I woke up the next day and all my clothes were off—his old lady had washed them. I didn't remember taking my clothes off, but I felt fine 'cause Valiums produce no hangovers. And I simply went on my merry way and got home."

Even at that, Margie was lucky. A few more drinks at the bar mixing with those 200 mg. pulsing through her blood, there would have been no more adventures at all—as often happens. According to information gathered by the Drug Abuse Warning Network (DAWN), a government-funded project that collects its data from a sample of emergency rooms, medical examiners and crisis centers, Valium was involved in 478 deaths during 1974. In the emergency room, Valium ranks number one when cobilled with booze: the duo led all contenders with 1,759 mentions in the month of January, 1976. Alcohol combined with something else ran a close second at 1,404, with heroin trailing in at 1,043. Aspirin was fourth.

If we don't take into account the total number of people who use a particular substance, data like these can be downright misleading. In relative terms, Valium seems fairly safe when used properly. So, in an attempt to get a balanced, scientific overview of Valium use, I interviewed a host of researchers, psychiatrists, G.P.'s, Drug Enforcement Agency personnel, users and abusers.

What becomes evident on investigation is that Valium is in the center of a raging storm that pits muckraker against manufacturer, bureaucrat against clinician, researcher against researcher. It's like a scenario for a new Broadway musical, *Pillsapoppin'*, starring The Avaricious Drug Company, The Benign Bureaucrat, The Drug-Abuse Growth Industry, The Crazy Addict, The Hidden Housewife/Abuser, The Slick Mad Ave. Ad Man, The Public-Spirited Narc, The

Muckraking Feminist Journalist and a cast of, literally, millions. And for good measure, the debate swirling around Valium raises the fundamental issues of individual freedom vs. collective responsibility and free enterprise vs. corporate responsibility.

The center of this whirlwind is a white, yellow or blue pill, generically known as diazepam, the latest in a long historical attempt by humans to sedate themselves into bliss. Mood-altering drugs have come a long way since the discovery of grain fermentation, but it is still not a fuck-up-free scene. In the early days of drug technology, barbiturates were hailed for their sedative power—until the first convulsions were observed in emergency rooms. By now, everyone acknowledges the addictive potential of the barbiturates.

Next in the psychotropic parade were the "major tranquilizers," led by chlorpromazine, an antipsychotic that literally emptied the mental hospitals of chronic patients (and released them onto an uneducated public and a still-grim lifechance). But the common neurotics among us got our portion in 1955 when Dr. Frank Berger discovered meprobamate, marketed by Wallace Laboratories as Miltown. Following Milton Berle's endorsement, millions jumped on the Miltown bandwagon. The other drug companies immediately began hunting for a competitor.

The ascendancy of Valium to the rank of largest-selling prescription drug in America can be traced to the pioneer efforts of Dr. Leo Sternbach, who synthesized a new class of chemicals called "benzodiazepines." Sternbach first started working on these substances in 1934, while a graduate student at the University of Cracow in Poland. Then, during the Miltown craze, he went back to the benzos and synthesized chlordiazepoxide, commonly known as Librium. Marketed by Hoffmann-LaRoche as an anti-anxiety, nonbarbiturate sedative, Librium skyrocketed to the number-one prescribed drug slot.

Undaunted by success, Sternbach pressed on, and three years later in 1963, Valium was born. At last, the wonder drug, the supersedative. Valium's wide range of uses was truly amazing. Not only does it possess power to sedate—acting on the limbic region of the brain to depress part of the central nervous system—but it also functions as an effective muscle relaxant and an anticonvulsant in certain epileptoid states.

Such therapeutic versatility led to Valium's use in many branches of medicine. Cardiologists use it as an adjunct to surgery and arteriograms; gynecologists use it for both childbirth and abortion; pediatricians prescribe it for febrile seizures and behavioral syndromes; neurologists treat acathisia, spasticity, cerebral palsy, epileptic

seizures and stiff-man syndrome with it. Your dentist may even administer it before oral surgery.

In 1974 there were 21.8 million new Valium prescriptions written along with a whopping 37.7 million refills; that's 59.5 million legal stashes of tranquilizers. By and large, the great majority of Valium scripts are written for our own particular *mal du siècle*—anxiety. Since anxiety is such a vague "illness" with unknown parameters, it's only natural that there be tremendous abuse potential in prescribing Valium. And once there is abuse, the clamors for control are not far behind.

The Food and Drug Administration started the tranquilizer war in 1965 when an advisory committee recommended that Valium and Librium become controlled substances. Roche, the manufacturer, immediately mustered forces by hiring such prominent, politically well-appointed men as Joseph Califano, a former assistant to President Johnson, and Thomas Finney of Clark Clifford's law firm. (Clifford was Secretary of Defense from 1968 to 1972.)

Valium has been accused of murdering men, women and house plants whose owners became too apathetic to water them.

Despite all this political clout, Roche lost the initial FDA hearing. However by this time drug-policing powers were being shuttled from the FDA to the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, which had hearings in 1970.

Again, the government marshalled evidence that the benzodiazepines were being abused, were being illegally diverted, were a factor in auto accidents and were available freely for addicts through multiple prescriptions. Senator Dodd of Connecticut tried to have Valium and Librium included in the Comprehensive Drug Act of 1970.

This act established five "Schedules" for enforcement under which drugs are grouped according to their potential for abuse, their pharmacologic effects, their medical value and their danger to the public health. Each of the five Schedules carries its own proscriptions, the harshest being those of Schedule I. They outlaw, among other drugs, opium, heroin, morphine, marijuana and LSD.

Roche lobbied hard with House Health Subcommittee chairman Paul

Rogers to have the tranquilizers placed in Schedule IV, the least restrictive, rather than lumped with the barbiturates in Schedule II.

Roche lost the hearing before the BNDD but then asked the Third Circuit of the U.S. Court of Appeals to review the hearings. Finally, in March of 1973, the court found that the drugs were indeed dangerous. However, the ruling was overturned by a due process decision in which the court cited a document that the government had refused to turn over at the first FDA hearing in 1966. By this date, the DEA was the new superagency, and Roche entered into negotiations with the DEA's deputy chief counsel Robert Rosthal, who recalled: "The negotiations were quick and cordial. There wasn't anywhere for them to go after the Third Circuit cited due process. What could Roche do? The next hearing, all we had to do was quote the Third Circuit and we were home free. It was very friendly."

After a decade of uncontrolled profits and a near monopoly of the booming trunk market (80 percent of the \$387 million wholesale sales in 1974, for example), Roche eventually acceded to Valium's placement in Schedule IV, which was finally implemented in July of 1975. But even the controls don't really seem to affect the sales of the drug; all Schedule IV does is limit the number of refills to five and the length of life of the original prescription to six months.

I took a bus ride one gray, sleety morning out to Nutley, New Jersey, home of Roche Laboratories. It was a quiet bus ride, never more than eight of us driving through the nondescript, lonely towns of New Jersey. An old matron started up a conversation with the bus driver, complaining about the proposed new state taxes. "Maybe we should all move down to Arizona," she gushed, sounding uncannily like Edith Bunker. "The pace is slower there. My girlfriend's going back down there again in June." "Well, you might as well enjoy it while you're here," the driver philosophized, turning left onto a forlorn Nutley street. "You only get one chance."

Suddenly it all became clear. Valium had to be discovered in Nutley; it's the perfect antidote to New Jersey life. Bleakness got you down? Can't take that garbage landfill aroma? Just pop a Valium and hang on. As we approached the labs, I asked the bus driver if Roche was one of the major industries of Nutley. "It's the biggest," he puffed. "Everybody needs pills today. In the old days all you had to do was eat right. There it is, kid."

Roche Labs, the home of the Big V, is a sprawling, huge complex, an odd mixture of medieval-style architecture and modernesque glass and steel. A receptionist steered me upstairs and I entered the office of Al Zobel, Director of Communications, a lean man with a cold, Teutonic air of efficiency about him, very

proper in a three-piece steel gray suit. He began by asking if he could review my manuscript—for purposes of accuracy.

"I would appreciate it if you wouldn't quote me by name," Zobel said, in a thick, Germanic accent. "I'm just a company spokesman; we don't relish personal publicity around here." He asked me whom I planned to interview for the piece, and I mentioned Dr. Nyswander, one of the leading critics of Valium. Zobel winced. "She's of a minority school. There are dozens of investigators who've done tremendous amounts of scientific work."

At that, Zobel stopped midsentence and leaned over to an assistant named Carolyn. "Look at this," he said, pointing to a *High Times* story, "a picture story on the sexual effects of marijuana." He focused back at me. "I'm not sure Hoffmann-LaRoche would be interested in this type of magazine. This company is research-oriented—cancer, TB, psychiatry. Many investigators might feel that this is not in their line. They might be reluctant to publish in this magazine."

To change the subject, I brought up the Chicago study of Dr. Jordan Scher of the Drug Abuse Council, a study that implicated Valium alone in some deaths. "I'm glad you brought that up," Zobel smiled. "I personally investigated this; I flew to Chicago, and the so-called Chicago study used wrong figures."

Zobel leaned over from behind his desk and handed me a thick envelope full of article reprints. "It's not a question of a pro or con article; we're talking about facts. There have been seven or eight thousand studies. We're talking about science here. The vast majority of publications are favorable. We're not concerned with lay publications. It's easy to attack and cut. I didn't send a letter to the editor; why waste time? Those authors had factual inaccuracies. Clinicians have used Valium in treating muscle spasms, for example, for 10 to 12 years on the same persons without adverse effects."

"One thing the press hasn't featured is the physician who sees patients all the time and can't be fooled. If the drug doesn't do the job, no amount of advertising or promotion will help unless he's satisfied with the results. It's like penicillin. A doctor won't prescribe it unless the patient gets better. There's no substitute for clinical experience." I raised the specter of abuse, and Zobel jumped back: "You can abuse anything. If you have a knife, you can cut people with it. But it's not unsafe in itself. You can abuse an automobile, you can abuse sugar. The rarely discussed factor is that Valium helps sick people."

Of course, Valium has been the most promoted drug in the history of the American pharmaceutical industry. I asked Zobel if Roche has not abused advertising by pushing Valium upon America with all its multimillion-dollar

clout? At this, Zobel cracked a grin. "I get a kick out of that. We have 70 or 80 products here. Why would we limit our talent to one product?"

"Perhaps your timing was correct?" I offered, thinking of Valium's swift rise on the American drug scene. Zobel, however, countered, "It's not a question of timing. At the end, when Valium was introduced, psychiatrists had 30 psychoactive drugs to choose from."

But mightn't the impact of mass advertising and pitches to family doctors cause an excessive demand for Valium? After all, hadn't Milton Berle's endorsement of Miltown helped the sales of those earlier tranquilizers?

Zobel looked annoyed. "Milton Berle is a great laugh-getter, but he's not a physician. There's no end of drugs on the market; several tranquilizers have been introduced after Valium. If the market's ripe for them, why aren't they successful? Because they don't do for the patient what Valium does."

It was time for lunch, and Zobel invited me along with three other people on his staff. In typical lunchtime patter, we

Uncle Miltie's endorsement made tranquilizers as all-American as television and gasoline.

chatted about taxes, Grandma Moses, disciplining the kids: "I just line 'em up and smack 'em; they fall down like dominoes," one staffer said. My attempts to get at Sternbach for an interview were all politely ignored. It's clear that I have heard the Roche line. Valium has been proved effective and safe by scientists. Roche is involved in pure science, people who criticize Valium are unscientific. After all, laymen can say anything; there is freedom of speech.

So the visit to Roche didn't provide any conclusive answers to the questions about Valium. On the other hand, it is true that some of the recent attacks on Valium have been mindless and hysterical. In a recent vitriolic article in *Playgirl*, Valium was blamed for addiction, hallucinations (French horns playing, at that), amnesia, aggressiveness, birth defects, suppressing ovulation, impotence, fuzzy and cloudy thinking, paradoxical rage reaction, depression and plant death (makes one too apathetic to water the fuckers). An article in *Ms.* magazine viewed ads for Valium as an attempt to

brainwash the American physician into sedating the American woman into complete submission.

One of the first investigators to raise the specter of addiction was a Manhattan psychiatrist named Marie Nyswander. In her 1975 *Vogue* article, Nyswander claimed that Valium addiction is "a far worse addiction than heroin, morphine or Demerol." I reached Dr. Nyswander by phone at Rockefeller University, where she's involved in methadone research.

"What you saw in that article was about it," Nyswander cheerily related. "The only thing you might add that perhaps was unfair was that I didn't put in the safety factor involved. Apparently of all the drugs that have come down the pike, this one has a higher safety factor in the sense that you can swallow 18 of them and survive."

Was she using a population of methadone addicts to study Valium? "No, in that article I was reporting from my private practice," she said. "All nice, middle-class patients, physically addicted, everything from 10 to 50 milligrams a day. It's very hard to get them off. I think the trouble comes in when they try to come down too fast. I suspect there must be a long-acting metabolite in it."

"What kind of symptoms do you encounter?" I queried.

"Very bizarre symptoms," Nyswander noted. "Headache, feel like screaming, shooting pains in their head, really bizarre. And it seems to be coming from solid people, as far as I can see. I would use anything rather than Valium. Mellaril? Sure: Thorazine, Phenobarb, of course. That's what we used for 50 years and nobody ever got addicted. But if I were to use Valium, I would never give more than five tablets, because if you have chronic anxiety, what are you gonna do, take it for the next 30 years? Every time you have a chronic situation, obviously the person has got to handle it some other way than drugs, at least in my book. I would never give more than five tablets and I'd make sure that every weekend they didn't take anything."

Obviously, Nyswander thinks this is an overmedicated society. "Oh yes, I've been writing articles on this for over 30 years. I've been in private practice for over 30 years, and I've never found that I've had to give any tranquilizing drugs to any of my patients. I don't know why everybody's trying them out. How did they cope for 2,000 years? How did they do it? Ask your mother how she copes. Ask your aunt, ask your grandmother. Now the fact is, you came to me and you said you're all uptight because you have a deadline on an article. Well, you have a choice: either you sit down and you do it all night or tell the boss you can't get it in. How will taking a Valium help you?"

But how does Nyswander cope with tension and anxiety, since she obviously won't take a Valium? She laughed. "I go

home, take my clothes off, take a nice shower, watch the seven o'clock news; that's it. That distracts you at any rate. Walter Cronkite tells me that's the way it is, and so then I know that that's the way it was. What do I have to take a pill for? The pleasure of life is taking it straight, good or bad. There are no new sorrows or tensions that have been discovered in the last ten years as far as I know. How man survived before will still work today."

Ironically, Valium is under attack from advocates of methadone, a drug that is equally controversial for its promiscuous use in heroin rehabilitation therapy. Its critics cite methadone's apparent failure to prevent junkies from backsliding, ODing and even trafficking in the drug itself. Marie Nyswander is a methadone enthusiast. So, too, is Valium critic Jordan Scher of the National Council on Drug Abuse, a relatively liberal research group that is funded by the federal government.

Scher has caused quite a flap among Valium researchers because he is the only clinician who claims that Valium alone, without alcohol or other drugs, can produce death in cases of overdose. In fact, when Scher recently presented his coroners' data on Valium deaths in Chicago to a drug abuse conference in New York, Roche brought in a vice president to refute Scher's data at a press conference.

All this controversy seems to puzzle Scher. "Zobel thinks we're attacking Valium. We're not. It's a perfectly safe drug, properly used. All we're talking about is overuse, misuse and misprescription. But the coroners' reports on Valium overdoses, that's what really throws them up a wall. I showed them the coroners' reports and we don't doctor that or have anything to do with that.

"They have a big investment, for some reason, in believing that Valium never causes deaths. I don't quite follow why they would ever want to be bothered. In sufficient amounts, any drug can cause death. Maybe they're afraid of stronger regulations. You have to realize that they're talking millions and millions of dollars. I saw one figure, how valid I don't know, that \$500 million was spent on Valium the first six months of last year."

But Roche may be right on the overdose issue. Virtually all the investigators in the field feel that the Cook County coroners' data are suspect: no other medical examiner's office has turned up fatal Valium overdoses without other drugs present. One researcher estimates that it would take about 2,000 mg. of Valium to kill someone, and that large a dosage is almost certain to induce vomiting before causing death.

Valium's defenders, in particular those investigators who claim that Valium is not even an abused drug, have seen the little pastel pill turn into a hot potato. A

leading spokesman for that view is a researcher at the National Institute for Mental Health, Dr. Mitchell Balter. His research into minor tranquilizers suggested just the opposite of what the drug control bureaucracy would have us believe. Americans are not trunk-enamored zombies, but generally tend to be rather conservative in their drug use. Most Americans agree that tranquilizers work, according to Dr. Balter, but most Americans agree that they don't like to take them. He and his team of researchers look at both prescription data and attitude surveys of consumers and argue for a model that they call "pharmacological Calvinism." Certainly the data from prescriptions seem to back up this view, in that many people evidently don't want or get the number of refills that they're entitled to.

"The bulk of the American usage of Valium is not long term," said one investigator who declined to be identified. "The data shows over and over again that the classical pattern of use is under a

To blunt the attacks on Valium, Roche hired legal guns from Lyndon Johnson's former Pentagon team.

month. So where do you get all those people who are supposedly on the drug for six months at a time? That's not the rule; that's a gross exception. One of the things that everybody forgets is that there's a numerator and a denominator for this problem. And therein lies the rub. All that DAWN data doesn't mean a thing, because if you calculate the adverse reactions on Valium showing up in emergency rooms, dependency, adverse consequences, death and what have you, and you put that over the total number of persons using the drug, your conclusion is that this is an extremely safe drug.

"This drug, Valium, has consistently climbed for good reasons: It's better than meprobamate [Miltown] with respect to addiction potential, dependency; it's much better than the barbiturates. It produces less sedation than meprobamate. You can also kill yourself more readily on meprobamate. It's an interaction; physicians use drugs that don't get them in trouble and that produce satisfied patients. And when there are other drugs in

the class available and the physician has had that experience, it's difficult to argue that it's just the marketing alone."

Relatively speaking, this view seems right. If Americans want a sedative, no matter what, Valium seems by all accounts extremely safe, especially compared to the barbiturates. So then where does the abuse come in? Apparently from what most people term "addictive personalities."

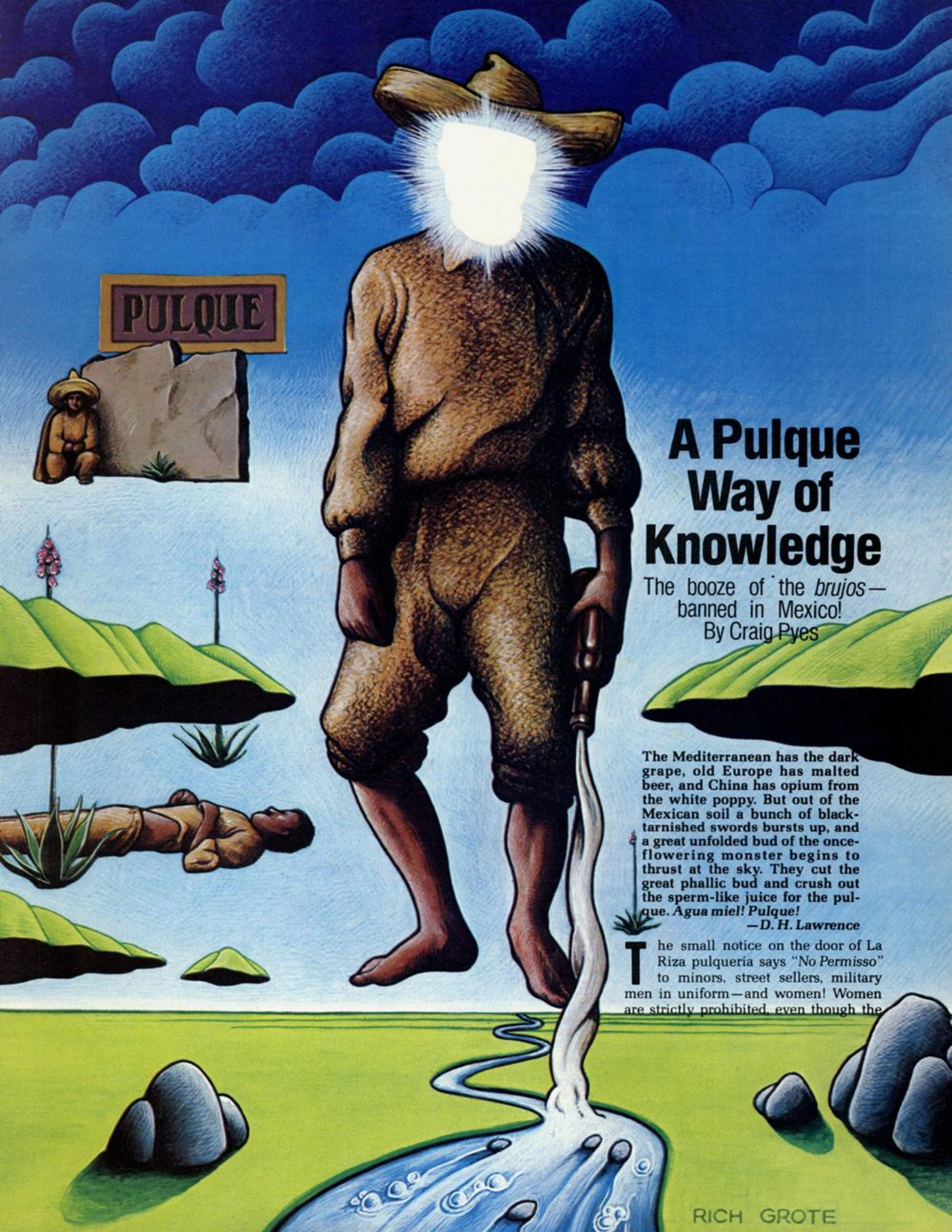
I asked Mr. Zobel at Roche to react to the charge that Valium is addictive, and he raised the specter of the phantom abuser. "Whenever it's been objectively investigated," he said, "it has been shown that therapeutic dosages do not show addiction. Now, you can become addicted to anything, including Coca-Cola or cigarettes, true, if the person has that type of personality. You have the type of person that takes a half-dozen drugs, including methadone and heroin. It's almost impossible to pinpoint their situation."

But it's this type of person, the poly-drug abuser, that winds up in the emergency room, or in the headlines, or in the coroner's offices. Shouldn't Valium be more stringently controlled because of them? Our anonymous investigator thinks not. "Why should the millions and millions and millions of people who treat it reasonably be put in a straitjacket for an undetermined number of schmucks who nobody can quite find or demonstrate? Why put the drug under Schedule II so that people who are 70 years old with cardiovascular disease have to keep going back to the doctor? What's the point?"

On the other hand, to people like Marie Nyswander, who are actively promoting the use of methadone, drugs like Valium complicate the treatment procedures. "Of the 135 methadone patients, very poor patients, I have two Valium abusers. Yes, that's not very many, but boy, you get two with convulsions and staggering around, you feel like you've got 200. It just takes two patients and the news gets around and people say, 'Look, there's a methadone patient, hah.'"

So, your view on Valium ultimately depends on a host of ideological, ethical and extramedical factors. Feminists decry it because it's used mainly by women, and they view this to be sexist sedation. Nader types focus in on Roche and their enormous profits and attempts to fight further controls. People like Balter and the anonymous investigator take a macroscopic view and look at Valium use in the context of what the alternatives are. Purists like Nyswander hate to see even one person dependent on a drug more potent than TV.

What's clear, though, is that Valium is a psychic crutch for millions of Americans and will continue to be so, at least until another more potent tranquilizer is put on the market. You can't argue with a drug whose time has come. **Q**



PULQUE

A Pulque Way of Knowledge

The booze of the *brujos*—
banned in Mexico!
By Craig Pyles

The Mediterranean has the dark grape, old Europe has malted beer, and China has opium from the white poppy. But out of the Mexican soil a bunch of black-tarnished swords bursts up, and a great unfolded bud of the once-flowering monster begins to thrust at the sky. They cut the great phallic bud and crush out the sperm-like juice for the pulque. *Agua miel! Pulque!*

—D. H. Lawrence

The small notice on the door of La Riza pulqueria says "No Permiso" to minors, street sellers, military men in uniform—and women! Women are strictly prohibited, even though the

RICH GROTE

pulque swilled inside was discovered by a woman: the Nahuatl Indian goddess Mayahuel.

Another sign tacked to the door of La Riza announces that it is not open at night. The same is true for pulquerias all over the Federal District of Mexico. Only a mock pulqueria, like *La Caida de Luzbel*, on the outskirts of the fashionable *Zona Rosa* (pink zone) will remain open, while the genuine pulquerias close. And *La Caida de Luzbel* is considered more of a theater, anyway.

While the pulquerias are pubs, they exist only for the poorest of the poor. Against dire warnings, I had set out to sample some of Mexico City's best. I was driven by a quote attributed to Mexico's famous muralist Diego Rivera. "One of the most important manifestations of Mexican painting," he said, "is the decoration of the facades and interiors of pulquerias. . . ."

So I went to La Riza, a pulqueria with a fine reputation. Inside, the yellow walls were faded, the glasses dirty, the pulque in the oak barrels stinking behind the counter and the smell of urine from the open pissoir on the side wall pervasive. A sign in Spanish across from it translated, "Don't drink water. Prefer the Refinement of the Ranch." I studied the curious, dazed *borrachos* and asked, "What ranch?" Somebody yelled out, "Rancho I'll Pick Your Asshole is the best!" When I asked how did they know that to be sure, they replied in unison, "Because we are the cowboys of Mexico City." We all toasted that, "*Salud!*"

I was then drawn solicitously into one corner by an hombre with intense, drunken eyes that reminded me of liquid tombstones. He let me in on a little secret and lifted his shirt to reveal a *pistola*. "Poom-poom!" he blurted out. Roughly translated into English, I knew that meant "Boom! Boom!" Deciding to keep my life for art to imitate, I left the real thing, went over to *La Caida de Luzbel*, the chic stage set of "La Pulqueria," and acted like I was drinking pulque.

Pulque, the fermented sap of the maguey cactus, is the oldest continuously drunk alcoholic beverage in the New World. Records indicate that it has been imbibed for 2,000 years, perhaps longer. Which means that by the time it became celebrated as the Aztecs' "wine of the gods," it was already very old. Today the pulque culture is on the decline, though its consumption still accounts for one quarter of all the alcohol drunk in Mexico.

To most people, pulque is an unsavory concoction; the liquid contains sediment, and it has the consistency of semen. But pulque is still heartily enjoyed by millions of Mexicans in the five pulque-producing states. On Sunday, pulque is served at family-style restaurants with

ranch-style cuisine. A favorite sauce is a "drunken sauce," or *salsa borracha*, which is made from ground *chile pasilla* blended with pulque and sprinkled with onions and cheese.

While these outings are of a purely country flavor, an urbane, obscure bureaucrat, secreted in a lost cubicle of Mexico City's Department of Tourism, confided to me that even though he doesn't like pulque, he sometimes goes to the country to drink it. "Yes! Pulque is the Jewish (juice) of the agave. I drink the Jewish like eet's a Roman Circus, because eet's the weekend and everybody's drunk." He then threw his head back and held his two hands in front of his face as though he were grasping a container and "Jewish" was dripping down his beard. "I drink the pulque right out of the gourd and get all greasy like Charleston Heston." His coworkers looked on with amusement.

While drunken fiestas with pulque are common, no one—from the producers to the government—considers it an "alcoholic problem." In fact, they don't even consider it alcohol. The man in the De-

Pulque is billed alternately as "the most nutritious drink in the world," and as a primordial soup of deadly contaminants.

partment of Tourism announced flatly, "Tequila is a liquor, but pulque is a beverage!" And Dr. Javier Leva from the Mexican Department of Health and Assistance, usually bureaucratically circumspect, declared, "Pulque is not to blame if you get drunk. If there are drunks in the pulqueria, it is because they've taken tequila elsewhere. Nobody gets drunk from pulque."

Leva is the General Director of the Pulque Office. All pulque and pulquerias in Mexico are under his control; he inspects the physical, chemical and microbiological elements of the beverage and sees that it is not contaminated—no easy task, for pulque is alive with microorganisms. Dr. Leva's domain extends throughout the whole *Zona Magueyera*, the only area in which pulque-producing magueys will grow. It's a land of high altitude and sparse vegetation in the high region of the Central Valley, which includes the states of Hidalgo, Tlaxcala, Mexico, Puebla, San Luis Potosi and Guanajuato.

Pulque production is primarily a cottage industry: poorly organized, misera-

bly financed and chemically defiant of modern marketing techniques. For example, the natural yeast action of the bacteria in pulque prohibits commercial packaging. When producers once tried to export it, bottles and cans exploded all over the world. Pulque can only be regulated in short-distance hauls, into Mexico City and to the registered pulquerias where it is sold.

"Unfortunately," Dr. Leva confessed, "there are perhaps 800 more pulquerias which are unregistered and operate clandestinely. These are a real problem. If an inspector finds one that doesn't meet requirements, it's immediately closed down. But just as soon as we close them down, they move to other places. Where? Beside a tree. Under a shadow."

The impetus for regulation is twofold: economic, so the government can collect tax revenues on the beverage; and hygienic, to protect consumers from adulterated or contaminated brews. Pulque is billed alternately as "the most nutritious drink in the world," and as a primordial soup of deadly contaminants, depending on whom you ask. This Jekyll/Hyde reputation is mostly due to the bacteria *Termobacterium mobile*, which act like the strongest yeast, turning the sap of the maguey, the *agua miel* (honey water) first into the desired fermented drink, pulque, and then into sour ooze. The activity of these bacteria is so aggressive that the *agua miel* can begin to ferment without a starter agent and turn to pulque right in the plant.

This natural fermentation of the *agua miel* takes 7 to 14 days. But even after it has fermented to the desired alcoholic content and taste, the process continues; it can't be stopped. By the time the pulque leaves the ranch in the countryside and is delivered to the pulqueria in the city, it could already have soured. This is the reason why "pulquerofiles" warn people never to drink pulque in any large city and why the air in the vicinity of a pulqueria often smells rancid.

It was through this pungent odor that pulque got its name. The Aztecs called it *iztac octli*, or "white wine." When the white wine soured and decomposed, which it quickly did, they called it *octli polihqui*. The Spanish thought they heard *pulque*, a name they gave without distinction to fresh and sour alike.

While its smell does not win pulque many new adherents, what about its flavor? Part of the problem in acquiring a liking for pulque is the way it tastes. No matter how fresh, it always curdles the tongue with a characteristic sourness. Francis Calderon de la Barca, in her *Life in Mexico*, the famous Mexican travel book of the 1840s, wrote about her first encounter with it while traveling

(continued on page 84)

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Marijuana Luftwaffe

(continued from page 39)

silver linings. Burnstine set up Florida Airways International (FLAIR) operating out of Fort Lauderdale, as well as keeping up his real estate wheeling through an outfit called Karol Investment Corporation. At the same time, he operated as a licensed arms dealer, selling weapons to assorted agencies and foreign governments through his North American Armament Corporation.

Former Senator Eugene McCarthy once said, speaking of Senator Scoop Jackson, the nation's foremost booster of the Boeing Aircraft Corporation, that if Jackson were ever elected president, we would never see the sun because the "Senator from Boeing" would fill the sky with planes. Ken Burnstine also had plans to fill the sky with planes. But the way Kenny was going to work it, nobody could accuse him of blocking out the glorious south Florida sun: most of the FLAIR planes would be doing their flying in the dead of night. And if he was lucky and his pilots were good enough, nobody would even know the planes had ever left the ground in the first place.

In the early Seventies, police pressure on the Mexican border and the availability of Colombian and Jamaican grass with high retail potential caused smugglers to look at Florida as a new unloading zone. By 1975 the smugglers' vibes were so thick you couldn't cut them with a vibrator—not that the DEA didn't try, by reinforcing all its local offices and undertaking a vast coastal barricade. But the attractions of smuggling kept—and still keep—the pot flowing.

Burnstine now admits that he first set up his marijuana shuttle in 1971. It too seemed like a good idea at the time. He knew his way around planes and pilots. He had a legitimate cover in his business operations. South Florida was the perfect place for what he had in mind. The area is peppered with obscure, deserted landing strips and old military fields. General aviation traffic is heavy. And it is just a short hop to Jamaica, with a skip and a jump to Colombia. The whole deal would be a piece of cake for the mysterious man and his flying machines.

Taking off in the dead of night in twin-engine Lockheed Lodestars or Learstars (ideal planes for such missions because they are fast as hell, have enormous cargo capacity and are able to make a round-trip Jamaican run without refueling), Burnstine's pilots would fly low to the water and underneath the coastal radar to pick-up spots on the islands. Fifteen minutes on the ground was all they needed to load several tons of dynamite Jamaican weed and be up, up and away and back

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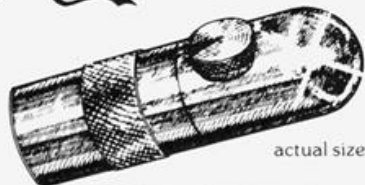
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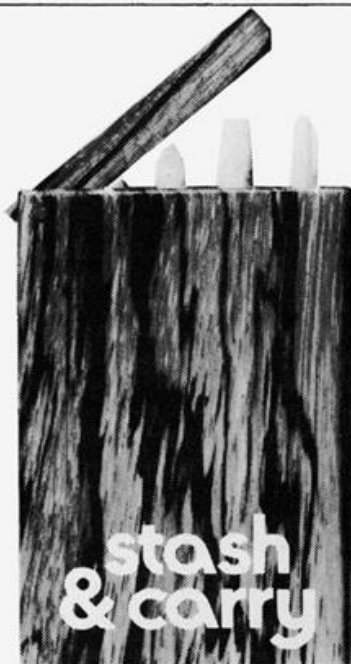
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All orders shipped air mail post paid — dealers inquires welcome.

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Elegant hand-rubbed solid wood case. Hinged top. Holds 4. Self snuffing, no waste. 3 1/2 x 2 1/4 x 5/8.

Zebra wood (shown) **\$13.**
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home again before breakfast was served.

For at least four years, Kenny's clouds did indeed have silver linings. The pilots who made the runs stood to make up to \$20,000 for each night flight. In 1973, his best year, Burnstine claims to have made over \$800,000. Detective Len "The Ferret" Oliveri of the Fort Lauderdale Police Department, who spent a year of his life trying to bust Kenny's shuttle, called Burnstine's operation "the biggest drug smuggling ring in the country." There was, no doubt, a fair bit of P.R. hyperbole in Oliveri's statement. But in any case, for an incredibly long, lucky and lucrative time, Burnstine masterminded what was very close to a weedhead's dream vision of the Berlin airlift.

Kenny also took to the air in a more legitimate pursuit, competition racing. He went about it with the same public flair he brought to all his other activities. With over 15,000 hours logged at the joy stick during 20 years of flying, he figured he was just about the best there was, a regular Smilin' Jack. So in 1972 he took his souped-up P51 fighter plane to the Great Miami Air Race, where he showed style even though coming up a loser.

Eight months later, in 1973, he turned up at the Reno National Air Races with his trusty P51 tuned up and painted out in crypto-military fashion with stripes, hashmarks, a set of shark's teeth and a big number 33, just to let everybody know with whom they were dealing, and an entourage of bimbos and chums trailing in his slipstream. He didn't make the finals, but took a third place in the consolation race. At the Mojave races a month later, he pushed his bird to the second fastest qualifying time and flew nose to nose with the champion hot dogs in the finals, although he took a TKO and only finished sixth.

But in 1974 at the Reno Air Race, it would be the other guys who took the nose dives. Kenny won the race, as well as the 1974 championship in the unlimited class. He really was as good as he said he was.

Throughout this period, big-time Kenny Burnstine did not hide himself away and live a life of shadowy anonymity. Rather, he carried on as he had always done. Only more so. He lived a lifestyle full of flash and opulence. He bought a \$650,000, seven-bedroom, six-bathroom mansion on Fort Lauderdale's fancy Middle River Drive next to the intracoastal waterway. He turned one of the rooms into a shooting gallery to test-fire the "exotic" weapons he kept around the place and keep his trigger finger limber. There was a five-foot wall around the property. He kept two huge Great Dane attack dogs in the yard and a full-grown lioness in a cage out in back near the water's edge. For emphasis, the electrically operated iron front gates carried the

(continued on page 65)

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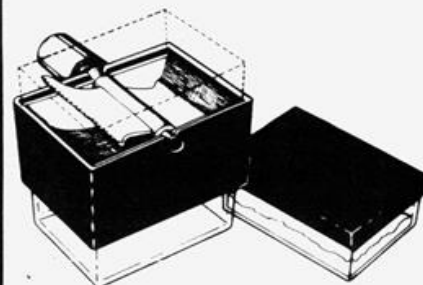
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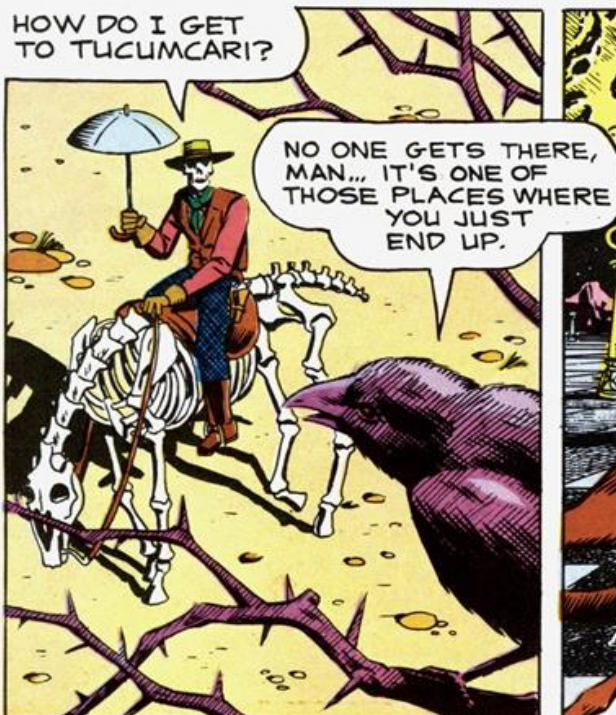
DOPE RIDER

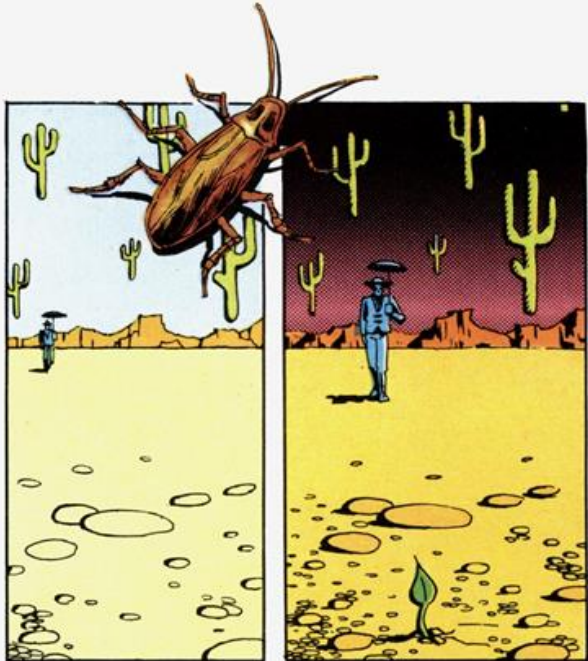
CRESCENT QUEEN

HIS RECENT PAST NOTHING BUT A DIM RECOLLECTION, DOPE RIDER'S MIND SLOWLY CLEARS TO THE AWARENESS OF UNFAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS, AND THE URGENT ECHOING OF A SINGLE WORD... "TUCUMCARI".



HOW DO I GET TO TUCUMCARI?



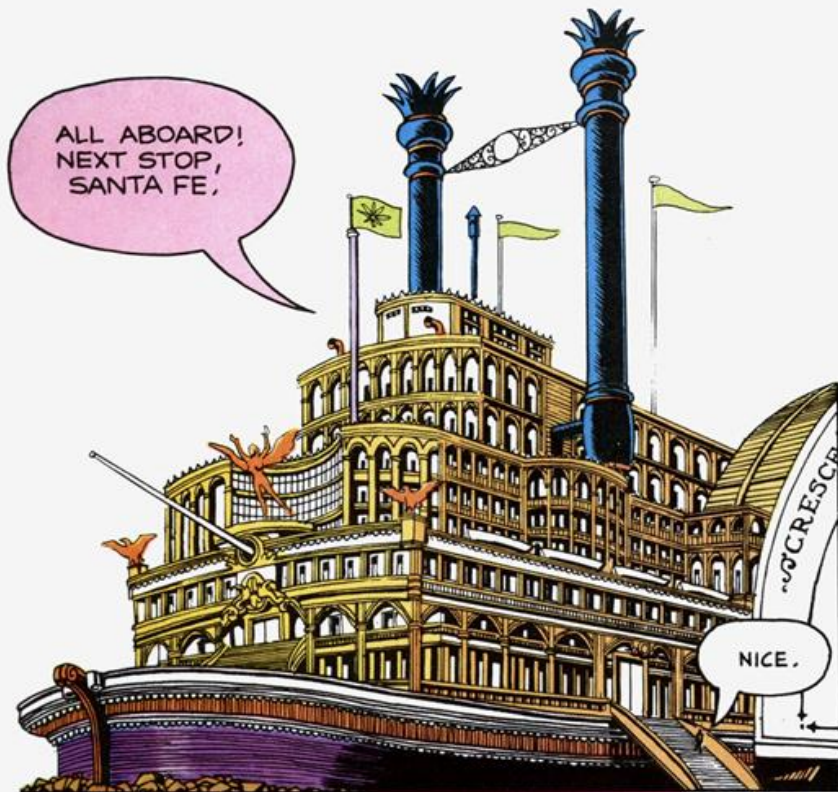


MIGHT AS WELL BE
SITTIN' AS LOST...



WORLD v. TO HAVE
SPUN, WHIRLED.







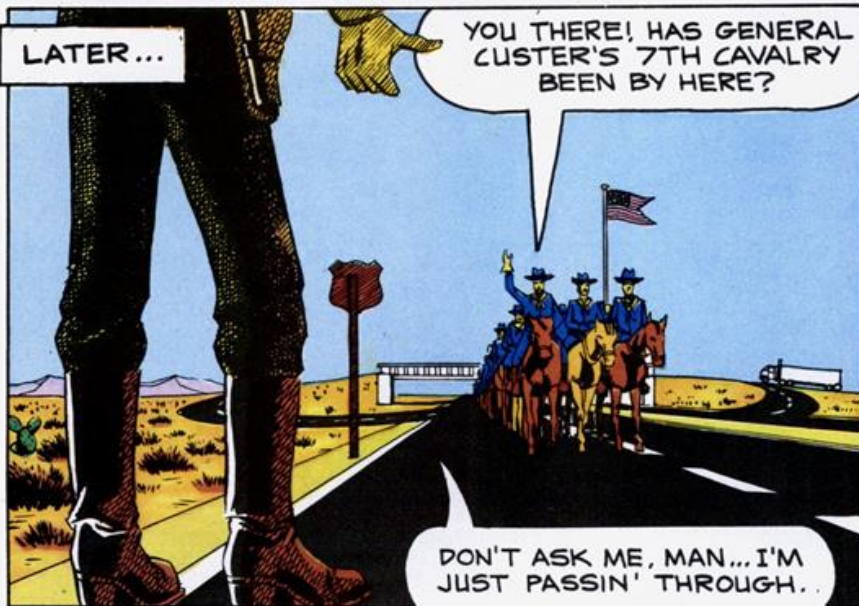
I DON'T KNOW... I MEAN, IF I WANTED TO PLAY GAMES I WOULDN'T PACK TWO .45'S AND A .38 SNUBNOSE, RIGHT?

THAT IS THE CORRECT ANSWER.



SO YOU CAN TAKE ME TO TUCUMCARI?

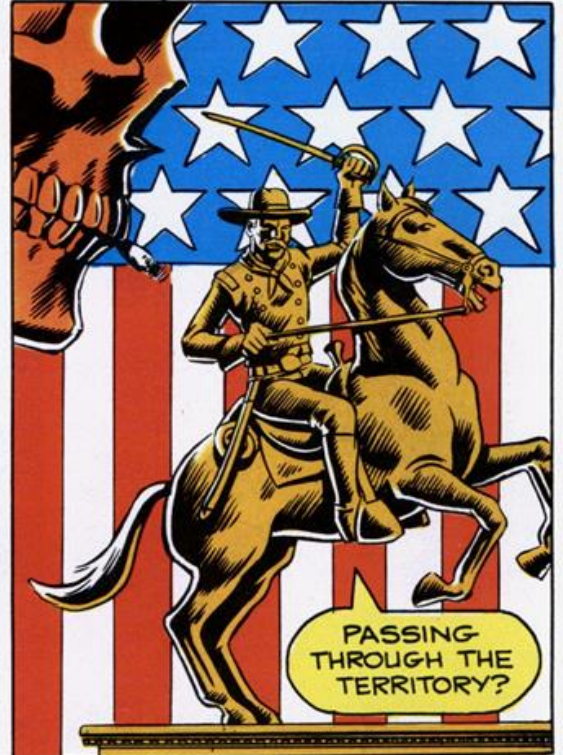
I'M AFRAID IT'S OUT OF OUR WAY, SUPPOSE WE DROP YOU OFF ON ROUTE 54 AND YOU TAKE IT FROM THERE.



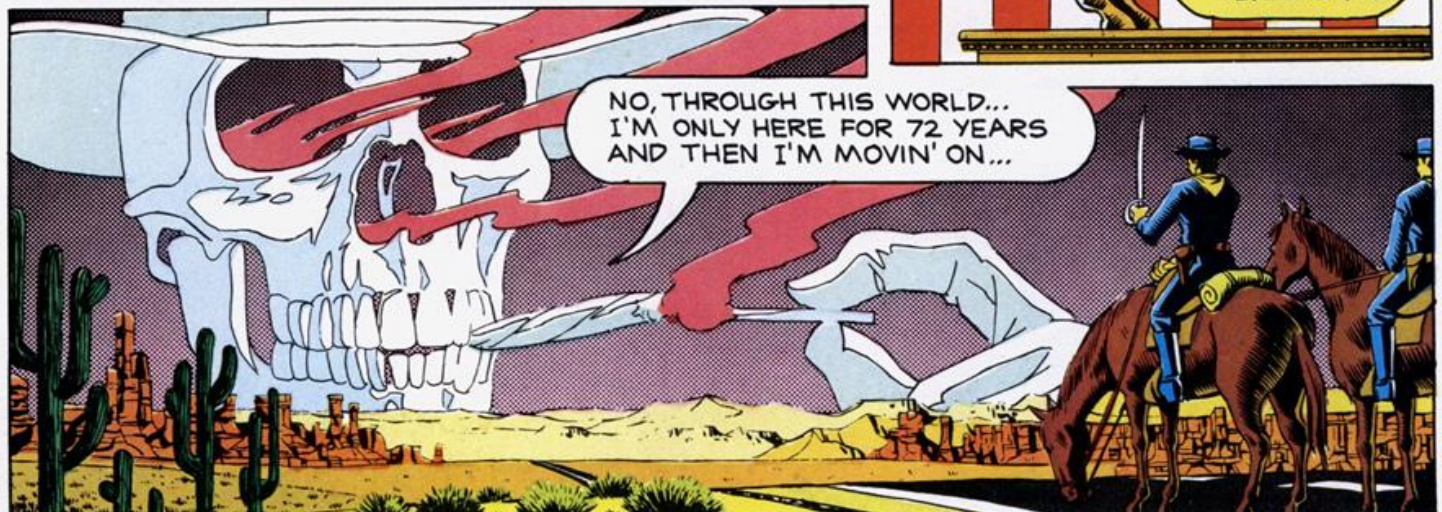
LATER...

YOU THERE! HAS GENERAL CUSTER'S 7TH CAVALRY BEEN BY HERE?

DON'T ASK ME, MAN... I'M JUST PASSIN' THROUGH.



PASSING THROUGH THE TERRITORY?



NO, THROUGH THIS WORLD... I'M ONLY HERE FOR 72 YEARS AND THEN I'M MOVIN' ON...

Marijuana Luftwaffe

(continued from page 60)

signs: "Warning—Bad Dog" and "Trespassers Will Be Eaten."

In spite of all the unusual security precautions, some prankster managed to regularly steal the American flag off Kenny's flagpole. And one day in January 1974, Sonia, the lioness, leaped over the wall and began eating the four-year-old boy who lived across the street. Although badly chewed up, the boy survived. His parents sued for damages, and Sonia was shipped off to the Safari Land animal park. But if trespassers were urged to keep away, Burnstine's buddies, broads and business associates were always welcome. Bimbos and fast-money boys driving fancy cars passed through the gates at all hours. Neighbors described the place as being "like a nightclub that was still open at daybreak."

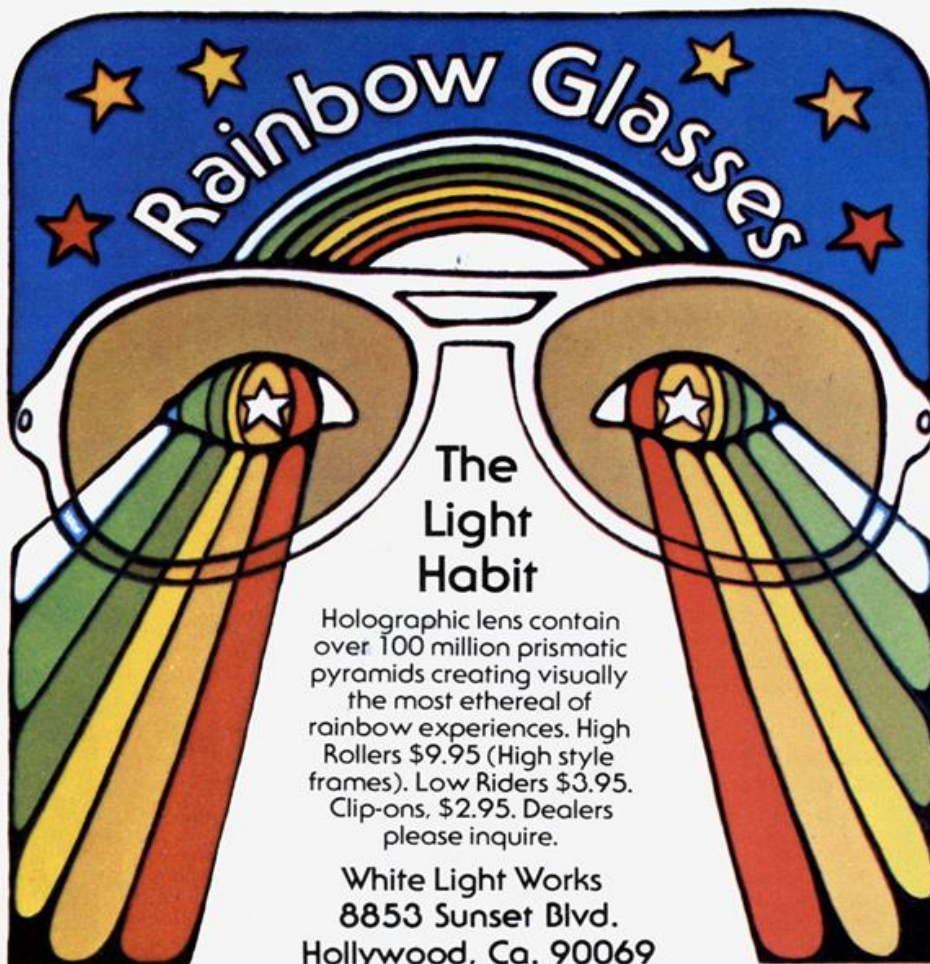
And when he wasn't partying at home, Burnstine was out on the town, checking out the action, being seen around. Even today, with Kenny long gone from the scene, in the waterside joints where all the guys look like hit men or peddlers of hot stocks and securities—smooth sporting types in pastel-colored leisure suits and open shirts showing chest hair and heavy gold medallions—the bartenders remember Fort Lauderdale's most illustrious buccaneer.

The boys at the exclusive Le Club International still vividly recall the time Kenny stomped, strong-armed and pulled a gun on a Miami citizen, William E. Klein, threatening to kill him because Klein wouldn't make him a \$120,000 loan. Go out to any street corner in the shiny part of town and shout "Kenny Burnstine!" Chances are better than good that someone will answer the call and tell you a story about the guy.

Those were high times for Kenny Burnstine. But as any high flyer ought to know, what goes up must come down. The Law of the Land can, perhaps, be defined indefinitely. But not the laws of luck and gravity. FLAIR planes started falling out of the skies under mysterious circumstances that began to point the finger of suspicion toward Burnstine.

In September 1972, a Lockheed Lodestar grossly overloaded with marijuana crashed on takeoff from Vernon Field, a disused Jamaican airstrip. The copilot was killed. The pilot, who was able to get away before the authorities arrived, was believed to have suffered minor injuries.

On two occasions in mid-1972, Burnstine himself crashed in the vicinity of a notorious drug drop area on Andros Island in the Windward Passage. Once in his souped-up P51 fighter on takeoff and the next time shearing off the nosegear of a borrowed Cessna during what he re-



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"The Air Bed" is incredibly light and incredibly tough (20 mil Poly Vinyl Chloride). It cleans instantly with soap and water. It deflates in minutes for you to fold up and take with you anywhere—visiting, camping, beach (a dynamite water raft), or storing on a shelf when not in use. It is everything a bed should be—delightfully sensual, highly orthopedic, and conveniently mobile. Try one for 2 weeks.

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☐ Check or M.O. Enclosed (Ill. residents add 5% sales tax)

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STASH VAULTS at \$49.95 each.
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ported was an "emergency landing."

On May 5, 1973, FLAIR Learstar N620 Sierra took off from Fort Lauderdale Airport at 10:15 PM. Without filing a flight plan. The following morning it experienced what was described as a "nonsurvival high-speed crash" in eight feet of water about four miles west of Chub Cay in the Bahamas. Investigators turned up 240 pounds of baled marijuana and one dead copilot, Clinton Bruce Bunn. The pilot, however, had mysteriously vanished into thin air, along with most of the payload. He was Mike Zorovich, Kenny's old crony from Leasing Consultants.

Since those days, Zorovich had fallen heavily into debt, was currently employed at FLAIR as operations chief and by curious coincidence was due to be a star witness in the upcoming Podell bribery case. To thicken the mystery surrounding this particular crash, Zorovich had recently taken out a large life insurance policy and before taking off on the dope run, had left behind a sealed letter purported to contain information highly incriminating to Ken Burnstine. In the event of Zorovich's untimely death, Burnstine was to be "allowed" to purchase that letter from its safekeeper for \$150,000. Inevitably, after his sudden and complete disappearance, the question was asked, Did Mike Zorovich disappear to get out of his troubles? Or did persons unknown arrange for him to be "terminated"? To this day the question remains unanswered.

On May 27, 1973, a FLAIR Lodestar with Burnstine at the stick made a forced landing on a deserted road while on a run from the Bahamas to Tampa. Several days later, investigators checking out the report found evidence of trucks being backed up to the plane in what appeared to have been some sort of off-loading operation. Burnstine claimed "engine trouble." The feds raised their eyebrows but did nothing.

A week later, Burnstine crashed a PBY Catalina seaplane off Hollywood Beach and was picked up by a passing yacht. In January 1974, another Lodestar flew into a Pompano Beach high-rise. Three men died in the crash, and 4,000 pounds of marijuana were scattered over the golden sands of the beach.

Around 6:30 in the morning of January 11, 1974, yet another twin-engine Lodestar hit a line of utility wires and crashed while making a low pass over a wooded peninsula near Placida on Florida's southwest coast, about 30 miles north of Fort Myers. The crew split, leaving a ton of grass behind. One of the crew was later said to be William E. Klein, the same man Kenny had threatened to stomp and kill at Le Club.

The web of circumstantial evidence was beginning to cover Burnstine like a blanket. The wide eyes of the DEA and

(continued on page 75)

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

15 Tons of Marijuana Seized in Mississippi —Largest Haul in Gulf Coast History



A U.S. Coast Guard vessel (right) is tied to the 80-foot shrimp trawler Gulf Stream after its seizure near Bay St. Louis, Mississippi. About 30,000 pounds of marijuana were confiscated by federal and local agents.

Booze Discovered in Outer Space



The detection of ethyl alcohol molecules in interstellar space has been reported by Dr. Benjamin Zuckerman of the University of Maryland. The discovery was made by searching the radio source Sagittarius B2 with the National Radio Astronomy Observatory precision 36-foot radio telescope at Kitt Peak, Arizona. When Zuckerman looked into the gas cloud, he found drinking whiskey. According to scientists, "preliminary estimates indicate that the alcoholic content of this cloud, if purged of all impurities and condensed, would yield 10²⁸ fifths at 200 proof." This exceeds the total amount of all humanity's fermentation efforts since the beginning of recorded history.

Federal and local law officers from Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, seized 15 tons of high-grade Colombian marijuana and arrested six persons after watching them unload their cargo from the shrimp trawler *Gulf Stream* at an old river port near the Gulf of Mexico.

Three persons eluded capture, due to the vessel's sophisticated scanning devices, which enabled the smugglers to monitor law-enforcement radio communications.

Three persons were arrested at the trawler, and two others were picked up by agents who trailed the truck from the abandoned port on Pearl River to a farm south of Picayune, Mississippi. A sixth man was arrested nearby.

U.S. Customs and DEA agents say they received a tip that a large shipment of marijuana would be brought into the area and kept up surveillance for three days. When the 80-foot trawler docked, conveyor belts were used to unload the marijuana bales from the boat onto a tractor-trailer rig. Agents moved in on the boat after the

marijuana was removed, and a brief exchange of gunfire ensued. No one was injured.

Arrested were Capt. Jack Zatz, 37, North Lauderdale, Florida; Dennis Leighton, 31, Milford, Ohio; Michael Ogden, 29, New Smyrna Beach, Florida; Barrie Mathieson, 27, Detroit, Michigan; and William Allen, 28, Boca Raton, Florida. The six are being held in Hancock County Jail at Bay St. Louis under \$100,000 bond each. They have been charged with alleged possession of marijuana with intent to sell.

James R. Bland, director of the DEA in New Orleans, said that an in-depth investigation of the alleged smuggling ring will be carried out both in the United States and abroad.

Cocaine Confidential

DEA Claims 900-Pound Coke Indictment Is "Largest Ever"

• Thirty-three persons were charged with operating a cocaine ring that imported and sold more than 900 pounds of coke since 1968. The twenty-eight men and five women were held on bail that ranged as high as \$1 million. Juan Antonio Alvarez, Angel Rodriguez and Jose Luis Sureda were identified as the three ringleaders.

The haul reportedly involved in this case represents "the largest amount of cocaine ever charged by the DEA in one indictment," said DEA chief Peter B. Bensinger.

The 40-count indictment handed down in New York's Federal District Court also claims that about 80 pounds of heroin were imported and sold by the gang.

• A brother and sister, Mohamed and Fatemeh Abbasi, of Tehran, Iran, were arrested at Kennedy Airport in New York on cocaine smuggling charges. The two were seized after a routine Customs check revealed some coke in the woman's bra and more in the false bottom of a suitcase.

• A suitcase filled with cocaine found floating off the coast of Fort Myers, Florida, led to the arrest of six unidentified men in an alleged smuggling conspiracy.

• Neil D. McLaughlin, 35, who owns the health food concession for International Spas in Phoenix, Arizona, was busted for alleged possession of cocaine with intent to sell. McLaughlin was arrested after he failed to deliver a kilo of coke to agents.

• A laundry bag filled with 33 pounds of cocaine tossed out of a San Juan, Puerto Rico, hotel window has led to Minnesota's largest coke bust. Mark LeVasseur, of Duluth, Minnesota, threw the bag out of his hotel window when he heard a knock on his door. He had allegedly planned to bring the coke into the Twin Cities.

After being imprisoned in San Juan, LeVasseur implicated 24 others in the alleged smuggling operation.

• A smuggling ring that reportedly shipped cocaine throughout the entire southeast using trucks, planes and Amtrak trains has been broken by the DEA, resulting in the arrest of 85 persons in Florida. The coke is said to have entered the country from Mexico and South America via Miami.

DEA officials claim that their investigation stretched from Florida to Illinois and that they were seeking a total of 131 people in the

case. The distribution network allegedly supplied cocaine out of Florida to ten states in the southeast. Police Chief Robert Palmer of Daytona Beach, where 32 arrests were made, said that DEA officials learned of the operation through a purchase of an undisclosed amount of heroin by an agent in Daytona Beach.

• Another airport arrest—this time at Mexico International Airport in Mexico City—reportedly turned up two kilos of coke in the false bottom of a suitcase belonging to Luisa Fernanda Centano,

23. Although identified by her Costa Rican passport, officials say that they have no record of its registration there.

Centano, who told the authorities she didn't know the suitcase contained cocaine, claimed that a person in Colombia offered to pay her \$1,000 plus expenses to Mexico if she took the suitcase.

• Pedro Gomez, described by federal officials as a "major drug broker between Colombia and the U.S.," was sentenced to a maximum of 45 years in jail and a \$75,000 fine. He was convicted in U.S. District Court in Camden, New Jersey, for possession of cocaine as well as possession with intent to distribute and conspiracy.

Convicted along with Gomez was Rafael Matteus, 27, who pleaded guilty to conspiracy charges. He faces a maximum jail sentence of 15 years and up to a \$25,000 fine.

Gomez reportedly boasted that he could deliver up to 15 kilos of coke in any given shipment. He smuggled the coke into the U.S. in the hollowed-out heels of shoes.

• Customs officials at Miami International Airport confiscated over nine pounds of cocaine allegedly found in three suitcases belonging to Luis Rodriguez, 32. An official said that they had been alerted a passenger coming in from Colombia would be carrying a phony Colombian passport. The coke was discovered in false sides in the baggage.

• Seven unidentified persons were arrested on charges of an alleged conspiracy to distribute 2.2 pounds of cocaine in the Twin

Cities area. Also confiscated was \$34,300 in cash.

Of those arrested, four were from the Minneapolis-St. Paul area, one from Iowa and two from Florida. The Floridians were charged with importing the coke from Colombia.

• Carlos Catano, 25, was charged with possession of 47 pounds of cocaine in U.S. District Court in New Haven. Police say that Catano came to Greenwich, Connecticut from Colombia four years ago.

• Four Canadians—Richard John Firkin, 32; David Ernest Rowbotham, 28; Penny Elizabeth Weese, 20, and Linda Marie Young, 30—were arrested for allegedly selling 11 ounces of cocaine. The coke bust appears to be the largest in the history of Belleville, a suburb of Ontario.

• Also in Canada, Luc Tessier, 26, and Jutta Ottilia Gautrey, 28, were sentenced to jail for importing cocaine. Over a pound of coke had been mailed from Bolivia packed in film containers.

• After deliberating for 21 hours, a jury convicted Donald Carlson, Wayne F. Dahl and Gary C. Hofstad, all 37 years old and from Minneapolis, Minnesota, for selling two ounces of cocaine to federal undercover agents and possession with conspiracy to sell four ounces. The conviction was obtained despite the refusal of key prosecution witness James W. Tindall, Jr., 23, to testify.

Tindall claims that he refused to testify because of feared reprisals from Carlson. He was cited for contempt of court and sentenced to six months in jail.



A photo smuggled out of Carcel de Mujeres, a women's prison located outside Santa Marta, Mexico, was taken on visitors' day, when men are allowed inside the walls. All the women in the photo are being held by the Mexican government for alleged possession of cocaine. Many of the women have been held in the prison for as long as two years without ever appearing before a Mexican court of law. Note heavily armed guard tower in the background.

NEW MACHINE DETECTS THC IN BLOOD

by George Pattison

The recent development of a test to detect cannabis levels in the blood and urine may subject marijuana users to arrests for "driving while intoxicated."

Radioimmunoassay, a technique designed to gauge the presence of tetrahydrocannabinol-cross-reacting cannabinoids, was employed by a team of British physicians in their examination of

the body of a 19-year-old man killed in a November 1975 car accident.

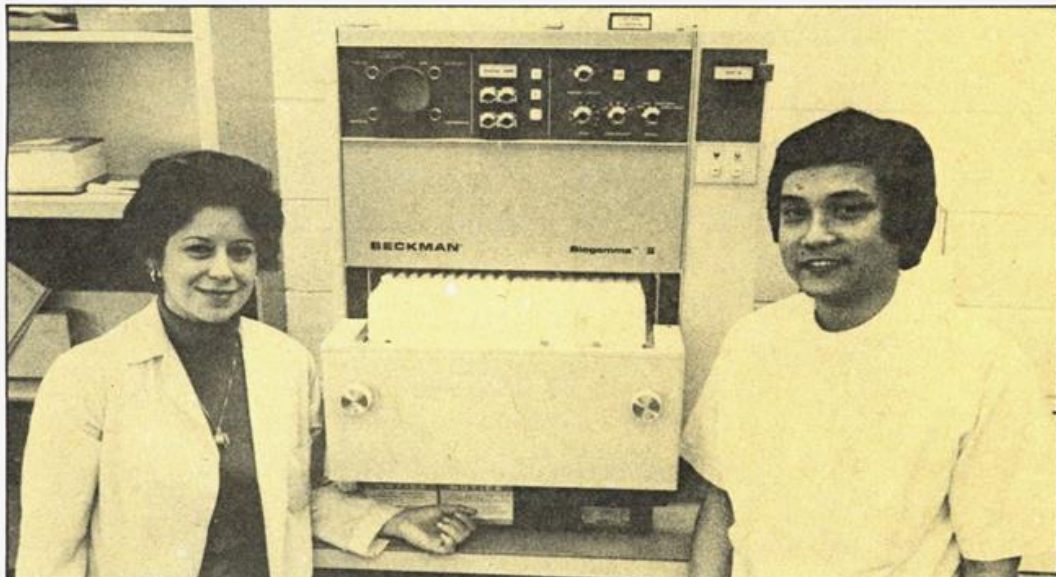
After a post-mortem assessment revealed no signs of alcohol consumption or organic disease,

the radioimmunoassay disclosed extremely high THC concentrations in the man's blood plasma and urine.

Derrick Teale and Vincent Marks, authors of the report in the British medical journal *The Lancet*, remarked: "Cannabis, like alcohol, produces euphoria and impairs judgment. There can be little doubt, therefore, that it contributed to the accident in the present case in which the victim's plasma and urine THC levels were as high as the highest we have ever observed in heavy and regular cannabis users."

The advent of the radioimmunoassay, like its blood-alcohol predecessor, may herald a new era in traffic-law enforcement. Formerly it was considered burdensome for police and prosecutors to prove marijuana intoxication.

Referring to past difficulties in establishing such proof, the authors asserted that "the availability of a radioimmunoassay for cannabis products removes this obstacle, and hopefully information will accumulate about the contribution made by cannabis to road-traffic accidents."



Technicians Nara Antrinez (left) and Carlito Esquivel (right) stand in front of the Biogamma II—a radioimmunoassay machine at New York University Medical Center now being used to detect the presence of THC in blood.

Carrie Boretz

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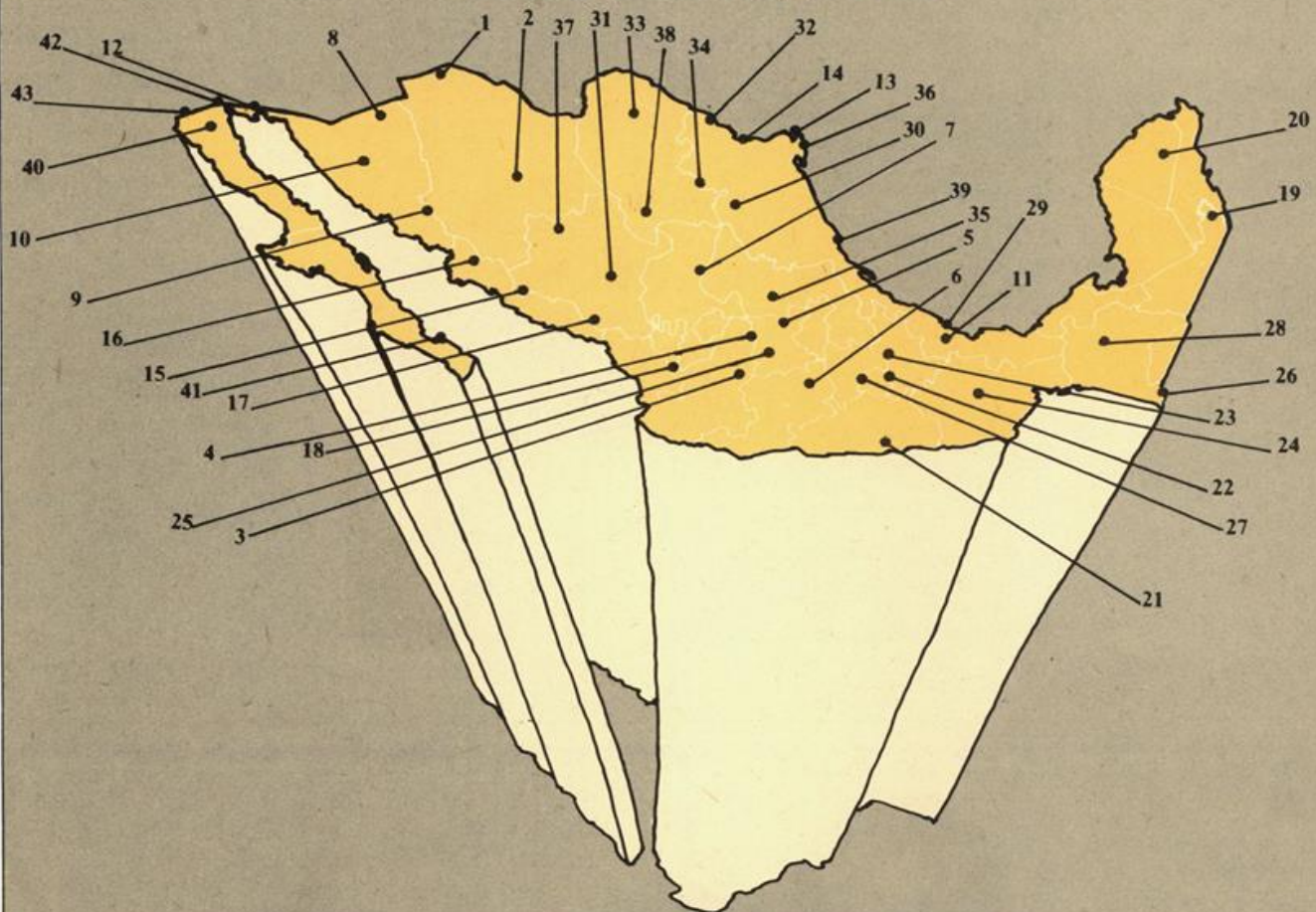
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Jailed Americans In Mexico

— Where They Are



These figures are based on information supplied by the American Embassy in Mexico City.

Consular District	Number of American Prisoners	Consular District	Number of American Prisoners	Consular District	Number of American Prisoners
Ciudad Juárez		Mazatlán		Monterrey	
1 Ciudad Juárez	29	15 Culiacán	4	30 Ciudad Victoria	0
2 Chihuahua	7	16 Los Mochis	4	31 Durango	3
Guadalajara		17 Mazatlán	44	32 Monterrey	23
3 Chapala	0	18 Tepic	1	33 Piedras Negras	0
4 Guadalajara	13	Mérida		34 Saltillo	8
5 Guanajuato	2	19 Chetumal	1	35 San Luis Potosi	2
6 Morelia	3	20 Mérida	1	36 Tampico	1
7 Zacatecas	1	Mexico City		37 Torreón	5
Hermosillo		21 Acapulco	8	38 Parras	0
8 Agua Prieta	0	22 Cuernavaca	0	Nuevo Laredo	
9 Ciudad Obregon	1	23 Mexico City	136	39 Nuevo Laredo	23
10 Hermosillo	51	24 Oaxaca	9	Tijuana	
11 Nogales	19	25 Querétaro	0	40 Ensenada	2
12 San Luis Rio Colorado	1	26 Tapachula	1	41 La Paz	5
Matamoros		27 Toluca	3	42 Mexicali	1
13 Matamoros	8	28 Tuxtla Gutiérrez	1	43 Tijuana	12
14 Reynosa	2	29 Veracruz	2	Total	438

Ex-Top U.S. Pot Researcher Runs for California State Senate

by Patrick Lanzing and Bliss Buys

BERKELEY—A former chief of the National Institute of Mental Health's marijuana research program, quietly fired in 1967, is currently attacking the United States marijuana research bureaucracy and calling for legalization of pot in his campaign for the California Senate.

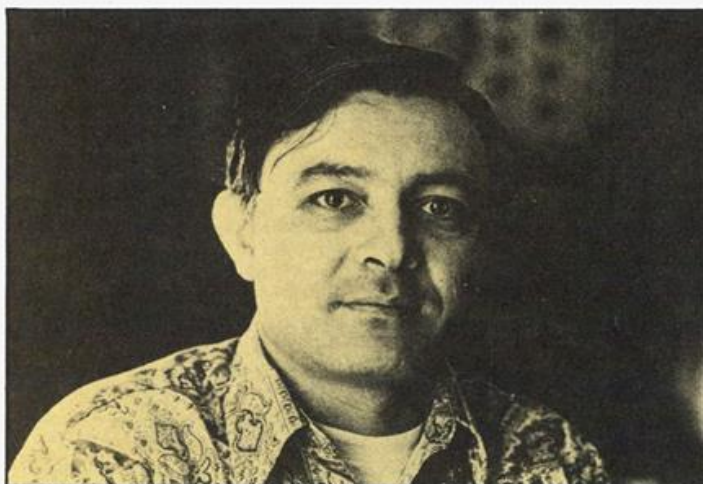
Dr. Tod Mikuriya, currently a practicing psychiatrist and consultant to the Berkeley police department, originally joined the NIMH with hopes of determining the medicinal value of grass. But in the process Dr. Mikuriya lost his government job:

"A fellow psychiatrist squealed to our supervisor that we were both participating in a marijuana ring. It was true, because there were a bunch of us at NIMH who were all turning on." Though the Surgeon General was notified, Mikuriya claims the scandal was deliberately concealed from the Justice Department. "Guess what would have happened to their appropriation," said Mikuriya, "had it been found out that the person in charge of NIMH weed research was a doper himself. The place is now full of dopers."

In the nine years since, the NIMH has continued to favor experiments purporting to "prove" pot's ill effects. Such studies, says Mikuriya, "are symptoms of the decay in drug research in the United States. It's because of the self-serving, toadyish attitude of 'Well, we'll give you a grant if you seem like us. If you seem kind of weird or different—if you're not a bureaucrat—then you don't get it.'" The federal allocation of money and approval is based on what he calls "crude, childish, low-grade, unscientific crap. That's the basis for letting out millions of dollars for research. Fortunately, I have the freedom as a private individual to say how totally fucked they are."

Can a scientist who has used grass be objective in his research? Certainly, says Mikuriya. "I would make it mandatory for anyone doing marijuana research to have full experience with it... so they know what to expect and so that they can have better research designs... instead of all these a priori pseudo-scientific things they call double-blind."

Mikuriya has harsh words for scientists who administer THC daily to human subjects but claim they are "virgins to pot." "What irritates me about them is that



Pot researcher Dr. Tod Mikuriya is running for a seat in the California State Senate. The liberal Republican urges legalization of marijuana by the federal government.

they continue to harp on the adverse effects because they know that by kissing ass like that they'll get more money. I feel sorry for them because they've been bought and paid for by these people and thus have to mouth and espouse a policy that they personally don't believe in."

The best modern research into the medicinal possibilities of grass, Mikuriya contends, has come not from the feds but from a growing medical "underground." "Remember," he says, "a doctor's primary allegiance is to his patient—not to the goddamn government. This is why I respect tremendously the physicians who were willing to put their licenses on the line to report to their colleagues the fact that it could be useful in certain illnesses."

He cites the example of a Florida ophthalmologist named Blanton who deduced from published studies that pot might be useful in treating glaucoma. Blanton, claims Mikuriya, was unable to obtain standardized dope from federal sources, "so Blanton purchased some illegal grass, made it into brownies, gave it to a bunch of patients, and discovered it works. So he tells his colleagues at Johns Hopkins, where he graduated, and they say, 'far out, great!' Then he tells his colleagues in Dade County, Florida, and guess what? He gets kicked off two hospital staffs, comes under disciplinary action by the medical society. This is what he gets for his courage."

Or take the more recent experiments at Stanford, where pot has demonstrated its effectiveness in

minimizing the nausea, vomiting, and other side effects of leukemia treatment. "These experiments were conducted surreptitiously," says Mikuriya, "because the patients had to go out and get their

drugs illegally in order to get treated. What kind of insanity is that?" Dr. Mikuriya remains optimistic that marijuana will soon regain its status as a legitimate pharmaceutical, "because I hear of more and more of my colleagues who are using it for treating patients, especially those dealing with cancer."

Dr. Mikuriya, whose current campaign for the California legislature is part of a liberal Republican movement to reform the state GOP, favors complete legalization of marijuana with a one-hundred-plant limit on home cultivation. A founder and organizer of the 1972 California Marijuana Initiative (a statewide referendum for legalization), he believes such a limit would counterbalance exploitation of pot by the government and commercial interests. "If we had that same provision allowed after Prohibition was repealed—where you allow a 250-gallon limit on wine and home brew—why the hell can't we allow that kind of thing for grass?"

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor

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Legal Use of THC in Glaucoma Therapy Now Sought by Docs

by George Pattison

The same research that led Fort Lauderdale, Florida, ophthalmologist Dr. Frederick M. Blanton to believe that marijuana could be used to cure glaucoma (an eye disease that affects one in every 25 Americans) and that was dubbed "unethical" by the Broward County (Florida) Medical Association, is being quietly endorsed by leading ophthalmologists.

Dr. Blanton, who pioneered a series of experiments with patients suffering from glaucoma, was suspended from membership in July 1973 by the Broward medical group.

Although he was subsequently reinstated, the organization soon revoked his membership permanently. "Blanton was resuspended due to his insistence that his actions were in accordance with accepted medical procedures," declared William G. Stafford, chief administrative officer of the Broward County Medical Association. "He insisted that what he had done was in the interest of human-

ity, and that he was acting on behalf of the public."

The results of Blanton's therapeutic experiments were unarguably successful. He administered pot brownies, each of which contained an initial dose of 1.18 grams of "medium Jamaican," to several glaucoma patients. In each case, intraocular pressure decreased substantially with minimal side effects. "With most



Wide World

Dr. Frederick M. Blanton, the Fort Lauderdale ophthalmologist who claims marijuana has untapped potential in the treatment of glaucoma. His discoveries are now being seriously studied by the medical community.

therapeutic agents, you are happy to effect a 20 percent change in the condition you are treating. Tetrahydrocannabinol [THC] produced a change of 80 percent. It is as good as a combination of any other two agents," said Blanton.

With the loss of his hospital privileges, Blanton was obliged to build a surgical studio at his own expense, where he now operates on patients with cataracts.

Now, three years later, reports from several medical centers have confirmed that THC is regarded as a potentially major advance in glaucoma therapy. Some current explorations are aimed at developing an eyedrop containing THC.

Dr. Robert Hepler, a researcher at the University of California at Los Angeles, has been performing experimental THC therapy on several glaucoma patients, employing a gelatin capsule devised

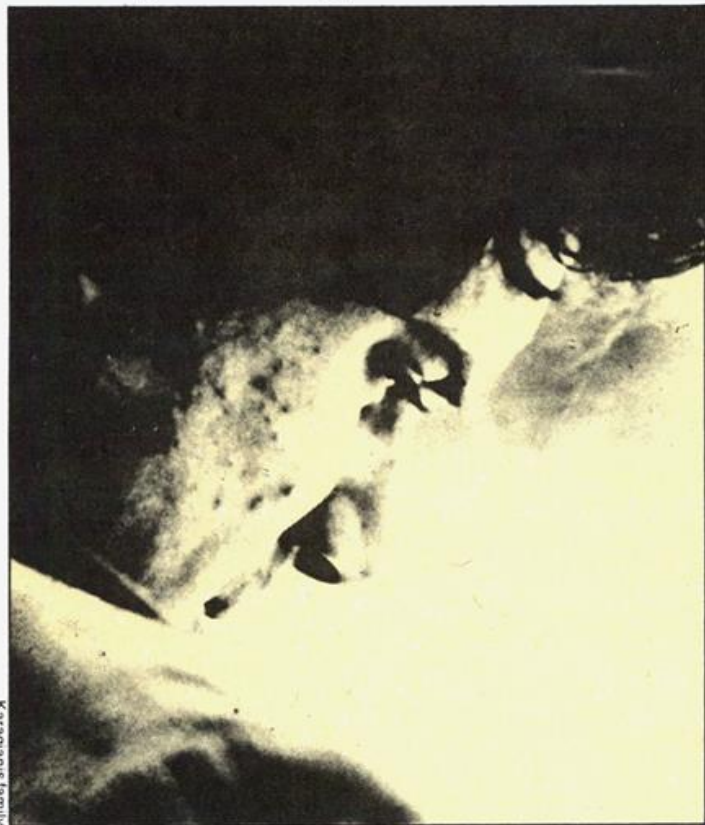
by the National Institute of Drug Abuse. Hepler's work is in conjunction with that of Dr. Sidney Cohen, professor of psychiatry at UCLA who, under the auspices of NIDA, is studying the pharmacological effects of marijuana on humans.

Keith Green, a pharmacologist at the Medical College of Georgia, believes the FDA may soon approve human trials using THC eyedrops in glaucoma patients. Fewer unpleasant side effects are experienced with THC therapy than with the currently prevalent form of drug treatment for the disease.

Blocking an FDA go-ahead is the Controlled Substances Act, which prohibits sale in the United States of pot and cannabis derivatives. The act would have to be amended before the eyedrops could be dispensed.



Youth Jailed on Bogus Pot Charge Hangs Himself



Steven Karagianis, three months before committing suicide in a Yonkers, New York, jail where he was being held on false charges.

by Steve Holmes

A 20-year-old Yonkers, New York, youth who had been mistakenly arrested as a marijuana probationer hanged himself in his cell. Yonkers police allege that they stopped Steven Karagianis in his car last April to execute a warrant for his arrest. It was not until later that police learned Karagianis had been picked up on a warrant that had been cancelled three months before.

In the April incident, Karagianis was spotted by a patrol car running a red light. When police stopped his car and radioed headquarters for a check on his license, the request was relayed through Allen Wasienko, a civilian teletype operator in the police department.

Plugging into the New York State Department of Criminal Justice computer, Yonkers police received a print-out copy indicating that there was an active warrant out on Karagianis for violating his probation following a bust for possession of two joints. He was taken to Yonkers jail.

Karagianis's lawyer called the jail and was informed that the error had been discovered but that Karagianis could not be released until the morning. The boy's mother later called the jail and asked that her son be informed

that everything would be straightened out in the morning.

Around 12:50 A.M., April 7, jailers called the Karagianis home to inform them that Steve wanted his car moved since he thought it had been left in a no-parking zone. This was the last contact anyone outside the jail had with him.

Approximately one hour later, Karagianis removed his blue jeans and hanged himself in his cell.

The final call has led several of Steve's friends to doubt he took his own life. "Why would he care about getting a ticket if he was going to kill himself?" asked one.

Although teletypist Wasienko later admitted to the possibility that he may not have understood the coded computer message that led to Karagianis's arrest, Yonkers police have refused to release copies of the computer print-out.

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Marijuana Luftwaffe

(continued from page 66)

the Fort Lauderdale police began to focus on him full-time. Burnstine didn't seem to mind. "Customs intelligence thinks I'm a dope smuggler," he was quoted as saying to the Miami Herald. "They check my planes every time I go out. Every tower in south Florida has instructions to call Customs every time I go out and every time I come back. It's sort of funny. I mean, I can just see those cats in the tower jumping around and running to the phone to call Customs and knocking stuff over every time I climb into a plane." The feds called their relationship with Burnstine "playing cat and mouse. It's not that Kenny's so clever. It's just that his planes are faster than ours."

The Law was determined to pop him. And cocky, confident, fast-flying Kenny was just as determined not to back off or be scared off. And certainly not to be caught. Addressing himself to the undisputed fact that all those falling planes—at least three and possibly six—were owned by or registered to his companies, he said with cock-sureness, "My business is airplanes. And I make a damned good buck at it. My business is buying, selling, leasing and operating aircraft."

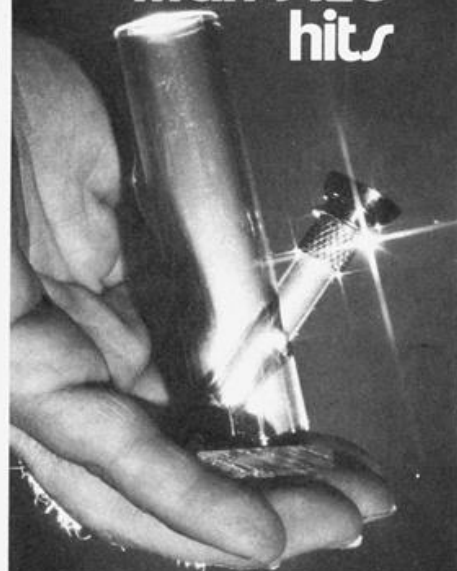
As far as he was concerned—and nobody could prove otherwise—the planes involved in those crashes were either stolen from him or leased legally to people who had no connection with him. They paid for the planes and then did what they pleased with them. And he was no more responsible than Hertz would be if they rented a car to a guy who then turned around and used it to pull off a bank robbery.

"Do you think I'm going to run a smuggling operation with planes that are registered to companies of which I am the president?" he once asked an inquiring reporter. "What am I, stupid?"

Roaming around near the Mexican border in one of his Lodestars in September 1974, Kenny was forced to make an emergency landing at a field in Mission, Texas. Leaving the plane just sitting there, he set off for points west, apparently unconcerned. It seems he felt he had more important things to do with his time than stand guard over his Lodestar. He was off to compete in and win the Reno National Air Races in his souped-up P51. He should have stayed behind in Mission for a while longer, going over the Lodestar with a vacuum cleaner.

The narcs and the Customs people, hearing there was a Burnstine plane sitting sweet as you please on a Texas airfield, descended upon it with fine-tooth combs and turned up two pounds of what they called marijuana "residue," stems and seeds. Not a whole lot of incriminating evidence of what had re-

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portedly been, before it was off-loaded somewhere, at least a ton of marijuana. But it was enough to be getting on with.

When Burnstine returned to Corpus Christi the following month to collect his plane, they were waiting with the handcuffs. Snap. Click. And the beef was considerably boosted when they found Kenny to be in possession of ten grams of cocaine. The feds were finally on the scoreboard in their cunning game of cat and mouse.

Burnstine, seemingly unperturbed, simply peeled off \$35,000 from his bankroll for bail and took off to take care of other business. The Texas indictment, with its flimsy evidence, appeared to be no big deal. Nothing he couldn't handle with a bit of charm and a good lawyer.

But his incredible success had, perhaps, made Kenny Burnstine too sure of himself. He went off to fly in another air race (he came in fifth, out of the money) and settled into a fancy new home on Balboa Island near Los Angeles. Fact is, Kenny Burnstine was already shot down, but he didn't know it. The Texas roundup was merely a dress rehearsal in what had been a long-time, maximum-effort mission by the law to clip his wings for good and drop him in the shit right up to his coke sniffer.

Since the beginning of May 1974, he had been flying right in the cross-hairs of the DEA's anti-FLAIRcraft guns. When they finally pulled the trigger on him, he would be a gone goose as far as his smuggling career was concerned. Whether he would ultimately lose his flamboyant freedom as well depended on whether his parachute opened.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA v. KENNETH GORDON BURNSTINE WILLIAM EDWARD KLEIN and ROBERT CHARLES DAVISON INDICTMENT

Beginning on or about May, 1974, and continuing thereafter up to and including the date of the filing of this indictment, in the Southern District of Florida and elsewhere, the defendants,

KENNETH GORDON BURNSTINE
WILLIAM EDWARD KLEIN and
ROBERT CHARLES DAVISON
did willfully, knowingly, and intentionally combine, conspire, confederate, and agree together and with each other, and with Charles Normal Christian, named herein as a co-conspirator but not as a defendant, and diverse other persons whose names are to the Grand Jury unknown, to commit offenses against the United States of America, to wit: to violate Title 21, United States Code, Section 952(a).

"It was part of said conspiracy that the defendants would knowingly and intentionally import into the United States from Mexico approximately forty (40) kilograms of cocaine, a Schedule II narcotic controlled substance, and would knowingly and intentionally import into the United States from Mexico approximately five hundred (500) kilograms of marijuana, a Schedule I controlled substance."

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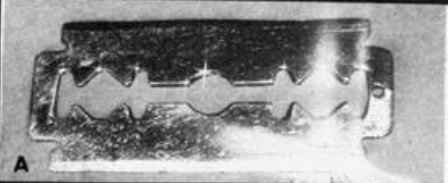


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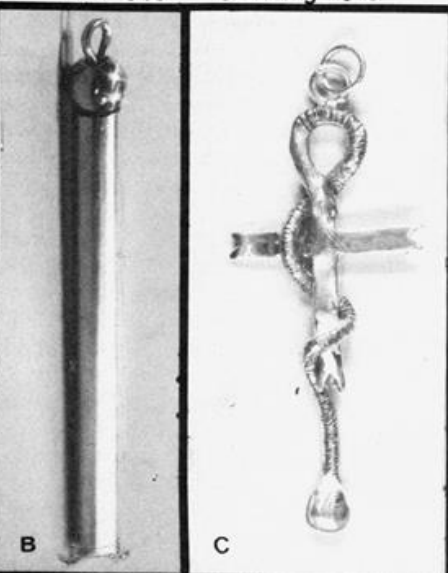
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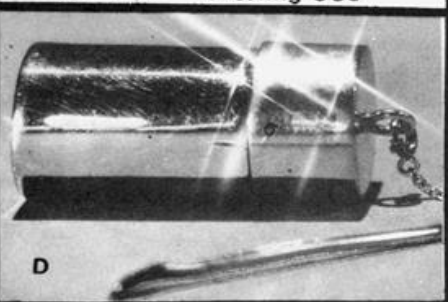


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Thus read the charge against Kenny Burnstine, which a federal grand jury handed up in early November 1974. It led directly to Burnstine becoming an ex-drug smuggler and, subsequently, a high-flying, full-time government witness for the Drug Enforcement Agency.

On December 1, 1974, the hurry-up wagon came to collect Kenny from his California home. Bail was set at \$100,000. The feds and the Fort Lauderdale cops were crowing. "This is only the beginning," they ballyhooed. "We expect 15 or 20 more indictments after January 1, and some of them are Fort Lauderdale people. There are three or four syndicate hoods involved, one very big one." Maybe. But so far they had only bagged Burnstine (who was not known to be directly mob-connected), William Klein (of the Le Club incident and dope-plane crash) and Robert Davison (a Pan Am pilot). Charles Christian, the so-called "mystery man" and intended target in a mob-drugs triple slaying at a Miami apartment house back in 1972, was only an unindicted co-conspirator in the Burnstine case. But whomever the law hoped to get in the future, they *did* have Kenny Burnstine.

As Kenny sat in his Los Angeles jail cell that night, waiting to be returned in irons to his old Fort Lauderdale stamping grounds, he must have kicked himself. To a sharp operator like Burnstine, the circumstances of his fall must have seemed, with newly acquired hindsight, totally ridiculous. For a man who once boasted about his ability to spot DEA agents on his tail and who sometimes even bought them coffee in the morning before he flew off on his appointed rounds, it must have come as a rude blow to know that from the very beginning, the moment the conspiracy was set in motion, the conspirators had been dealing solely with DEA informants and undercover narcs.

According to the DEA, the grass was merely for openers. The ultimate purpose of the conspiracy was to set up a total "flow system" complete with landing fields, refueling points and a sure-fire source of supply south of the border to enable the ring to run a show that would be capable of bringing into the country a payload of 80 kilos of cocaine a month.

The first "overt act" of the conspiracy took place "on or about May 4, 1974" when Klein, Davison and a "confidential informant" met to talk things over in Hialeah, Florida. The informant was a certain Jerry Buchanan, who was supposed to be able to put them onto a "good" source of supply. Buchanan, a convicted felon with federal charges hanging over his head, hot-footed it to the Law and offered to set up the Bad Guys for a fall. Nobody yet knew that Burnstine was the main man behind the conspiracy, but the DEA said "go" to Buchanan. From that moment on, Buchanan was their main man, and they

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only "proceeded to control his activities."

As an added murky sidebar to Buchanan's relationship with the DEA in this case, he was originally guided to the DEA door and encouraged to embrace the feds by that nasty piece of CIA work, Frank Sturgis, notorious Miami anti-Castro goon and convicted Watergate burglar. The DEA refuses to give any details about this connection except to say, "Yes, it's true." Thanks to Buchanan, everyone the conspirators dealt with as they went about their criminal business turned out to be a narc. And it was while following Klein around that the narcs discovered they were dealing with none other than Kenneth Gordon Burnstine.

"We never knew that Burnstine was behind this thing," said a DEA spokesman, "until he turned up for a meeting with Klein at Denny's Restaurant over on I-95 near Hollywood [Hollywood Beach, Florida]. We had the place staked out, but had no idea Kenny would be the man to show up."

For the next five months, the Burnstine conspiracy was a traveling peek-a-boo circus, with coded phone calls and meetings all over the map.

On June 5, Burnstine and Davison met Buchanan in Guadalajara, Mexico. On June 27, Klein met the "suppliers," undercover DEA Special Agents Arthur Sedillo and Ruben Salinas, at the Hotel Casablanca in Mexico City. On July 9, Burnstine and Klein met Buchanan in Hollywood, Florida. On July 13, Burnstine, Davison and Buchanan met Sedillo and Salinas at a hotel in Vera Cruz, Mexico, to make the final agreements. There was also some talk of doing a guns-for-drugs deal. And in a gesture of friendship, Kenny gave one of the undercover agents the shirt off his back, a blue Mexican guayabera shirt, size 42 (it ended up as a government exhibit at the Miami conspiracy trial).

On September 5, Burnstine met undercover agent Salinas at the Admiral Club of the Dallas-Fort Worth International Airport to find out what was holding up the deal. But the deal he had in mind was no longer the one going down. The case against Kenny was tied up tight. [Editor's note: Special Agent Sedillo, by the way, was later implicated as being involved in the torture of U.S. citizens in Mexican prisons. See July High Times, page 33.]

The smuggling conspiracy trial of Kenny Burnstine, et al., was held under the gavel of U.S. District Judge Peter T. Fay in Miami at the end of February 1975. Keeping up his buccaneer style in the face of an overwhelming case against him, Kenny never said he didn't do it. But rather (believing that his best defense was a good offense), he claimed that he too was working undercover the whole time. Just like everybody else. Only he was working for the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms as an informant. To support

his claim. Burnstine produced three letters he supposedly had written to his ex-wife prior to his indictment, outlining what he was up to in this conspiracy, that he was just going along with it to develop information for BATF.

But the prosecutor, assistant U.S. Attorney Karen Atkinson, shot Burnstine down with the simple question. If Burnstine was telling the truth, why did he never inform the DEA? The prosecution claimed the letters were either totally fraudulent, or Burnstine wrote them up just in case he was ever caught and might need something to wave about in a courtroom. At the end of the five-day trial, the jury believed Karen over Kenny. He was convicted along with Klein (Davison was acquitted) and sentenced to a term of seven years in a federal prison.

It looked as if Kenny Burnstine had been finally grounded. Afterward, his lawyers would say he never had a chance anyway because of all the notoriety and public suspicion that had been focused on him and his falling FLAIRplanes for so long. But if Burnstine had anything to say about it, he was not going to spend the next seven years sewing mailbags in a federal prison. And since his conviction, he has, indeed, had much to say. Mostly about people in the trade.

The DEA has nothing to say about on-going cases. And the U.S. Attorney's office is keeping well buttoned up. Mr. Burnstine's lawyers are busy wheeling his appeal. And Kenny no longer calls up his favorite Miami newspaper reporters. But he is out on \$100,000 appeal bond, traveling back and forth between his California home and secret grand jury sessions and other people's trials... singing.

He was the star of the show as a government witness in the Corpus Christi conspiracy case against Fred Brulloths, Jr. and seven other defendants. The beef against Brulloths and the boys is for attempting to smuggle in 5,000 pounds of marijuana. Kenny came on in custom-tailored suit and gold jewelry to tell the jury about his dealings with the accused conspirators and to demonstrate, for the benefit of U.S. District Judge Reynaldo Garza, how to snort cocaine.

According to Kenny, the Brulloths operation was a flip-flop, disaster-prone bummer from the start, with the plane Kenny was flying barely getting off the ground after it was loaded up with grass at a makeshift airfield on the beach near Acapulco, and eventually missing its off-loading connection at another field near the Mexican border. Brulloths, he claims, was the boss. Relishing his role as star government witness, Kenny reportedly said during questioning, "I don't think there's much of a case without me."

In the conspiracy case against Mitchell WerBell, III, the soldier of fortune, Broth-

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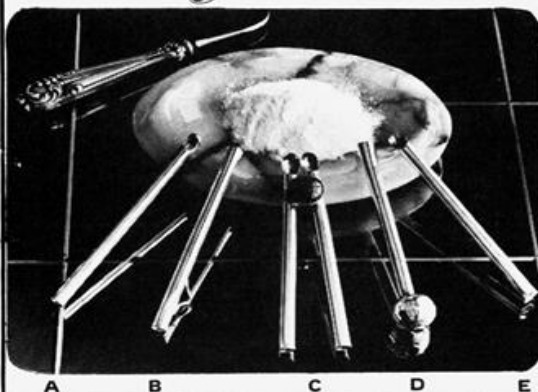
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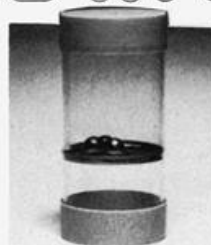
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er John Nardi of the Cleveland Teamsters, and six others. Burnstine will not only be the star witness against them at their August trial, but according to some sources close to the case, Burnstine did his part as "inside man" for the feds so well that he slicked the conspirators right out of their socks. There are about 50 tapes of telephone conversations between Burnstine and the bungling smugglers. And at one point in the course of the alleged conspiracy, Burnstine "orchestrated" a meeting with several of the defendants at his posh Fort Lauderdale mansion, where government-cranked videotape cameras were reportedly concealed.

According to the indictment, the plan of these conspirators was to take over Burnstine's smuggling connections since, as a convicted felon heading for jail, he was not going to have any more need of them. To this end, WerBell contacted his old arms-dealing buddy Kenny, and the thing was set in motion. But they had come to the wrong man this time. Kenny was working his ticket for the other side. There will be cries at the trial of "entrapment!" and "foul!" And with men like Burnstine and WerBell involved, the air will be clouded up with mysterious hints of DEA and CIA undercover operations. Old White House names like Krogh, Colson and Nixon will be dropped and bandied about. Whatever the outcome of the trial, someone should have checked the calendar on the day the conspiracy was alleged to have begun. It was April Fool's Day, 1975.

The Randy Avon case down in Fort Lauderdale has put Kenny back on the front pages of his old hometown newspaper. Appearing before a Broward County grand jury in an ultrasecret, armed-guard session at a Holiday Inn because of the delicacy of the case and a fear for Kenny's life, Burnstine testified that he had given State Legislator Randy Avon \$12,000 for a map that purported to show the locations and movements of DEA and police antidrug strike force units around the state.

The map now appears to have been a fake, and a Florida handwriting expert has determined that the notations on it were personally made by Avon. Burnstine's testimony brought an indictment for grand larceny crashing down on Avon's political career. Burnstine has also reportedly claimed that he and other south Florida drug smugglers had contributed at least \$200,000 "in dribs and drabs" to Avon's political campaigns.

Avon denies everything. He is a two-term state representative who claims that part-time Key Biscayne resident Richard Nixon urged him to run in the first place, a member of the House Criminal Justice Committee and a former president of the Florida Jaycees (recently named one of the state's five outstanding young men by

the Jaycees). A down-the-line Republican law-and-order man, he has voluntarily suspended himself from the state legislature in the face of the indictment. A new rule was rushed through the House by Avon's colleagues the week before, expressly to deal with his impending troubles.

Avon has also issued his version of an "I am not a crook" statement and kicked and booed the press for "the 38 days of front-page sensationalism that appeared prior to the indictment." He had been expected to run for the state senate this year and ultimately had his eye on being governor one day. He claims the charges are merely Burnstine's revenge against the Good Guys. Although Avon is much loved by the condominium-dwelling old folks of the district because of his support of legislation in their interests, there are more than a few people around town who claim that he is "nothing but a phoney." Locals who know both Kenny, the convicted smuggler, and Randy, the "upstanding" lawmaker, say the confrontation between them is really a case of Bad Guy versus Worse Guy.

"There's a lot more behind this than has come out in the papers," said a source close to the investigation. "Randy's not exactly clean as a hound's tooth. He knows Kenny and those pilots a lot better than he says he does. That's all I can say."

The Miami DEA says that Kenny's testimony will soon result in the "collapse of the entire structure of the drug smuggling business in south Florida ... the largest single indictment in the history of the game, coming right out of Fort Lauderdale."

When asked by the defense attorney in the Corpus Christi case if he had hustled himself a secret deal with the government to get out of his own troubles by testifying all over the place, Kenny was reported to have replied cryptically, "I'm a poker player. I've got a pat hand now."

"I decided to go straight," he said. "You can only be a crook so long."

Burnstine's new career as a star witness for the prosecution will not make him wealthy (he already is that). It could be downright unhealthy. "There are going to be a lot of guys out there," said a Fort Lauderdale police source, "who would probably like to see Kenny Burnstine dead."

The slick buccaneer has been around a long time, logged many hours' flying through turbulence and walked away clean from more than a few crash landings. It remains to be seen, however, whether Kenny Burnstine will once again land on his feet. Or on his back. But as they said of Ernest "Hawk" Rupolo, who was given a cement shoeshine by the Mafia and dropped in the bay, only to float back up to the surface like a cork, "You can't keep a good man down." ■

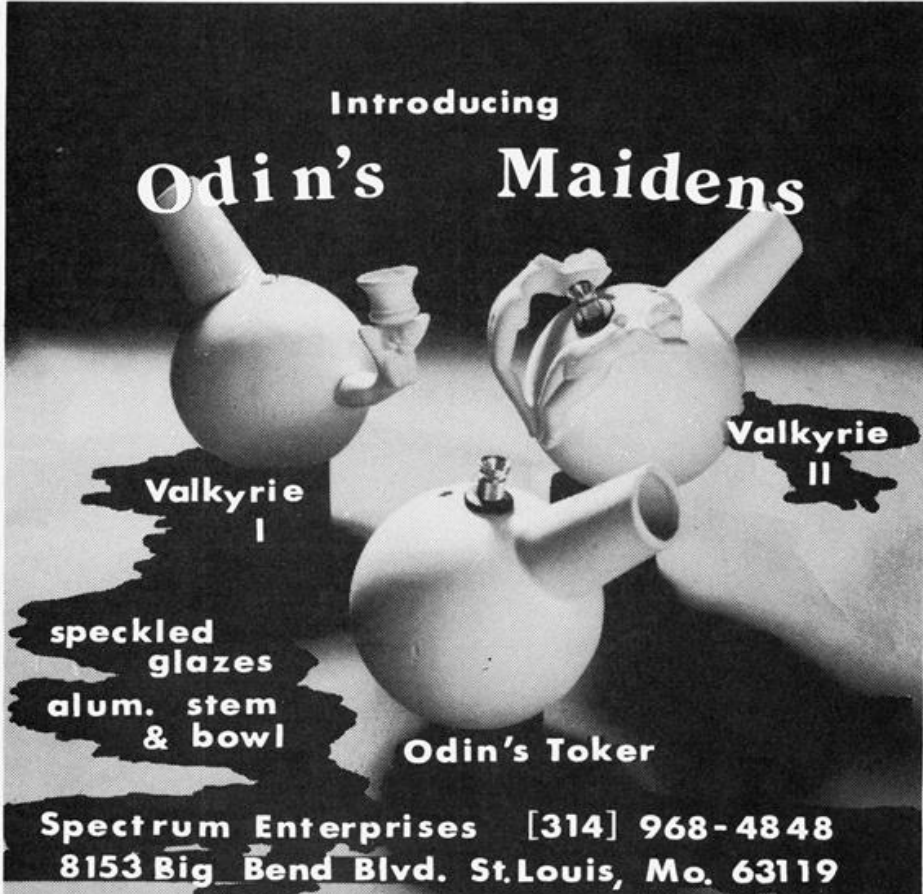


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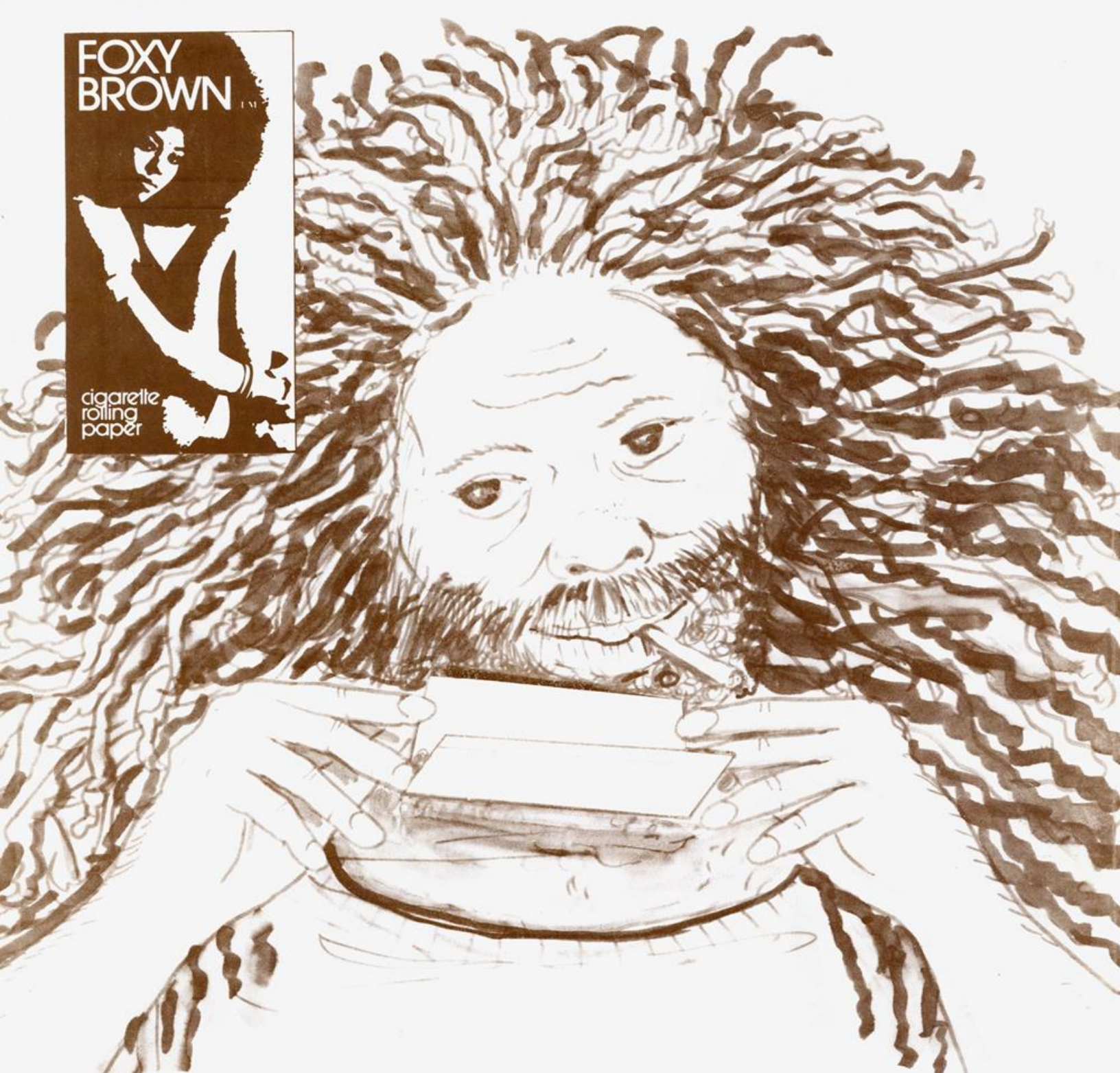
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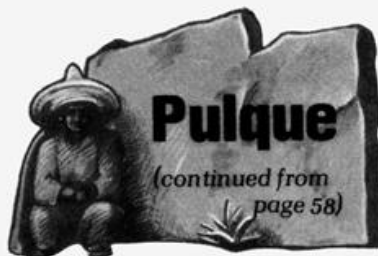
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through the Central Plateau: "Here also I first tasted pulque. . . . The taste and smell combined took me so completely by surprise, that I am afraid my look of horror must have given mortal offense to the worthy *alcalde* who considers it the most delicious beverage in the world; and in fact it is said, that when one gets over the first shock, it is very agreeable. The difficulty consists in getting over it."

In addition, its consistency is viscous, its color milky and its demeanor sudsy if fresh, sticky if not. If taken straight, it is called *pulque blanco*; when flavored with fruit or nuts, *pulque curado*. The presence of more than a few "pulque-holics" shows that it is possible to acquire not only a taste for the drink, but an appetite as well. It's not a bad inebriate for a beverage whose alcoholic content runs only between 4 and 14 percent, though the first time I tried it, I felt so much residual fermentation churning in my stomach, I thought if I ate a matzo it would rise into a loaf of bread.

The importance of the discovery of pulque and its relationship in Mesoamerican civilization cannot be underplayed. It was one of a triad of substances, along with corn and hallucinogenic mushrooms, that helped form the economic and spiritual base of the great cultures of the Central Plateau, principally the Toltec and Aztec cultures. To the Aztecs, the world was a flat disc surrounded by a great ring of divine water that rested on a monster and merged with the heavens at the horizons. This they called *Cem-Anáhuatl*, the complete circle. The Valley of Mexico, the semiarid high plateau fused with volcanic glass and ruptured by huge, twisted magueys whose thorns seemed to tear the sky, they called *Anáhuac*: the world in microcosm.

A nub of that world, an ancient Aztec temple, is presently being exhumed by archeologists on Rancho San Luis Aculco, a maguey plantation belonging to Ingeniero Gabriel Delgado. Ing. Delgado is the chief engineer in charge of agriculture and husbandry for the Patranto del Maguey. The Patranto is the organization most responsible for scientific research on the maguey *pulquero*, a species of cactus that evolved in volcanic wastes and is botanically classified somewhere between the lily and the asparagus.

When the seven Nahuatl tribes migrated from their home at Atzlan in the north to Anáhuac, they discovered the maguey as a plant that gave them more than any

other plant had before. The cactus was a source of food, drink, clothing, medicine, paper and more, stretching its economic tentacles—or thorns—into every aspect of Indian life with the impact of a vegetable General Motors. Like the Copper and Iron Civilizations, named after their most important elements, anthropologists were later to refer to Nahuatl cultures as the "Maguey" or "Pulque" Civilizations. Even today, the maguey cactus is the source of mescal and tequila, as well as pulque. And worms that inhabit it are a delicacy served French-fried.

Much of this development wouldn't have been possible if it weren't for the goddess Mayahuel, who discovered the way to tap the *agua miel* from the plant. According to Ing. Delgado, Mayahuel was a real person who became part of the mythology because of the great importance her discovery had for her tribe. "She watched what we call a *metoro*, a black mouse," Ing. Delgado explained to me as we toured his plantation. "The *metoro* used to make a hole in the maguey, then come back the next day and drink up the *agua miel*. So Mayahuel got the brilliant idea of how to tap the maguey—and someone else, how to smash the roots into the *agua miel* to begin the fermentation. The amazing thing about pulque is that it is still produced the same as it was a thousand years ago."

It takes a minimum of 10 to 12 years before the maguey is ready to produce *agua miel*. At that time, the plant's center section, from which new leaves have continuously emerged, is ready to flower. If left unmolested, the maguey will thrust a stalk as high as 20 feet into the air on which will bloom a riot of orange-yellow flowers. But to collect the *agua miel*, the plant has to be "castrated" to prevent the erection of the stalk. It is then left standing from two to five months, during which it is repeatedly punctured, until the pulp forms a cavity into which the *agua miel* will drain.

Twice a day for the next four to six months, a man called a *tlachiquero* (from an Indian word "to scrape") visits each plant in the morning and afternoon and sucks out anywhere from two to eight liters of collected sap through a long gourd. The contents of the gourd, the pale yellow *agua miel* plus assorted fruit flies, are emptied into the containers carried by his burro for delivery to the *tinacal*, where the fermentation vats are located. The *tlachiquero* then scrapes the cavity of the maguey, breaking the vessels to allow the *agua miel* to separate from the pulp for the next collection.

Of all the specialized proletarians, the *tlachiqueros* are probably the most unique. Their employment seems to reside in being the world's greatest aspirators. While the pay is not great, it's not exactly a sucker's job. A *tlachiquero*

can easily vacuum seven liters in three or four breaths, emptying a stump like a kid finishing a coke through a straw. Fascinated by this display of pulmonary macho, I asked a *tlachiquero* what it was like to draw up the *agua miel*. "Well," he replied, "it feels like a big effort for a few seconds, then there is a great release." He added presently, "Sometimes I get a big pressure in my head for just a moment."

A *tlachiquero* will usually collect about 380 liters of *agua miel* a day, but his day only consists of two 45-minute shifts. This brief relationship, however, has rewarded pulque with the nicknames of "*tlachicotón*," "lung" and "Saliva Dry" by Mexico's middle classes. But when the *tlachiquero* reaches the *tinacal* with his load, he enters a province where the modern technological classes with all of their mechanical arrogance are helpless. Here "Saliva Dry" is still "the wine of the gods!"

Here, where the clear, yellowish *agua miel* begins to ferment, one senses more is happening than just the increasing acidity of its taste or the gathering milkiness of its color. When the new load comes in and a new tank is started, the workers of the *tinacal* begin singing and praying; they remove their hats and sing a hymn to *Divina Providencia*. On the wall, a beeswax, saffron-colored candle burns in front of the red, green and white colors of the Virgin of Guadalupe, while a Christ suffers crucified on a maguey, the thorns driven through his hands.

Though the plantation is owned by Ing. Delgado, the *tinacal* is run by the foreman who guards the seed pulque, the *semilla*. "The *semilla* is a treasure," Ing. Delgado explained. "It is the base for the whole *tinacal*; only the foreman would touch it. No one else would dare—not even to pass it to another container!" Traditionally the foreman guards the recipes of fine pulque. These secrets are transmitted orally so that no records exist. Here in San Luis Aculco, only one person is responsible for each degree of pulque. "If two or more handle it," a workman adds, "how would we know who has spoiled it?"

The caution and respect shown the pulque is no less than if those vats contained nitroglycerine. Sometimes strangers are not allowed to enter the *tinacals* because their mere presence might turn the pulque. In some places, if a man enters with his hat on, he must drink a hatful to dispel the curse. Even Ing. Delgado, whose background is scientific, is adamant that no one put their hand or head over a fermenting vat. "The grease from one hand will spoil it; and if a man has just eaten a can of sardines, why, the pulque could suddenly turn to water or begin to stink!"

According to Indian custom, to drink five liters of pulque has been taboo for at

least 2,000 years. Says a text called *The Invention of Pulque*, dictated by the Informants of Sahagún, a group of native wisemen who lived during the period immediately preceding the arrival of the Spaniards, "A call went out to all the lords, the chiefs, the elders, the experienced . . ." to attend a banquet in honor of the discovery of pulque. There they all drank four pots as a toast to the gods, except Chief Cuextecatli, who "not only drank four, but when he had drunk four, asked for yet another. And so he drank five. He became very intoxicated, very drunk . . . and there, in front of the people, he removed and cast aside his loin cloth, and they saw he was completely naked." Cuextecatli and his tribe were banished for his bawdiness.

Though Cuextecatli was a chief, he was still a mere mortal, and it's understandable how he could get soused. Especially since pulque had just been invented, and Cuextecatli hadn't had time to build up a tolerance. But according to the *Annals of Cuauhtitlan*, Quetzalcoatli, the plumed serpent, who was "wise, good and chaste," ruler of the city of the gods during the Fifth Sun, also met his downfall on the fifth drink. His fall was consummated when, after looking into a mirror and seeing his worldly image, he was induced to drink pulque. At first he refused, but curiosity getting the better of him, he dipped his finger in and tasted it. He took a drink. He took four drinks, then five, and in addition to being wise, good and chaste, Quetzalcoatli became horny. He immediately called for his sister, Xochiquetzal, the goddess of love, and got her to taste the pulque. She too took a drink, four drinks, then five. And soon after the invention of pulque came the invention of incest.

Quetzalcoatli redeemed himself after his fall from purity, but Cuextecatli's people stayed where they were banished; today they are known as the Huastecos, a tribe living on the Gulf Coast north of Veracruz. But for the Aztec masses, the punishment for excessive inebriation was severe. A first offense, it is true, only brought a shaved head or a burned home and public humiliation, but a second offense brought the death penalty. Pulque was intended to be mainly a ritual drink for the priests, who would imbibe before committing a sacrifice, and for the victims, who would imbibe even more liberally as they waited for their hearts to be cut out and fed to the sun.

While drunkenness was frowned upon, it wasn't totally suppressed, as the *Centzon Totochin*, or Four Hundred Rabbits, attest. The Four Hundred Rabbits were the gods of intoxication, believed to represent the myriad forms insobriety takes in individuals of different temperaments. *Ometochtli*, or Two Rabbit, was generally regarded as the supreme god of pulque. Mayahuel herself, variously de-

scribed as the goddess of pulque, of the maguey and of strong drink, appears in a number of codices in more than 20 forms. In one form, in the *Codex Laud*, we find her naked but bejeweled, wearing a nose ring, armlets and a fine collar with little golden bells. She is carrying a bone awl and a maguey thorn for a blood offering. Also pictured with her is some propaganda against the evils of Demon Pulque: there is a serpent in a tortoise shell symbolizing the homeless; a spear, lancet and dart-thrower to represent the drunkards' quarrel, while her foot is "waving like smoke" to drive home the image of the instability of drink.

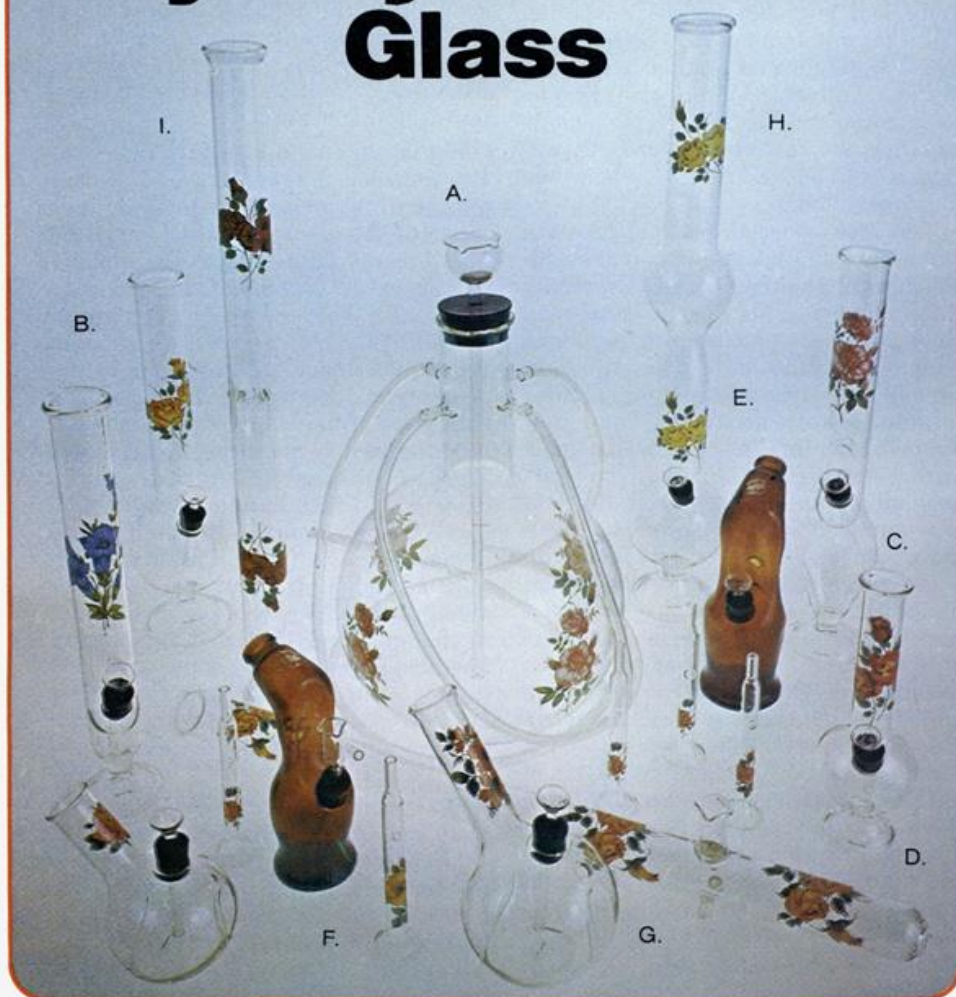
But these warnings aside, pulque was also regarded as something of a miracle potion. Sixteen medicinal compounds listed in the *Cruz-Badiano Codex*, the first American pharmacopoeia, contain pulque as an ingredient. Ing. Delgado proclaims, "There is no better drink in the world. It has 14 amino acids, vitamin B complex and B₁₂. If you look at the people who drink pulque, they have good color even if they're badly nourished. It produces red corpuscles for the blood. The old books say that it cures cancer, diabetes and syphilis and that *agua miel* cures inflammations of the urethra and kidneys." Other studies indicate that pulque has the nutritional equivalent of meat and milk, that it has large quantities of vitamin C and that it may also contain vitamins D and E. Some sources say that it may combat rickets and sterility. Ing. Delgado swears that drinking a glass every morning cured him of ulcers.

Also, much opinion holds that pulque is an aphrodisiac, which is why sexual innuendo suitably permeates the whole of pulque lore. Doing my own quick, nonscientific survey, I found that nearly everyone agrees that pulque is good for sex, except that sometimes it makes you oversexed and sometimes it makes you impotent.

After the Spanish conquest, all restrictions were lifted from pulque, and its widespread use was cited as one of the factors in the decay of Indian civilization. Pulquerias spread without restrictions, and by 1672, the viceregal government was forced to promulgate some laws to prevent the rapid moral deterioration of "New Spain." Two of those laws were that women were prohibited from entering pulquerias and that the establishments must close at night.

And so these two rules are a vigorously enforced anachronism in an industry that the Mexican government admits may disappear in the next hundred years. The pulqueria has sunk from the Holy Communion of the prehistoric ritual to nightclubs for the Conquistadors to meeting places for the parched peon. Well, everyone's entitled to a good time, aren't they? ■

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Story Of O

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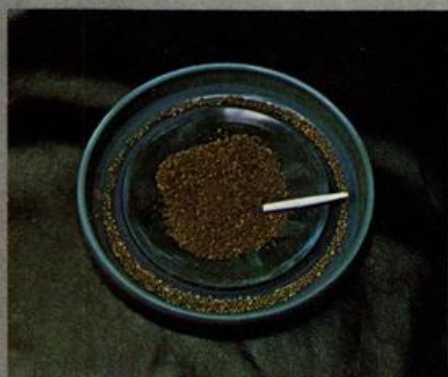
strategic trails that communicate with all three countries. They are the unofficial border army of what might be called the Golden Triangle, Interstate 491, and are led by what can only be described as warlords. The KMT have developed an economy based on opium. They smuggle it themselves, as well as extorting heavy taxes from every opium-laden mule caravan that passes through their strategic piece of real estate. They are an intensely unpopular but well-armed force.

The Meos, having less greed or more wisdom, prefer to avoid such hassles. But a short time ago, during wars that raged across the triangle, they were in a much more commanding position, and they capitalized on it. They found a way to circumvent both the KMT and the local authorities by gaining the assistance of their friend and employer—the American CIA. Air America, the agency-financed airline, picked up and delivered the Meo opium whenever and nearly wherever it was needed. In return, the Meos allowed themselves to be armed, trained and led into rear-guard actions against the Pathet Lao and Thai guerrillas. In this ruthlessly pragmatic way, the CIA tried to wage war efficiently by keeping the Meos—their somewhat secret army and best fighting force—happy. CIA men looked the other way and asked no questions when tons of illicit cargo were loaded on their planes and choppers bound for smack labs in Hong Kong and Bangkok.

Because they are a plucky, independent-minded folk, no national authority can afford to antagonize the Meos to the point of organized guerrilla insurrection. For incredible as it may seem, the combatants in Laos were demobilized after the war without being disarmed. Thus, the Meos are now a highly trained, formidable force, momentarily disbanded into hundreds of Neolithic villages across the countryside. And despite their heavy losses, the Meos' elaborate clan system is very intact, serving the needs of political organization.

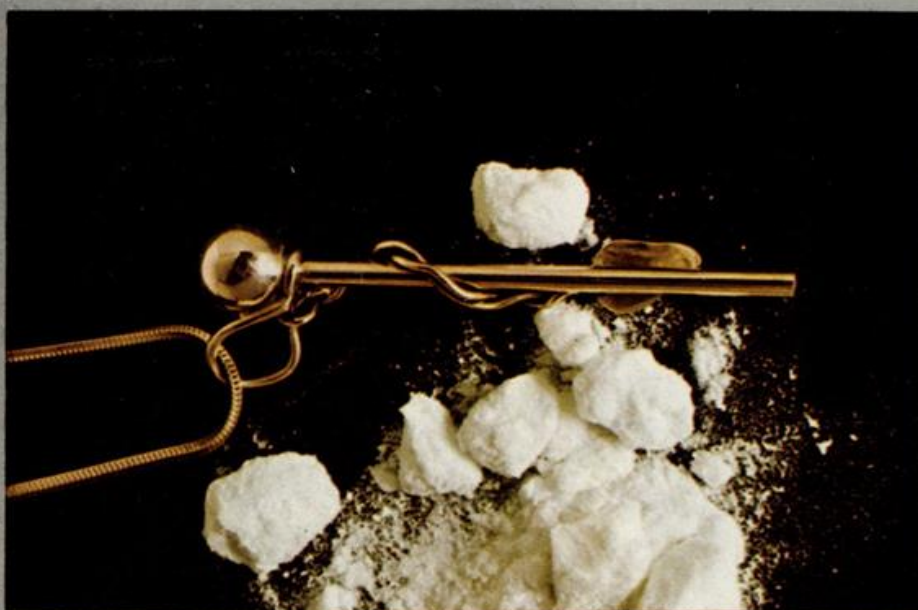
The victorious Communist Pathet Lao are staunch puritans whose dogma will inevitably clash with the Meos' traditional way of life. And although the mountain people get only about \$70 per kilo for raw opium that will eventually cost a heroin dealer in New York about \$25,000, at that price they can enjoy a life that *they* find eminently satisfactory. As intelligent Neolithic cultivators, the Meos know that no other crop has been introduced that transports easily, resists spoilage and can compete with that profit like opium. The *Hmong*, the very free people of the hills, are quite willing to fight again for the freedom to pursue their own best interests. Naturally! ■

Paraphernalia



Unidentified Rolling Object

The Rolling Bowl is made of high-impact plastic (the kind that went to the moon) and is shaped like an unidentified flying object. When we tried it for cleaning, all the seeds rolled neatly into the rim, but when we gave it the flight test, it failed to return—unlike the conventional frisbee often used for this purpose. You can have one (just like ours that didn't come back) for \$5.00 from Good Clean Fun, Box 229, Freedom, Ca. 95019.



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Piss

(continued from page 48)

retains the active principle of the drug and is, therefore, reused in this form.

Count Filip von Strahlenburg, a Swedish officer who enjoyed the hospitality of the czar as a prisoner of war in the late eighteenth century, described the use of fly agaric by the Koryak tribe in Siberia. "The poorer sort," he wrote, "who cannot afford ... these mushrooms, post themselves on these occasions round the huts of the rich, and watch the opportunity of the guests coming to make water; and then hold a wooden bowl to receive the urine, which they drink off greedily, as having still some virtue of the mushroom in it, and by this way, they also get drunk."

The high produced is far from the laid-back passivity of your average acid trip. According to Jesuit missionaries of the North Pacific expedition of 1904-09, the fly agaric was consumed by reindeer hunters to make them nimbler and more ferocious. According to the *Mushroom Handbook* (Louis C. Krieger, Dover, 1967, page 237), "It is said that the 'berserker rage' of the ancient Teutons was induced by partaking too freely of this juice."

The well-documented prevalence of holy-water sports at the dawn of history has given rise to an interesting debate between Wasson and the distinguished scholar of mysticism Mircea Eliade. According to Eliade, fly agaric intoxication was a shamanic shell game introduced after the witch doctors had forgotten (The Lost Secret) the miraculous meditation techniques of their cults' founders. Eventually shamanism evolved into religion as we have it today, rituals in which the hallucinations of the prophets are passed on to the congregation with mushroom substitutes, the purest examples being the wine and wafer, encoding both styles of fly agaric ingestion.

Wasson sees fly agaric itself as The Lost Secret, an evolutionary catalyst because it gave prehistoric man a glimpse of "horizons beyond any that he knew in his harsh struggle for survival" at a time when he had no "heavy" or "far out," perhaps no word for anything at all. So he was forced to invent language or, if he had language, to invent metaphor, and as an afterthought, religion, philosophy and civilization in general. The names stuck, and we've been blessed ever since with "god" and "immortality" because some lush in a loincloth saw pink mastodons on a cave wall.

Wasson's thinking will probably prevail here, and rumor has it that the two have been in correspondence lately with a view to reaching an accord of learned opinion. Eliade would ultimately have to fall back on Von Daniken anyway, to account for any Lost Secret that wasn't already being nurtured on the cow pies of

the bosom of Earth. What's important is that both recognize the mingling of fly agaric with human destiny for better or worse, and the honeymoon lasted long enough to explain everything that happened since.

Wasson offers another scriptural proof of ritual urine consumption of fly agaric in citing the following from the adventures of Krishna (the same of Hare Hare fame) in the ancient Indian epic poem the *Mahabharata*. Wasson suggests that this passage was introduced approximately 1,000 years after mushroom use ceased.

Krsna had offered Uttanka a boon, and Uttanka said, "I wish to have water whenever I want it." Krsna said, "When you want anything, think on me," and he went away. Then one day Uttanka was thirsty, and he thought on Krsna and thereupon he saw a naked, filthy *matanga* (an outcast) surrounded by a pack of dogs, terrifying, bearing a bow and arrows. And Uttanka saw copious streams of water flowing from his lower parts. The *matanga* smiled and said to Uttanka, "Come, Uttanka, and accept this water from me. I feel great pity for you seeing you so overcome by thirst." The sage did not rejoice in that water, and he reviled Krsna with harsh words. The *matanga* kept repeating, "Drink!" but the sage was angry and did not drink. Then the hunter vanished with his dogs, and Uttanka's mind was troubled; he considered that he had been deceived by Krsna. Then Krsna came bearing his disc and his conch, and Uttanka said to him, "It was not proper for you to give me such a thing, water in the form of the stream from a *matanga*." Then Krsna spoke to Uttanka with honeyed words, to console him, saying, "I gave it to you in such form as was proper, but you did not recognize it. For your sake I said to Indra, 'Give the *amrta* to Uttanka in the form of water.' Indra said to me, 'A mortal should not become immortal; give some other boon to him.' He kept repeating this, but I insisted, 'Give the *amrta*.' Then he said to me, 'If I must give it, I will become a *matanga* and give the *amrta* to the noble descendant of Bhrgu (Uttanka). If he accepts the *amrta* thus, I will go and give it to him today.' As he continued to say, 'I will not give it (otherwise);' I agreed to this, and he approached you and offered the *amrta*. But he took the form of a *candala*. But your worth is great, and I will give you what you wished: on what-

ever days you have a desire for water, the clouds will be full of water then, and they will give water to you, and they will be called Uttanka clouds." Then the sage was pleased.

Both the *amrta* in the above text and the *soma* in the text previously mentioned are considered to be the "lost drugs" of the Vedic religions, drugs that supposedly conferred immortality or divinity, and consequently are identified with ambrosia. There is a considerable controversy over whether or not *soma* and *amrta* are identical drugs. There is evidence to suggest that there are two different drugs, both divine, but each possessing its own attributes and pantheon: *soma* being lunar, white, a passive psychoactive similar to mescaline or psilocybin; *amrta* being solar, red, possessing qualities associated with cinabar or mercury. Or *soma* is Woodstock, *amrta* Altamont.

A terrific unsolicited manuscript I read a few years back presented a strong argument for the separate identities of these drugs—identifying them with the solar/lunar, active/passive energy channels of yoga theory. The writer, a Thomas Andrew Angelou, also identified these two divine drugs with the red and white of the Christian Eucharist, the bread and wine, the body and blood of Christ. According to Angelou, by balancing these dual channels/gods/drugs, one achieves immortality, now better known as *samadhi*, or third eye liftoff. An imbalance between these two channels/gods/drugs, would create abnormal, destructive conditions.

The fly agaric is bright red with white specks. If *soma* and *amrta* are different drugs, it is likely that the mushroom is the latter, the divine drug of solar power, rage and destruction. Thus the mushroom would seem to be the body of an angry god, quite suitable to the Aryans' kick-ass, plunder and rape sense of life. World conquest, even if only by language, would seem to require a deity-system built on force rather than on love, and its elixir of immortality would have to be strong enough to send a whole race on a bad trip.

Modern scientific authorities generally consider *soma* and *amrta* to be lost drugs. What is a lost drug? Some consider these substances to be extinct. Others suggest that we have merely lost track of their identity. The latter group has come up with many candidates for the drugs, from wine and hashish to creeper vines and rhubarb. But as Wasson painstakingly points out, fly agaric seems to be the perfect candidate for the divine drug. Did fly agaric become scarce, or was knowledge of the mushroom's properties somehow suppressed or lost?

It's known that the fly agaric is not

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domesticable. It is found today where it chooses to grow, chiefly in the circumpolar tundra of Siberia, Alaska and points north. Perhaps its range changed because of changes in climate. Or more likely, it was a case of demand far outstripping supply, a condition that might have given rise to some interesting social developments. Before extinction or loss of the drug, there was undoubtedly a period of relative stability of scarcity. How convenient for organizing a kind of metaphysical economy, when the medium of exchange is immortality: that's a better organizing agent than junk.

So when the priests and nobles had dosed themselves full of the body of the god named Red, they called upon their vassals and retainers to drink up their urine. These cocksuckers must have made Hassan I'Sabbah's boys look like dandies, drinking the drug hot, straight from the nethernipple of the boss, with a beer back perhaps. And what's Wasson's theory about the drug's disappearance?

Why was soma so soon abandoned in India, perhaps even before the forms were closed on the canon of the Rig Veda? For one thing, questions of supply, which must always have been awkward, became impossible when the Indo-Aryans spread out over all of India. The mushroom crop in the Hindu-Kush and the Himalayas was each year a fixed quantity. Of course for a time the priests could make do with insufficient fly agarics (as they had to do many times in seasons of short supply, stretching out the Holy Element by utilizing the Second Form).

Okay, the priests are sitting on stools drinking beer and chewing the flesh of the god. The bar is on a caulked platform six feet above the ground. The elite men wear no girdles, but piss on their seats as they drink, and the piss runs down the trough in a stream where the retainers sit with their cups and trenchers of beer. Senior vassals sit nearest the trough at the end under the king and high priest. Sometimes the priests call up a favored young warrior to receive the blessing of a direct infusion of the god from the lords. Thus loyalty was spread through every rank of Aryan society by the physical fealty of worship at the divine faucet. Pisses mushroom, if not in money, taking it out in trade. Classes of allegiance form along the lines of supply and demand. The priesthood and kings have more than bread to hold over the heads of the people. The world's first piss slaves got their first taste. Just one taste and they would give their lives and cross a continent to drink of the waters of life. They would swear any allegiance, kick any ass for their fungal fix: "King says there is new land where holy mushroom grow on

trees." So they rounded up their animals, made some new leather jackets and sharpened up their spears. And the Aryan race went out to seek its fortune.

A pretty strange fruit, this mushroom. John Allegro, most famous of the Dead Sea Scroll scholars and a distinguished linguist, has written a book, apparently totally independent of Wasson's thought, suggesting that this same mushroom was the origin of Judaism and Christianity. In fact, he goes so far as to suggest that Jesus was in fact a mushroom. A funny thought. Did we have orders not to eat this one, sir? The woman gave it to me.

But let's back up and try to be reasonable about this stuff. We've shown that there are a bunch of influential perverts who like to hurt each other, drink piss and

think Aryan. And that the Aryan race may have gotten its start conquering nations because of an interesting drug habit. Still, even if every white housewife in America was secretly into water sports—golden showers and bondage in the sanctuary of their bedrooms—there would be no evidence that the fly agaric is still operative in the Aryan race. It is certainly out of our diet. What we seem to have are a few silly vestiges that like to pop up now and then to embarrass us and remind us that we used to dress up like cows and pour blood on the ground to make the corn grow.

Even if we were to accept the Nazi idea of Aryan—blond, blue-eyed, long-headed, irascible—there is little evidence
(continued on page 95)

Sociochemistry of Mushroom Cults

Amanita muscaria mushroom intoxication is no longer the national pisstime of the Aryans, though beer festivals remain as popular as ever west of the Berlin Wall. The Siberian tribes who still use *Amanita* are no longer ruled by religious-economic structures based on the mushroom as commodity and mystifier. To the seminomadic reindeer hunters of the Chukchi and Kamchatka areas, their use of the plant is primarily social, like beer or smoke. Fly agaric is also eaten in the West Siberian Plain between the Ob and Yenisei Rivers, but these tribes use only the mushroom, not the urine.

Amanita muscaria grows widely throughout the undeveloped, mountainous regions of Europe and North America, but its psychedelic properties are ignored or unknown in most of these areas. It does occasionally serve as a literary curiosity (for example, see H. G. Wells's "The Purple Pileus," in *Fifty Weird Stories*, 1892).

One reason for this neglect may be the danger of death. Bufotenine [2-methylserotonin (5-hydroxydimethyltryptamine)], closely related to the neurohormone serotonin, is thought to be the main psychedelic component. Injected, pure bufotenine takes effect in one minute; pleasant lethargy and color visions ensue, wearing off into drowsy confusion after 30 to 45 minutes. The dose also includes muscarines, a group of compounds that disrupt the brain's amine metabolism to produce vertigo,

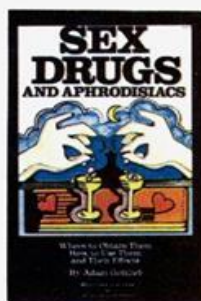
convulsions, coma and death. Atropine, of jimsonweed fame, is the other active ingredient.

Native users say that the urinated psychedelic has fewer painful effects, which indicates that all of *Amanita*'s chemicals but the bufotenine may be metabolized and so not excreted, making the Second Form safer than the First. It retains its potency until the fourth or fifth recycling.

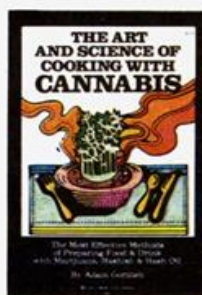
The chemical complex of the whole mushroom produces an intoxication in three stages, often alternating: 1)-physical movement, aggression, joviality; 2) voices, visions of the *wa'pag* (*Amanita* spirits), size perception distortions, and 3) visions without consciousness of the body, even though it may be walking into trees or falling into canyons. Friends of the *Amanita* user often must protect him from untimely accidents during this stage.

How did some early proto-Teuton first learn about his vegetable link with the supernatural? Mycologist R. Gordon Wasson has the most intriguing and most likely answer—by example. Siberian reindeer love to get raging crazy on the mushroom; they even love to eat piss-soaked snow. They especially enjoy human urine, so much so that hunters sprinkle flagons of it to attract them. In fact, anyone taking a leak on the open tundra must do it fast, to avoid being trampled by stampeding caribou. It seems reindeer really do know how to fly.

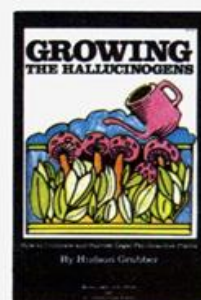
—Gary Stimeling □



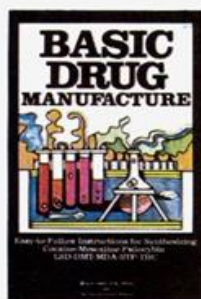
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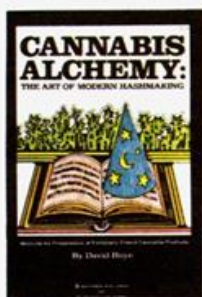
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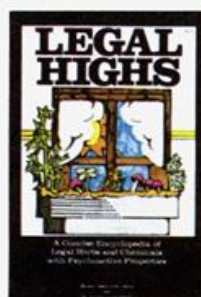
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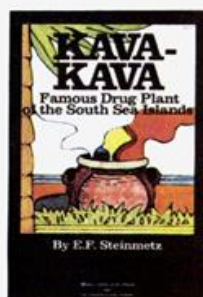
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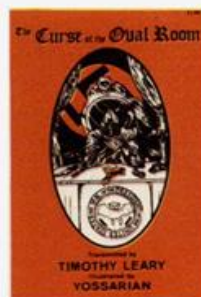
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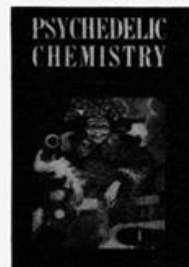
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PSYCHEDELIC CHEMISTRY, by Michael Valentine Smith (San Francisco: Rip Off Press, \$4.95).



During the peak of the psychedelic drug publicity a few years ago, it seemed as if every issue of every underground newspaper ran ads offering recipes for the home preparation of chemicals of interest. All too often these were illegible mimeographed copies of laboratory procedures, which, if followed exactly, could not possibly result in any recognizable product. Fortunately, this fad lost popularity before too many aspiring chemists ignited their landlord's attic; the self-sufficient provider of synthetic chemicals has now rediscovered the library and the published scientific literature. *Psychedelic Chemistry* avoids the step-by-step approach to drug preparation and presents instead abstracts and outlines of established procedures as well as numerous compilations of references to the technical literature.

Each major psychedelic drug or class of drugs is treated in a separate section. Each is discussed in terms of the variations of syntheses that are known and, in the case of natural products, the details concerning extraction and concentration. The entry on marijuana, for example, contains some ten syntheses of THC (or of close analogs) condensed into individual, single paragraphs and nearly twice this number of terse abstracts devoted to the preparation of necessary precursors (such as olivetol, 5-alkyl resorcinol and menthatriene). In addition, there is a clear discussion on the extraction of the active principles of the plant and citations directing the reader to some 25 additional research reports that could be of value.

Similar concentration of detail is provided for indolic psychedelics: mescaline and its analogs, harmaline, LSD, cocaine and others. The third printing has corrections of errors that faulted the first edition and also an addendum covering recent developments. This is a good reference volume for anyone wishing an accurate, concise review of the current methods available for the synthesis of psychedelic drugs who might appreciate a light sprinkling of speculation and philosophy as well.

—A. T. Shulgin

PSILOCYBIN: MAGIC MUSHROOM GROWER'S GUIDE, by O. T. Oss and O. N. Oeric (Berkeley: And/Or Press, \$4.95). Here is a detailed, step-by-step



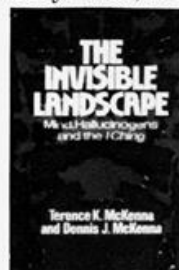
guide to the small-scale cultivation of *Stropharia cubensis*, a hallucinogenic psilocybin-containing mushroom. If the reader follows these techniques, which are meticulously illustrated, a ready supply of psilocybin mushrooms can be had within 60 days, utilizing materials that can be purchased in any large supermarket. Included is information on drying, storing and ingesting your harvest and a chronology of prominent events in the history of psilocybin mushrooms. A brief bibliography and glossary will aid the beginner who wishes to learn more about the taxonomy and history of hallucinogenic fungi. There is a colorful section of beautiful photographs of *Stropharia cubensis* in culture, which are useful to the neophyte who wants to collect wild mushrooms with which to start his cultures.

In the chronology, the authors state that in publishing this book they have "bravely risked ridicule to become the first to suggest the extraterrestrial origin of *Stropharia cubensis*." Indeed, they have invited ridicule by advancing this absurd hypothesis; it detracts greatly from an otherwise useful book. There are a few slight inaccuracies in the historical chronology. It is also unfortunate that the authors endorse the worthless chemical test (*p*-methylamino phenol) for hallucinogenic activity in mushrooms and embark on a lengthy, pedantic discussion of the life cycle of the higher fungi, which is irrelevant to the subject at hand. Apparently these chemical and physiological asides are designed to impress the reader with the authors' scientific acumen.

These are minor grievances, however; this book is about growing mushrooms. The method, clearly described and illustrated, works. The reader can use this information to produce a supply of a potent, pure, genuine psychedelic mushrooms. This technique may potentially revolutionize dope dealing in the United States. It represents a significant advance for the consumer interested in obtaining cheap, pure and potent hallucinogens.

—Jonathan Ott

THE INVISIBLE LANDSCAPE: MIND, HALLUCINOGENS AND THE I CHING, by Terence K. McKenna and Dennis J. McKenna (New York: Seabury Press, \$12.95). Although it sounds



eclectic enough, the title of this book is actually too restricted to describe the contents. Its scope is the entire universe, and its purpose is to redefine the underlying assumptions science makes about space, time, matter, energy and perception.

A complex theory of the molecular basis of mental function, including the brain's reactions to psychedelics, is here developed. Drawing heavily on hologram theory, the authors postulate that all memory—both personal memories and the collective unconscious of the species—is encoded in the nuclear DNA of each neuron. This information can be released, they argue, when serotonin or any similar compound temporarily bonds within the DNA helix, takes on the properties of a superconductor and transmits the coded material in the form of electrical impulses along a nerve fiber into the consciousness mechanism. This would produce a phenomenon called electron spin resonance (ESR), the frequency at which an electron vibrates as it orbits the nucleus of an atom. Now, it seems most persons who take tryptamines or harmine alkaloids (the drugs most closely related to serotonin) report a faint buzz inside the head, often sounding like wind chimes or rustling leaves. The McKennas decide this may be direct perception of the ESR of the drug as it metabolizes. They further theorize that the bonding of the drug to DNA could be tremendously enhanced by vocalizing a harmonic overtone of the ESR.

In March 1971, the pair went to a village in southern Colombia to test their hypothesis. They took a combination of ayahuasca, a hallucinogenic vine, and *Stropharia cubensis*, a psychedelic mushroom that is high in tryptamines. By pitching their voices to approximate a harmonic of the ESR buzzing tone they heard in their heads, they succeeded in generating a journey that lasted intensely for 14 days and altogether about 40 days. During this period they experienced the vision of reality elucidated in this book.

—Gary Stimmel

RASTAMAN VIBRATION, by Bob Marley and the Wailers (Island ILPS 9383), **THIS IS REGGAE MUSIC** (Island ILPS 9251), **JAMAICAN CULT MUSIC** (Folkways Ethnic Library FE 4461). In case you haven't heard, Bob



Marley's new album is his best yet, and therefore reggae's best, slicked up slightly to make his loonier fringes somewhat more palatable to the American market. Why, Bob even sings about "Positive Vibrations"! Still, all his rhythm, vocal power and songwriting superpower have arrived on our shores intact, as have, apparently, a few dozen kilos of Jamaica's finest on the band plane. Listening to *Rastaman Vibration*, there can't be much doubt but that Bob Marley and the Wailers smoke ganja, think ganja, sing ganja, sleep ganja, dream ganja, snort ganja, toot ganja and do a lot of grass, too. Nor should any moderately dedicated reggae fanatic be nonplussed by the controversy about Marley going commercial. After all, it is his religious duty to spread the word to his soul brothers Stateside, and you know what those dudes think of their skinfolk who are still living in the woods, smearing shit in their hair because they think Haile Selassie is God.

If there's anything to complain about on *Rastaman Vibration*, it's the absence of Rastawoman vibrations. But then, at least on superficial glance, it looks like the man with the dreadlock "do" also wears the pants in the average Rasta household. Anyway, *Rastaman Vibration* captures well over 80 percent of the sexual vitality of a hip-shaking, dreadlock-flying Marley conference, and that seems to be quite a bargain for the lady Marley fans of my acquaintance.



The only possible failing of the Marley album is that it's an album: reggae in Jamaica is to a large extent a one-shot proposition, as an obscure band breaks its single hit and fades away as fast as possible. Ten highly miscellaneous reggae hits are now available on Island's superb sampler *This Is Reggae Music*, with Marley and the Wailers' "I Shot the Sheriff" and "Concrete Jungle," still their all-time greatest, Jimmy Cliff's "Hey Mr. Yesterday," Toots and the Maytalls' "Louie, Louie" and reggae's leading lady, Lorna Bennett's very sexy "Breakfast in Bed."

Other tunes by now probably forgotten artists like the Heptones and Zap Pow fill out a line-up that Murray the K could

announce for the Brooklyn Fox without twisting his tongue. It's a terrific if eclectic album that captures the flavor of reggae as it is most "naturally" heard: walking the streets of Kingston listening to the reggae radios and records playing from every fourth house, one sound, one reality drifting in and out of your awareness as quickly as most of the reggae bands drift in and out of success. This is real reggae music, fans.



You're still not satisfied? Well, blood, for you we haul out de special blend: *Jamaican Cult Music*, recorded live in Kingston, Jamaica, by George Eaton Simpson of Oberlin back in 1954, when Bob Marley was just a little Rasta. Most of the music was recorded in outdoor ceremonies or in ramshackle churches with leaky tin roofs and clapboard walls, and the quality of the sound is remarkable, considering. What we have here mainly is a lot of Christian revivalist music with a little hoo-doo voodoo; the Lord receives His fair share of praise, but the idea is clearly present that going on to heaven is a cross between going back to Africa and turning white. Still, it's pretty funky.

Two interesting cuts feature Cumina drumming and John Canoe music. Cumina bands use two African-type drums, a double-headed bass drum, gourd rattles and a flattened coconut grater over which a piece of metal is drawn. The Cumina bands are strictly backwoods outfits and are seldom heard in Jamaica. Their music is emphatically African—percussive, ecstatic and, according to Simpson, not the sort of thing you'd hear at a Jamaican funeral. It is one of the stronger local influences on reggae, as is John Canoe music, a festive merrymaking music combined with masquerade partying that goes all the way back to slave days.

Most interesting for reggae fans, though, are the Rastafarian rituals that feature instruments like the rhumba box, which is something like the marimba, rattles, tambourines, and even a saxophone. Like the Rastafarian religion itself, Rasta music is gamely eclectic in sound and includes elements of Christian, African and black-supremacist singing and shouting. All Jamaican cult music expresses the hoping-against-hope of one of the more unlikely-to-succeed populations of the Western Hemisphere and is consequently almost electrifying in the zeal with which the promise of Africa and heaven is seized upon and realized with singing and dancing. The result—up to now—has been

reggae, music that sings you can have it if you want it, babe, providing it is something more like a pimpmobile than a mud hut in Ghana. It sounds all right to me.

—Eric Whiteblood

A1A, by Jimmy Buffett (ABC Dunhill DSD-50183). Jimmy Buffett is a polished



country-western singer with something to say. His music is the slickest of Nashville pickin'. But his songs dance on the outskirts of

American scenes that are recognized by the country-music business only as fleshpots of Satan: to wit, dope smuggling in the Florida and Texarkana parts of the world. "I've got a Caribbean soul that I can't control and some Texas right here in my heart," Buffett sings in "Migration," a song that captures perfectly the drifting, unfocused vitality hitherto associated with bikers, truckers and other typical white working-class cult heroes. Buffett has added the small-time, free-lance smuggler who may or may not have done time to that roster, and clearly the lovable smuggler is miles ahead of the rest of them in cult appeal.

Buffett himself looks like a smuggler or, more appropriately, like the aging freebooter he sings about in "A Pirate Look at 40," his hit monologue about a pirate born "200 years too late." He's "done a bit of smuggling... brought in a little grass" and generally participated in any scam that could keep him sailing the Caribbean waters he loves. Buffett's pitch and tone are restrained, almost understated, almost shy; but he conveys less embarrassment or I-work-for-the-side-that-pays-me-the-most cynicism about his trade than a certain patient wonderment at it—perhaps because, facing the possibility of legalization, he is risking his life in a racket that will soon become obsolete and meaningless. There's no inherent defiance in Jimmy Buffett, just a simple sense of curiosity that, despite his perfect willingness to be a simple merchant seaman, U.S. Coast Guard boats are ready to sink him when they sight same.

Buffett is a sophisticated singer whose records are almost easy listening. I understand that in concert he's quite wild. His last album, "A White Sports Coat and a Pink Crustacean," and his most recent, "Havana Dreaming," are respectively more radical in their ironies and laid-back moods. Typical of A1A, "A Pirate Look at 40" is far more subtly provocative after a few listenings, with its juxtaposition of calm criminal assurance and bewilderment of a man who's an outlaw in spite of himself.

—Rudy Fontana

Piss

(continued from page 91)

of continuity of any kind with the early Vedic cults. Even in India there is no evidence of continued existence of *soma/amrta* among the Brahmins. Only the Eskimos seem to have made use of it in modern times, and look where it's gotten them.

Aside from the scarcity hypothesis, there is also the morality argument. Zoroaster reformed Vedic religion, in part by attacking urine consumption as an abomination. Yet broadly speaking, the Aryan race can hardly be said to have distinguished itself on the morals front since this religious reform. Quite the contrary. Since prohibition, the Aryans and their descendants and self-proclaimed scions seem to have become a distinct danger to humanity.

Then again, we have the interesting notion of a psychoactive agent that is not easily broken down. The god is recycled again and again in the urine. Perhaps the active agent itself is immortal in a way, in that it doesn't break down. Mushroom spores, parasite fruit, grow 'em on the feet of athletes, rotting oak stumps, in circles on dark lawns under a crescent moon. Perhaps the essence of fly agaric immortality has already achieved a kind of mutant symbiosis with the human host.

As William Burroughs points out in *The Job*, once a state of symbiosis is achieved, it is virtually impossible to distinguish a virus and its host from a single creature. Perhaps hundreds or thousands of years of fly agaric use instilled in the Aryans a resident itch for fire, war and trouble. Perhaps *soma* and *amrta* have been synthesized by the human body. The mushroom is no longer needed. Only a subliminal taste for the sacrament form remains.

"Hey, man, got a taste?"

Perhaps Jack, advertising in a toilet, is looking for his god. No more sailor boys down on the docks, but plenty of cowboys looking for frontier. It might pay to keep the Second Form going, just in case. The angry god might come back. He speaks our language.

William Burroughs has this terrific proposition about how whiteys are mutants left over from Schamballah or some such spot that was nuked in the Gobi in late prehistory. This is seen as the source of our pain as well as our ambition. A person who lives at the limits of suffering obviously requires a different form of religion from the person who lives securely. Is nuclear nova a black-magic cure that whitey has cooked up as the solution to this painful problem of sloppy karma that keeps coming back like athlete's foot? In the meantime, down on the docks, the experiments continue. ■

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EAST COAST

Regular	poor to fair quality;	oz	15-25
Mexican	good quantity	lb	100-200
Top-grade	long green Oaxacan	oz	30-45
Mexican	tops; decent smoke	lb	350-450
Jamaican	worse than usual	oz	20-25
		lb	250-325
Commercial	supply and quality	oz	25-35
Colombian	decreasing	lb	275-400
Connoisseur	gold; incredible	oz	35-55
Colombian	demand, poor availability	lb	450-575
	"red"; very little	oz	35-45
	truly so	lb	425-525
	black; good color but	oz	30-45
	that's all	lb	400-500
Hawaiian	brown resinous tops;	oz	175-225
	excellent; good supply	lb	2200-3000
Thai sticks	thin gold; good	oz	175-225
		lb	2000-2500
Moroccan	blonde/green; OK	oz	75-110
hash		lb	900-1200
Lebanese	hard to find	oz	100-150
hash		lb	1100-1600
Afghani	nothing better than	oz	110-160
hash	third grade	lb	1200-1700
Nepalese	decent supply of	oz	120-175
hash	good fingers	lb	1400-1900
Paki hash	stamped brown	oz	120-175
	slabs; tasty smoke	lb	1400-1800
Lebanese	good red; scarce	gm	20-30
hash oil		oz	325-425
Afghani	mind clouding	gm	20-30
hash oil		oz	300-425
Honey oil	supply diminishing	gm	20-35
		oz	350-500
THC	available; generally	hit	1-2
	PCP	100	75-150
LSD	various kinds	hit	1-3
		100	75-150
Psilocybin	usually unavailable	oz	20-35
		lb	150-250
Cocaine	good to excellent	gm	75-120
	quality and quantity	oz	1300-1900
Quaalude 714s	rare	one	2-5
		100	150-350
Ups	bootleg black	one	1.25-2
	beauties; very good	100	80-150

FLORIDA-GEORGIA

Domestic	optimistic outlook for	oz	10-20
	new harvest	lb	75-175
Mexican	both comm'l & top	oz	15-40
	grades available	lb	150-400
Jamaican	weak grades	oz	20-30
		lb	200-300
Commercial	constant supply	oz	20-30
Colombian		lb	225-350
Connoisseur	supply on the	oz	35-50
Colombian	decrease	lb	350-475
Thai sticks	small green ones	one	20-30
		oz	175-225
Moroccan	decent green/black	oz	65-90
hash		lb	800-1100
Colombian	finally vanishing	oz	50-75
hash		lb	800-1000
Lebanese	sacked; fair red	oz	80-130
hash		lb	900-1250
Lebanese	delicious-tasting red,	gm	25-35
oil	good high	oz	350-475
LSD	all types	one	1.50-3
		100	75-150
Cocaine	flake and rock; both	gm	75-100
	good	oz	1150-1750
Quaaludes	few pharmaceuticals	one	2-3.50
		100	100-250

SOUTH

Domestic	decent	oz	10-25
		lb	100-250
Regular	stable supply	oz	15-25
Mexican		lb	150-250
Top-grade	some seedy gold	oz	40-55
Mexican	tops; good	lb	450-550
Commercial	just fair and seedy	oz	25-35
Colombian		lb	325-450

Connoisseur	generally scarce;	oz	40-60
Colombian	some multicolor	lb	450-575
Afghani	thick black slabs,	oz	110-160
hash	varying qualities	lb	1250-1650
Lebanese	small quantities of	oz	115-165
hash	fresh moist red	lb	1200-1600
Afghani	far from the best	gm	25-35
hash oil		oz	375-475
THC	PCP on increase	hit	1-2
		100	75-125
LSD	all kinds, usually	hit	1-2.50
		100	75-125
Cocaine	good-quality items,	gm	60-100
	rare	oz	1000-1500
Speed	white crossroads;	one	.25-.50
	fair	100	10-25

GREAT LAKES REGION

Regular	seedy, poor	oz	10-20
Mexican	commercial	lb	100-225
Top-grade	seldom seen lately;	oz	35-55
Mexican	some Oaxacan	lb	450-600
Jamaican	seedy and stringy;	oz	20-30
	poor	lb	300-400
Commercial	poor to fair	oz	25-35
Colombian		lb	300-450
Connoisseur	little gold; some	oz	35-60
Colombian	good red	lb	450-600
Thai sticks	scarce but good	one	20-30
		oz	175-225
Afghani	fair to good black	oz	110-155
hash		lb	1200-1700
Nepalese	decent fingers	oz	125-175
hash		lb	1300-1800
Lebanese	crumbly blonde;	oz	90-140
hash	good	lb	1100-1500
Honey oil	best available	gm	25-35
		oz	400-550
LSD	windowpane, local	one	1-3
	pride	100	100-200
Mescaline	light brown powder	hit	2-4
Psilocybin	LSD-laced powder	hit	2-4
		100	150-250
Peyote	fresh buttons	one	50-1
Cocaine	heavily cut	gm	75-100
		oz	1200-1800
Quaaludes	poor bootlegs	one	2-4
		100	200-300

MIDWEST

Domestic	El Ropo	oz	10-15
		lb	75-200
Commercial	still seedy & poor	oz	10-20
Mexican		lb	100-225
Top-grade	Oaxacan; the best	oz	25-40
Mexican		lb	375-500
Commercial	browns & greens	oz	30-40
Colombian		lb	350-450
Connoisseur	less gold; decent to	oz	40-60
Colombian	good red	lb	500-650
Thai sticks	scarce; good to	one	20-30
	excellent	oz	175-225
Afghani	very scarce;	oz	110-175
hash	black/white	lb	1500-1900
Lebanese	sacked red & gold	oz	90-140
		lb	1100-1600
Honey oil	scarce but excellent	gm	30-40
		oz	450-575
Afghani	poor-grade black	gm	25-35
oil		oz	400-500
LSD	dots & tabs	one	1.50-3
		100	75-125
MDA	rare	gm	30-40
Peyote	some new, fresh	one	1-2
	buds		
Cocaine	no pure; all heavily	gm	75-100
	cut	oz	1100-1700
Quaaludes	Mexican &	one	2-4
	U.S. 714s	100	175-250
Ups & speed	unstable quality	one	50-1
		100	35-75

SOUTHWEST

Domestic	Texas and Tucson	oz	10-20
	tops; fair to good	lb	75-200
Regular	nothing special	oz	10-20
Mexican		lb	75-200
Top-grade	very good	oz	25-50
Mexican	Michoacan	lb	250-500
Commercial	fair and seedy	oz	25-35
Colombian		lb	325-425
Connoisseur	fluffy light brown	oz	35-55
Colombian	tops; very good	lb	450-550
Thai sticks	excellent when	one	20-30
	found	oz	175-225
Lebanese	dry red slabs; fair	oz	80-110
hash		lb	900-1300
Afghani	decent	gm	20-30
hash oil		oz	350-475
LSD	good blotter	one	1-2.50
	available	100	100-150
Peyote	good fresh buttons	one	15-25
Cocaine	fair to good quality	gm	60-100
	and quantity	oz	1100-1700



WEST COAST

Domestic	good possibility;	oz	20-75
	Californian	lb	200-500
	excellent		
Commercial	readily available	oz	15-20
Mexican		lb	110-250
Top-grade	various types still	oz	30-45
Mexican	acceptable	lb	300-500
Commercial	improving lately	oz	30-45
Colombian		lb	340-450
Connoisseur	resinous multicolor;	oz	45-60
Colombian	hard to find	lb	485-600
Hawaiian	incredible when	oz	195-225
	around	lb	1900-2525
Thai sticks	good but rare	one	25-35
		oz	200-250
Lebanese	blonde & red; fair to	oz	80-125
hash	good	lb	900-1200
Moroccan	usual crumbly green;	oz	70-110
hash	fair	lb	810-1120
Afghani	surfboard; OK	oz	115-165
hash		lb	1400-1800
Colombian	avoid	oz	50-90
hash		lb	700-925
Afghani	black & potent	gm	20-35
hash oil		oz	400-500
Lebanese	red, sweet tasting,	gm	20-35
oil	potent	oz	350-460
Honey oil	amber, the best	gm	25-35
		oz	400-530
LSD	good windowpane	one	1-3
	& blotter	100	75-150
Peyote	still around	one	30-50
Cocaine	always available	gm	60-100
		oz	1125-2000

NORTHWEST

Regular	quality and quantity	oz	10-20
Mexican	declining	lb	100-250
Top-grade	long green tops;	oz	35-55
Mexican	good	lb	400-600
Commercial	just average	oz	25-35
Colombian		lb	325-450
Connoisseur	small amount of	oz	35-60
Colombian	spicy red	lb	450-600
Lebanese	pressed gold slabs	oz	100-150
hash		lb	1000-1500
Moroccan	crumbly green; poor	oz	75-110
hash		lb	900-1200
Afghani	black slabs, OK	oz	110-165
hash		lb	1200-1650
Lebanese	good, sticky red	gm	20-30
hash oil		oz	300-425
Honey oil	excellent	gm	25-35
		oz	375-525
LSD	brown and clear	one	1-3
	blotter	100	75-125
Peyote	Wash. buttons;	one	.25-.50
	green and good		
Cocaine	good blow scarce	gm	70-100
		oz	1100-1600

ALASKA

Matanuska	very rare; dealers'	oz	50-75
Thunderfuck	stash only	lb	500-700
Regular Mexican	still stable	oz	15-30
		lb	225-350
Commercial	dry & seedy	oz	25-40
Colombian		lb	325-450
Connoisseur	decent red tops	oz	40-65
Colombian		lb	500-650
Hawaiian	amazing Puna butter;	oz	225-300
	limited	lb	2300-3300
Thai sticks	sporadic supply;	one	20-30
	good quality	oz	175-200
LSD	only good blotter	hit	3-5
		100	200-300
Cocaine	poor to excellent	gm	75-125
		oz	1500-2500
Ups	popular on the	one	25.4
	pipeline; different	10	15-25
	qualities		

HAWAII

Commercial	nothing out of the	oz	30-45
Colombian	ordinary	lb	350-450
Connoisseur	spicy gold tops;	oz	40-65
Colombian	worth finding	lb	425-625
Kona gold	outstanding	oz	75-100
	prospects	lb	1200-2000
Maui	green, resinous buds;	oz	75-125
	a tropical treasure	lb	1100-1600
LSD	brown computer	hit	2-3
	dots	100	125-175
Cocaine	good flake; sporadic	gm	80-120
	supply	oz	1500-2100

EASTERN CANADA

Domestic	poor to poorer	oz	15-25
		lb	150-250
Regular Mexican	low grade, but cheap	oz	20-25
		lb	150-225
Top-grade Mexican	some tasty tops; looks Oaxacan	oz	35-50
		lb	400-525
Commercial Colombian	fair to decent	oz	25-40
		lb	375-450
High-quality Colombian	some gold & red buds	oz	45-60
		lb	475-600
Guatemalan	scarce	oz	45-60
		lb	500-650
Hawaiian	Kona green; some excellent brown	oz	175-250
		lb	1400-2000
Durham sticks	varied potency	one	15-20
high grade		oz	150-200
		lb	1250-1750
Indian hash	poorly pressed; fair	oz	100-165
		lb	1500-1800
Kashmiri hash	best available	oz	125-225
		lb	1400-2000
Afghani hash oil	unpure	gm	25-40
		oz	400-525
Honey oil	sweet & potent	gm	25-40
		oz	425-550
MDA	pseudospeed	gm	25-30
Cocaine	some fresh flake	gm	75-125
		oz	1400-1500

FOREIGN

AMSTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS

Domestic hash	still trying; barge boo	oz	15-20
		lb	200-350
Senegalese & Congolese	very strong	oz	45-60
		kilo	625-1300
Moroccan hash	keep away from it	oz	50-70
		kilo	800-985
Lebanese hash	excellent choice	oz	45-50
		kilo	860-1000
Pakistani hash	dark green; be selective	oz	45-55
		kilo	910-1200
Kashmiri hash	strong	oz	55-60
		kilo	1115-1325
Hash oil	dense black Afghani; good	liter	2000
LSD	U.S. blotter	hit	2-4
		100	130-200
Cocaine	all types	gm	60-120
		oz	1100-2000
Burmese opium	excellent	gm	3
		oz	65-70

AZORE ISLANDS

Angolan grass	drastically potent	oz	35-50
		lb	400-700
Mozambique grass	narcotic; limited	oz	55-75
		lb	500-800
Quaaludes	German bootlegs	hit	1-2
		100	75-125
Morphine	pure primo	gm	5-10

BANGKOK, THAILAND

Lowland grass	plentiful	oz	3-4
		lb	30-50
Sticks	good new harvest	one	50-75
		oz	4-5
Buddha sticks	le grand stick	one	50-1
		oz	5-10
Burmese opium	the greatest	oz	5-10
		lb	100

BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	easily obtainable, excellent high	oz	5-7
		lb	23-30
Macchu Picchu	very good grass	oz	5-7
		lb	23-28
Punta Roja	superb sweet smoke	oz	7-9
		lb	25-32
Colombian hash	just for export	lb	300-500
		100 lb	20,000-30,000
Colombian hash oil	fair to good	oz	200-250
		lb	2000-2500
LSD	scarce	hit	3-5
		100	250-400
Mushrooms	abundant	lb	3-5
Cocaine	mother-of-pearl	oz	300-400
		lb	4500-5000
	good rock	oz	250-350
		lb	4000-5000

BOMBAY, INDIA

Kerala grass	strong	oz	1-2
		lb	15-20
Thai sticks	not up to par	one	1-2
		oz	10-15
Kashmiri hash	good quality	lb	100-125
		oz	9-12
Afghani hash	water pressed	lb	100-150
		oz	10-15
Bombay black hash	unbelievable	lb	10-20
		oz	150-200
Manoli hash	occasionally mixed with opium	oz	12-18
		lb	150-185
Cocaine	fair to good	gm	60-120
		oz	1200-1800

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM

Chitral hash	fine product	gm	2-3
		oz	45-60
Lebanese hash	blonde, good	oz	35-50
		lb	400-500
	excellent red; harder to find	oz	40-55
		lb	450-600
Nigerian grass	fair to good	oz	25-35
		lb	400-500
LSD	microdot & blotter	hit	3-5
		100	250-350

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

Lebanese hash	delightful blonde	gm	2-3
		lb	700-900
Moroccan hash	nothing special	gm	1.50-2.50
		lb	600-750
LSD	very capable	hit	2-4
		100	125-200

FRANKFURT, GERMANY

Lebanese hash	red, very good	gm	2-2.50
		kilo	1100-1200
Afghani hash	black, excellent	oz	40-60
		lb	500-700
Moroccan hash	green, soft	oz	35-50
		lb	450-550
Thai sticks	potent	one	10-12
		100	800-900
LSD	various types	one	4
		100	350-375
Cocaine	fresh, good	gm	60-90
		oz	400-600
Speed	powder; good	gm	20-35
		oz	400-450
Heroin	brown rock, china white	gm	60
		oz	1000

GUADALAJARA, MEXICO

Torreon violet	the people's choice	oz	5-10
		lb	40-60
Guadalajara green	steady quality	oz	3-5
		lb	25-40
Oaxacan tops	long green tops; very good	oz	4-7
		lb	30-50
Guerrero gold	some better crops at present	oz	4-6
		lb	30-40
Pueblo	good to excellent	oz	5-8
		lb	40-60
Magic mushrooms	natural trips	oz	4-5
		lb	30-50
Cocaine	rock & flake; almost pure	gm	25-40
		lb	500-750
		lb	6000-7500
Opium	instant meditation	oz	400-500
		lb	5000

HONG KONG

Mainland weed	still not up to par	oz	10-15
		lb	100-150
Thai grass	stick shake	oz	50-100
		lb	600-950
Thai sticks	excellent	one	8-12
		oz	75-150
Heroin	tremendous quality	oz	90-100
		lb	1000

ISTANBUL, TURKEY

Turkish hash	debilitating	oz	5-8
		lb	70
Antonia hash	getting scarce	oz	8-10
		lb	100
LSD	none exceptional	hit	7-10
		100	100-250
Opium	constant dreams	oz	3-5
		lb	60

KABUL, AFGHANISTAN

Local hash	improving	oz	1-2
		lb	50-75
Water-pressed hash	decent	oz	1-1.50
		kilo	30-50
Shirac hash	strong head	oz	3-5
		kilo	100-200
Mazar-i-Sharif	fresh and potent	oz	5-8
		kilo	125-250
Hash oil	black death	kilo	120-200
		liter	600-800

KATMANDU, NEPAL

Mustang grass	tasty	gm	10
		kilo	65-85
Mustang hash	fair to good	gm	20
		kilo	140-160
Gurkha grass	strong head	oz	1.50-2
		lb	20-30
Gurkha hash	delightful	gm	15-25
		oz	5-7
Local hash	avoid for better	gm	10
		kilo	75-150
Afghani hash	rare	oz	25-40
		kilo	400-500

Gosainkund hash	very good	oz	15-25
		kilo	200-300
Tantapani hash	very good	oz	10-20
		kilo	150-250

LONDON, ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	good black/green slabs	oz	50-70
		lb	600-750
Lebanese hash	sacked gold & red	oz	70-80
		lb	800-900
Afghani hash	first prize	oz	70-90
		lb	800-1000
South African hash	available upon demand	oz	55-70
		lb	600-800
Hash oil	generally low quality	gm	25-35
		oz	400-550
LSD	new windowpane	hit	2-4
Cocaine	no quantity, low quality	gm	50-100
		oz	1200-1800
Mandrax	for the 714 crowd	one	1-2
		100	75-150

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	good times lately	oz	20-30
		lb	160-300
Nepalese hash	quality and supply stable	oz	80-110
		lb	900-1000
Indian hash	just average	oz	70-80
		lb	875-1000
Afghani hash	blow-away smoke	oz	100-125
		lb	1100-1500
LSD	blotter	hit	3-5
		100	200-300
Cocaine	fair to good	gm	85-125
		oz	1750-2500

MOSCOW, USSR

Steppe grass	supply getting dry	oz	40-60
		lb	400-550
Irkutsk hash	good high	oz	70-100
		lb	800-1000
Tashkent hash	quality on way up	oz	55-75
		lb	600-750
Nepalese hash	excellent; scarce	oz	175-225
		lb	1800-2200
LSD	made in Europe	hit	7-10
		100	200-300

NAIROBI, KENYA

Tsavo	stable supply and quality	arm	1.50-5
		kilo	18-30
Kisumu	amazing	fist	1.25-1.50
		arm	2.50-3
Pakistani hash	poor to fair import	gm	1.25-1.50
		oz	15-25
LSD	some blotter and microdot	hit	2-3
		100	100-200
Opium	certainly worthwhile	gm	1-2
Miraa	good uplift	"kilo"	.50-1

PARIS, FRANCE

Yamba	African; excellent when found	oz	40-60
		lb	300-600
Colombian	very little imported	oz	30-50
		lb	400-700
Moroccan hash	better quality available	oz	30-50
		lb	350-500
Afghani hash	small quantities of primo around	gm	5-7
		lb	900-1100
Chitral hash	rare lately	oz	50-70
		lb	500-700
LSD	recent influx of blotter	hit	3-5
		100	200-350
Opium	wonderful	gm	12-15
Morphine	homemade	gm	50-100

ROME, ITALY

Colombian	not much around	oz	80-90
		100 gm	260
Lebanese hash	dark red, pliable, good	oz	100
		100 gm	300
Afghani hash	supply down, quality stable	oz	100-110
		100 gm	270-280
Moroccan hash	nothing better than fair	oz	85-115
		100 gm	270-285
LSD	good blotter abundant	hit	4-5
		100	300-350
Cocaine	commercial blow readily available	gm	40-60
		oz	700-1100
Speed	nothing good around	gm	50
		oz	1000
Smack	more available lately	gm	100
		oz	2000

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. ☐



Prince Valium

Larry Sloman, who wrote "The Case for Valium" (page 52), holds a master's degree in medical sociology for his unique paper on "Cultural Types at the St. Marks Free Clinic." He's written for enough rock papers to know what these out-of-town chemical openings are like. His exploits from last summer and fall will be chronicled in *The Million Dollar Bash: On the Road with Bob Dylan and the Rolling Thunder Review*, to be published later this year. "Larry's our favorite reporter; he tells it like it is," said Bob Dylan before kicking him off the tour.

Science Desk

High Times is very pleased to welcome Dr. Alexander T. Shulgin as one of our contributors. Currently teaching forensic toxicology at Berkeley, Dr. Shulgin is best known for his research on the phenylethylamines, which include mescaline and certain neurohormones. Along with Albert Hofmann and R. Gordon Wasson, he is considered one of the world's leading researchers in psychedelic chemistry. His work on myristicin (found in nutmeg and the hallucinogenic *Virola* snuff of the Amazon Basin) led directly to the synthesis of MDMA and DOM (STP).

In this issue, Dr. Shulgin reviews the latest edition of Michael Valentine Smith's classic *Psychedelic Chemistry* (page 93). In the future, we will be dealing more directly with Dr. Shulgin's own work and ideas.

Our Man in Florida

"Covering Ken Burnstine's exploits as he built up his multimillion-dollar, marijuana-smuggling empire, carried off the top honors in some of America's most prestigious air races and wound up in the witness box testifying against Mitchell WerBell, III, the equally notorious alleged CIA torpedo who reportedly offered to buy out Burnstine's cocaine-importing subsidiary," says James Horwitz, author of "The Rise and Fall of Florida's Marijuana Luftwaffe" (page 37). "gratified all my wishes to see a full-fledged buccaneering outlaw in action and reinforced my conviction to do all my own flying by train. I am a master of disguise and can also turn invisible at will. I may need to after this article. No pictures, please."



Looney Toons

The deranged mind behind *Dope Rider* belongs to Paul Kirchner, a spaghetti Western addict from New York. Paul has done illustrations for both *Screw* and the *New York Times*, but says, "High Times is the only suitable outlet for me to communicate how the world actually works." Paul did his location research for *Dope Rider* by hitchhiking to California several times while he was in high school, and his favorite artist is Sergio Leone.

Nobility

Philip Nobile, author of this month's interview with Norman Zinberg (page 23), wrote *Intellectual Skywriting*, an incredibly fascinating, gossipy



News Leak

As Glenn O'Brien's "Piss, Leather and Western Civilization" (page 44) was going to press, New York began to buzz about a new night spot that seems to confirm some of his theories. It's called the Toilet, and it's located in the meat district, not far from the Anvil. The Toilet, as the name implies, is a specialty bar—and the decor is appropriate: toilet paper hanging behind the bar and a porcelain toilet on the stage where the show goes on every two hours.

There's no real toilet—that is, bathroom—at the Toilet. If you have to go, you just head into the back room and let it fly on someone. They won't mind; that's why they're there. The main room of the Toilet is a disco. You can even check your clothes at the door. But on the night we visited, there wasn't much dancing, and not much talking either. The clientele—not exactly leather, but rather old and fierce looking—was wandering across the dance floor and into the back room silently, eyes vacant as the zomboids

of *Night of the Living Dead*, while the speakers blasted out "Get Down and Boogie" by Donnie and Marie Osmond.

The first back room of the Toilet is a kind of anteroom. Up a few steps is the entrance to a series of back rooms that stretch into the interior, increasingly dark, reekingly humid and crowded. A constant line streams in, and a seemingly equal line streams out. Inside there is all the fucking and sucking that goes on in similar back rooms of the neighborhood spots, plus, of course, the specialties of the house. The deeper you go into the Toilet's maze, the darker it gets, and the atmosphere takes on a heavier charge. It's hard to keep from falling into a dream, so hypnotic is the scene: Dante's circles leading into rat mazes into back rooms where vision disappears and gravity takes over. It's hard to imagine a scene topping the Toilet—this would seem to be the last stop on this line—where plumbing meets metaphysics, producing a device known as cultural sink.

history of that ruthlessly political gang at the New York Review of Books, and a book about America's fastest growing disease, *King Cancer*. A regular contributor to

Harper's and *Oui*, Nobile is also an editor of *Esquire* and the editor of several anthologies: *The Con III Controversy*, *The New Eroticism* and *Catholic Nonsense*. ☐

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